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*A STROKE OF DIPLOMACY.**

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

PART FIRST.

I.

ONE evening, at his return from dining at his club, the Marquis de Miraval found at home a letter from his niece, Madame de Penneville, who wrote to him from Vichy, thus:

"MY DEAR UNCLE: The waters here have done me a great deal of good. Until to-day I had every reason to be entirely satisfied with my cure; but I am afraid the good result which I expected will be undone by a disagreeable bit of news which I have just received, and which causes me more trouble and annoyance than I can well express to you. The physicians insist that the first thing necessary for those who suffer from chronic liver-trouble is to take no care upon themselves. I do not take it upon myself, but others give me enough. My mind is tormented with the thought of a certain Madame Corneuil, for that is the woman's name. I never heard of her, but I detest her without knowing her. You have seen a great deal of the world, and are somewhat inquisitive. I am convinced, my dear uncle, that you know all about her. Write me at once who Madame Corneuil may be. It is a serious question to me. I will explain to you some time why it is so."

The Marquis de Miraval was an old diplomat, who began his career under Louis Philippe, and had likewise filled honorably, under the empire, several second-rate positions, which satisfied his ambition. When thrust aside by the revolution of September 4th, he bore it philosophically.

He had no trouble with his liver, as had his niece. Neither that nor his spleen ever disturbed him in the least. He was in excellent health, his stomach seemed like iron, his gait was still firm, his sight clear, and he had an income of two hundred thousand livres, which is injurious to no one. As he always looked at the bright side of things, he congratulated himself upon having reached the age of sixty-five without losing his hair, which was literally white as snow; but he never thought of dyeing it. As his mind and character were well balanced, he believed that Nature understands the fitness of things, and knows better than we what best becomes us; that, after all, she is a kind mistress, and, at all events, an all-powerful one; that it is useless to oppose her, and absurd to dispute with her, when, after all, every age has its own pleasures, and, having had a fair experience of life, good and bad, it is not disagreeable to pass ten years or so in watching how others live, laughing to one's self at their follies, and thinking, "I am past committing them, but can comprehend them all."

As he bore no grudge to age for whitening his abundant chestnut locks, of which he used to be rather vain, so the Marquis easily forgave the revolutions which so prematurely closed his career. One has a right to rail against his judge for twenty-four hours, so, after relieving his anger by a few well-directed epigrams, Monsieur de Miraval soon consoled himself for those events which condemned to be of no importance affairs of state, but which restored him his independence by way of compensation. Liberty had always seemed to him the most precious of all possessions; he considered that man happy who was responsible only to himself, and could order his life as he chose. For that reason he decided to

* The original title in the French of this story is "Le Roi Apépi."

remain a widower, after having been married two years. He was urged to marry again in vain, and answered in the words of a celebrated painter, "Would it be so delightful, then, in going home to find a stranger there?" He was always well received by women at their own houses, but never thought of them seriously, being somewhat skeptical in his real opinion of them. The Marquis de Miraval was a wise man; some called him an egotist, a distinction not always easily made.

Whether sage or egotist, the Marquis de Miraval had sincere affection for his niece, the Countess of Penneville, and he considered it his duty to reply to her by return of mail. Those who have diseased livers should not be kept waiting. His answer ran in these words:

"MY DEAR MATHILDE: I regret infinitely that your cure should be retarded by care and worryment. They are the worst of all diseases, although they kill no one. But what is the matter, and what has Madame Corneuil to do with it? What can there be between this woman, whom you do not know, and the Countess of Penneville? I ask for a prompt explanation. In waiting for that, since you desire it, I will tell you, as best I can, who Madame Corneuil is—whom, however, I have never seen; but I know well those who do know her.

"Can it be possible, dear Mathilde, that you have never heard of Madame de Corneuil before now? I am sorry; it proves you are no literary woman; in fact, you must be a woman who actually never reads not even the '*Gazette des Tribunaux*.' Do not fancy from this sentence that Madame Corneuil is either a poisoner or a receiver of stolen goods, or that she has ever even appeared before the Court of Assizes; but some seven or eight years ago she separated from Monsieur de Corneuil, and the affair created considerable talk. Here is the whole story, as well as I can remember it:

"Monsieur de Corneuil was formerly Consul-General from France to Alexandria. He was considered a good agent, whose only fault was that his manner was rather brusque. That is a slight failing. In the country of the '*Courbache*,' one must know how to be brusque with both men and things. When an Oriental is not of your opinion, and sets too high a price upon his own, the only way to convince him is to strangle him; but this has nothing to do with my subject. A chance, fortunate for some and unfortunate for others, sent one Monsieur Vêretz to land on the quays of Alexandria. He was a small business agent of Paris, who, not succeeding there, and to escape from his creditors, came as fast as his legs could bring him to seek his fortune in the

land of the Pharaohs. He was, it seems, very little of a man, of doubtful morality, and of more than equivocal reputation. Monsieur Vêretz had a daughter, eighteen years old, who was bewitchingly pretty. How and where Monsieur Corneuil made her acquaintance, the chronicle does not say; it tells us merely that this bear was very susceptible, and was determined to pursue his own fancies. From the first meeting with this beautiful child he fell desperately in love with her. Fortunately for Mademoiselle Hortense Vêretz, her mother was an excellent manager—a most fortunate thing for a daughter. After a few weeks of vain endeavor, Monsieur de Corneuil was determined to overcome all obstacles. The Consul-General, who had a large fortune, persisted in marrying, for the sake of her beautiful eyes, a girl who had nothing, and whose father bore a blemished name; still more, he married her without any contract at all, thereby giving her an equal share in his property. The matter caused great scandal. People flung his father-in-law at him, and openly brought insinuations against himself as well, so that he was at last obliged to give in his resignation, and left Egypt to return to Périgueux, his native town, in which step his beautiful young wife encouraged him, for she longed to break away for ever from a father who so compromised her, and also that she might enjoy her new fortune in France. I remember hearing the whole story at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where they talked of it for a week, and then they talked of something else. But the ex-Consul was not over his troubles. Four years later, Madame Corneuil demanded a separation. Her mother had accompanied her to Périgueux: when one is fortunate enough to have a manœuvring mother, it is best never to part with her, and to be governed always by her counsel.

"Why did Madame Corneuil separate from her husband? You must ask the lawyers. They were admirable on either side, and used all the resources of their loquacity. Both pleas, where epigrams alternated with apostrophes, and apostrophes with invectives, were specimens of that elevated taste which delights the malice of the public.

"The details escape me. I have not the '*Gazette des Tribunaux*' at hand, but it does not matter—I am sure of my facts. Papin, the lawyer for the plaintiff, one of the first at the bar, protested that Monsieur Corneuil was an ugly fellow, a downright blockhead; that Madame Corneuil was of a most exquisite nature, an angelic character; that this monster at first loved this angel to distraction, but soon tired of her, and abused her in every way—to all of which Virion, the lawyer for the defense, insisted that,

if his client had occasionally been somewhat hasty in his manner toward her, he was no monster, and that in the sweet heart of this angel there was considerable vinegar and a great deal of calculation. He tried to prove to the court that there was every excuse for the behavior of Monsieur Corneuil, but that his wife looked upon his determination to live in Périgueux as a crime, for she could not endure the place; and, since she could not persuade him to change their abode to Paris, which she considered the only spot worthy of her grace and her genius, she had determined to lay a plan to regain her independence, and for that end had applied herself with Machiavellian ingenuity to aggravate him; that she had made his home unbearable by the sharpness of her wit, by every kind of petty persecution, by all those little pin-prickings of which angels alone have the secret, and which drive to distraction even men who are not monsters! Was the unfortunate man to blame for now and then asserting himself? I assure you again that both lawyers did wonderfully well. The great difficulty was to know which was the liar. For myself, I should have dismissed both. However, the court sided with Papin. The separation was granted, and half the fortune adjudged to Madame Corneuil. It seemed, however, that Virion was not entirely wrong, for six months after the verdict Madame Corneuil left for Paris in company with her mother.

"I know beforehand, my dear Mathilde, that you will ask me what became of the beautiful Madame Corneuil in Paris. I have been out three times this morning for the sole end of finding out—you need not thank me, for I like it. Madame de Corneuil has not yet satisfied her secret ambition; she can not yet say, 'I have reached it!' but she is fairly on her way thither. The butterfly has not entirely cast aside the chrysalis; but she is patient, and one day will spread her wings and fly in triumph from her sheath. Madame Corneuil gives receptions and dinner-parties, and holds a *salon*. A beautiful woman, with a manœuvring mother and a good cook, need not fear being left to pine in solitude. Formerly there were to be seen at her house a great many literary men, especially those of the new school—the young men. Great good may it do them! There are among them men of talent with a future before them, but there are also among them those whose novelties are not new, and whose youth is somewhat rank; but that is no business of mine. It does not prevent them from dining at Madame Corneuil's. She is not merely contented with encouraging literature, she also manufactures it, and employs the young men around her to write little scraps for the lesser journals in praise of her. Grateful

stomachs make most excellent heralds, and at all events she is rich enough to pay for her own fame.

"Eighteen months after her establishment in Paris she published a romance, which by the merest of all accidents fell into my hands. I confess I did not read it through to the end; every variety of courage can not be looked for in one individual. It began with the description of a mist. At the end of ten pages—Heaven be praised!—the fog lifted, and a woman in a *calèche* was visible. I remember that the *calèche* was bought of Binder; I remember also that the woman, whose heart was an abyss, wore six and one-quarter gloves, that she had three freckles on her right temple—just so many, and no more—'quivering nostrils, arms inimitably rounded, and breathless silences.' I do not know if we are of the same opinion, but descriptions appall me, and I rush away. Besides, my mind is so poorly constructed that I can not see this woman with whose description the author has taken so great pains. Good Homer, who does not belong to the new school, was satisfied to tell me merely that Achilles was fair, and yet I can see him before me. But what is to be done? It is the fashion of our day; they call it studying—what is the word?—studying the human documents, and it seems no one ever thought of that till now, not even my old friend Fielding, whom I reread every year. I am not very fond of even serious pedants, but I have a holy horror of pedantry when applied to the merest trifles. As I am no longer young, I agree with Voltaire, who did not like those subjects seriously discussed which were not worth being lightly touched upon. The romance of Madame Corneuil, I regret to say, fell flat. She strove to recover herself by poetry, and published a volume of sonnets, in which there was no allusion whatever to Monsieur Corneuil. The verses were written with rapid pen, but a pen sharpened by an angel, and full of the most exquisitely sweet and refined sentiment. As a general rule, the sonnets of wives separated from their husbands are always sublime. Unfortunately, there is not a great call for the sublime. It was a cruel disappointment to Madame Corneuil, who suddenly broke with her Muse.

"All great artists, Mozart as well as Talleyrand, Raphael as well as Bismarck, have their different phases. Madame Corneuil thought she had better change hers: she reformed the whole style of her house, her cooking, her furniture, and her dress. She turned to serious things, and suddenly assumed a taste for neutral tints and sober conversations, for metaphysics and *feuille-morte* ribbons. This beautiful blonde discovered that she did not show her right value, except in

being relieved to half-tint against the background of a room full of grave people. She undertook to weed out her company, and gently closed her doors on nearly all those insignificant fellows, at least upon the noisiest ones who hover about the green-rooms and tell coarse stories. She grew disgusted with gossip, and found that respect was more desirable, even at the price of a little *ennui*. She endeavored, henceforth, to draw around her men of position and women of high character. It was difficult, but, with some pains and a great deal of perseverance, an ambitious woman who can stand being bored can accomplish anything. She wrote no more sonnets nor romances, but rushed at full might into works of charity.

"Charity, my dear Mathilde, is at the same time, and according to circumstances, the most beautiful of all the virtues or the most useful occupation. You have your poor, and God alone can tell how much you love them, how you care for them and cherish them; but your left hand knows naught of what your right hand doeth. I do not know if Madame de Corneuil has often seen the poor; but, instead of that, she goes and comes, and agitates and schemes, and preaches. She is on six committees and twelve sub-committees; she is an incomparable beggar, a very expert cashier, an experienced treasurer, and accomplished vice-president. Yes, my dear, they say no one can preside better than she. It is the very best way to push one's self into society. I must add that, although she composes poetry no longer, she has not given up prose. She has written an eloquent treatise on 'The Apostleship of Woman,' which is sold for the benefit of a new hospital, and which has reached its fifth edition. The sonnets were sublime, but the treatise is more than sublime. It is a mixture of the tenderness of Saint François de Sales and the spirituality of Saint Theresa. Never has the sugar-plum been held so high out of the reach of our poor humanity—it is not even in the air which we can breathe, but in pure ether. I am curious to know what Monsieur Corneuil and Périgieux think of it. The young fellow who furnished me with all these details spoke in rather a satirical manner; I asked him why, and he continued: 'That really few knew her well. My opinion,' he said, 'is that she is a cool, calculating woman; that she is determined to have a position, and to satisfy her ambition by fair means or foul. She aspires to become a leader, to have a hand in politics, and her dream is to marry some great name, or else a deputy.' The young fellow said all this with a little bitterness. I learned that for nearly a year he has neither dined nor put his foot in the house of Madame Corneuil. Montesquieu used to say, 'Father Tournemine and I

have quarreled, so you must believe neither when we talk of one another.' So I only believe half of what the young man says.

"This is all the information I can give you, my dear Mathilde; tell me what you want of it? Your old uncle embraces you tenderly.

"P. S.—I open my letter to say that as I was going to put my letter in the box on my way to dinner, by the grace of Heaven I met the lawyer Papin at the corner of the Rue Choiseul. It was his eloquence that gained the case for the amiable lady whom you seem to have taken a grudge against, no one knows why. I asked him for still further information. Madame de Corneuil has changed her style again, and I begin to think she changes too often. I am afraid she has not that concentrated mind or that persistence which is necessary for great enterprises. I have my doubts of those impulsive creatures who go by fits and starts. At my very first words, Papin bridled up and straightened himself, after the manner of lawyers, as if he bore the weight of the universe on his shoulders, and broadened them lest it should fall. As if he were apostrophizing a judge, he exclaimed: 'Monsieur le Marquis, that woman is simply a marvel of Christian virtue. She heard eighteen months ago that her husband had a dangerous attack of the lungs. What did she do? Forgetting her own wrongs and her justifiable resentment, she rushed to him in Périgieux, and has become reconciled to him. Monsieur Corneuil was advised to go to Egypt; she left everything to accompany him, to become the nurse of a brute whose harshness had endangered her own life. Was I not right in affirming to the court that Madame de Corneuil was an angel?' 'There is no need of getting excited,' said I to him; 'I admire her fine character as well as you, but might it not be that after having obtained, thanks to you, half of the fortune, this angel proposes to secure the other half as her inheritance?'

"He made a gesture of indignation, straightened himself again—'Ah! Monsieur le Marquis,' answered he, 'you never believed in women; you are a horrible skeptic.' I looked at him, he looked at me; I laughed, and he began to laugh. I think we must have resembled the augurs of Cicero.

"The good of it all, my dear Mathilde, is that you have no further need of explaining yourself to me. Listen to me. This is just what has happened: Your son Horace, an Egyptologist of great promise, who does me the honor of being my great-nephew, has been in Egypt for two years. There he has met a lovely blonde, and for the first time his heart has spoken; he could not keep from writing you about it, hence his

letters are filled with Madame Corneuil, and your maternal anxiety is aroused. Am I not right? For shame! you are ungrateful toward Providence. You have a thousand times reproached your son for being too sober, too serious, too much given to study; scorning society, women, gayety, and business; cherishing no other dream but that of some day composing a large book which will reveal to the astonished universe the ancient secrets of four thousand years. You flattered yourself that you might see him either in the Chamber of Deputies, the Council of State, or in diplomacy: his refusal made you wretched. From his most tender infancy he cried to be taken to the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre, and could have told with his eyes closed what was in the Cabinet K, and the Case Q, in the room of sacred antiquities. It is no fault of mine. I did not make him. This truly extraordinary youth never loved any one but the goddess Isis, wife of Osiris. He was never interested in any events but such as took place under Sesostrius the Great. The most heated discussions of our deputies and the most eloquent words they might utter always seemed tame to him in comparison with the story of the Pharaohs. He liked, better than all the amusements you might offer to him, a papyrus mounted on linen or pasteboard, a mummy's mask, a hawk, symbol of the soul, or a pretty *scarabæus* of gold, emblem of immortality. I speak knowingly, for he honored me with his confidence. The last time I saw him I shall long remember: I found him shut up with hieroglyphic writing arranged backward in columns, and ornamented with drawings of faces. He seemed much annoyed at being interrupted in this enchanting *tête-à-tête*. At the head of the manuscript was a man with a yellow face, hair painted blue, and his forehead ornamented with a lotusbud and a great white cone. I touched one of the columns and said to the dear child, 'Great decipherer, what can all this conundrum be?' He answered, without being offended: 'My dear uncle, this conundrum, which, by your leave, is very plain, is of the greatest importance, and signifies that the keeper of the flocks of Ammon, Amen-Heb, the ever-truthful, and his wife, who loves him, Amen-Apt, the ever-truthful, render homage to Osiris, dwelling in the land of the West, ruler of times and seasons, to Ptah-Sokari, ruler of the tomb, and to the great Tum, who made the heavens and created all the essences coming out of the earth.' I listened to him with so much interest that the next day he meant to confer a great favor upon me by sending me the entire history of Amen-Heb, written down. I read it once every year, on his birthday. Could any one accuse me of neglecting my duty as a great-uncle?

"Do not deny, my dear, that this mania made you desperate. Then why do you complain? Your son is nearly saved. Heaven has sent Madame de Corneuil to him. She will teach him a great many things of which he is ignorant, and lead him to unlearn a great deal else. In her beautiful eyes he will forget Amenophis III. of the eighteenth dynasty, Amen-Apt the ever-truthful, and the man with the great white cone. Do not grudge him his tardy enjoyment, to say nothing about charity toward a poor nurse of an invalid. Everything is going on well, my dear Mathilde. Write me that, on further reflection, you agree with me."

The next day but one, the Marquis de Miraval received the following short reply from his niece:

"MY DEAR UNCLE: Your letter and the information you have been so kind as to gather for me have only doubled my anxiety. Madame Corneuil is an intriguer. Why must Horace be caught in her toils? Since I lost my husband, you have been my only counselor and my first resort. Never did I need your assistance more. It is cruel to tear you away from your dear Paris, but I know your kind feelings in my behalf, your care for the interests of our family, and your almost fatherly love for my poor, silly Horace. I implore you to come to Vichy, that we may consult together. I summon you, and shall expect you."

Madame de Penneville was right in thinking it would be hard for her uncle to leave Paris; since he had left diplomacy, he could not endure any other spot. In the hottest months of summer, when every one goes away, he never dreamed of leaving. He preferred to the most beautiful pine-trees, the tiny-leaved elms, which he saw from the terrace of his club, where he spent the greater part of his days and even of his nights. Nevertheless, this egotist or philosopher always had at heart the interest of his nephew, whom he intended to make his heir; and, besides, he was very curious about it all, and did not conceal it. With a sigh he ordered his valet to pack his trunks, and that very evening left for Vichy.

Informed by telegraph, Madame de Penneville was waiting for him at the station. She rushed to meet him as soon as he came in sight, saying:

"Fancy it—that woman is a widow, and he really means to marry her!"

"Poor mother!" exclaimed the Marquis. "I agree with you, that things are getting serious."

II.

MONSIEUR DE MIRAVAl was not mistaken in his surmises; things had gone on just about as he had imagined. The Count Horace de Penneville had made the acquaintance of a beautiful blonde at Cairo, and, for the first time, his heart was touched. They met at the "new hotel"; from the very first Madame Corneuil took pains to attract the attention and the thought of the young man. Monsieur Corneuil seemed to rally somewhat, and they profited by his improvement to visit together the museum at Boulak, the subterranean ruins of Serapeum, the pyramids of Gizeh and of Sak-karah. Horace took upon himself the office of cicerone in good earnest, and made it both his business and pleasure to explain Egypt to Madame Corneuil, and Madame Corneuil listened to all his explanations with great seriousness and interested attention, occasionally mingled with a mild ecstasy. She seemed rapt and intent, a dull flame glowed in the depths of her eyes; she possessed in perfection the art of listening with her eyes. She found no difficulty in admitting that Moses lived in the reign of Rameses II.; she seemed delighted to learn that the second dynasty lasted three hundred years; that Menes was a native of Thinis; and that the great pyramid was built gradually by Ka-kau, the Kaiechôs of Manetho, by whom was founded the worship of the ox Apis, the living manifestation of the god Ptah. She felt all the enthusiasm of a novice, initiated in the sacred mysteries of Egyptian chronology, declared that it was the most delightful of all sciences and the most charming of pastimes, and vowed that she would learn to read hieroglyphics.

The *dénodment* took place during a visit to the tomb of Ti, by the reddish glare of torches. They were examining in a sort of ecstasy the pictures graven on the walls of each of the funereal chambers. One of them represented a hunter seated in a bark in the midst of a marsh, in which hippopotami and crocodiles were swimming. As they were bending over the crocodiles, Madame Corneuil, absorbed in her reverie, grew more than usually expansive. The young man was touched with a totally new sensation. She left the tomb first. On joining her without, he became dazzled, and suddenly discovered that she had the bearing of a queen, brown eyes shot with faun, the most wonderful hair in the world, that she was beautiful as a dream, and that he was wildly in love with her.

A few weeks later, Monsieur Corneuil gave up his soul to God, leaving his entire fortune to his wife, who, to speak the truth, had nursed him with heroic patience. The evening before her

embarkation with a leaden coffin for Périgueux, Horace begged the favor of a moment's interview at night under the starry skies of Egypt, in a delicious atmosphere, wherein flitted the great vague ghosts of the Pharaohs; he then confessed to her his passion, and strove to make her engage herself to him before the year was over. Then did he learn still further all the delicacy of her refined soul. She reproached him with downcast eyes for the eagerness of his love, and that she could not think of so mingling the rose and cypress and thoughts of love with long crape veils. But she would permit him to write to her, and promised to reply in six months. At parting she smiled upon him demurely but encouragingly. He then ascended the Nile again, reaching Upper Egypt, glad to pass his months of waiting in the solitude of Thebais, where the days are more than twenty-four hours in length; they could not be too long for him to decipher hieroglyphics while thinking of Madame Corneuil. Crocodiles will play a conspicuous part in this story: Horace was at Keri, or Crocodilopolis, when he received an exquisitely written and perfumed note, telling him that the adored being was passing the summer with her mother on the borders of Lake Leman, at an apartment-house a short distance from Lausanne, and that if the Count de Penneville should present himself, he need not knock twice for the door to open. He left like an arrow, and ran with one stretch of the bow to Lausanne. He had written a letter of twelve pages to Madame de Penneville, in which he told to her his good fortune with such effusion of tenderness and of joy as might well have made her despair.

Both uncle and niece spent all their evening in talking, deliberating, and discussing, as generally happens in like cases. The same things were repeated twenty times; it helps nothing, but is a great comfort. Monsieur de Miraval, who seldom took things tragically, set himself to console the Countess; but she was inconsolable.

"How, in good faith," said she, "could you expect me to coolly contemplate the prospect of having for a daughter-in-law a girl sprung from no one knows where; the daughter of a man of ruined reputation, who married an insignificant man, and separated from him that she might have her own way in Paris; a woman whose name has been dragged through the 'Gazette des Tribunaux'; a woman who writes descriptions of mists, who composes sonnets, and who, I know, is none too scrupulous?"

"I do not know about that," answered the Marquis, "but it has been said for a long time that the most dangerous creatures in the world are the women '*à sonnets*,' and the serpents '*à sonnettes*.' I will wager, however, that this wo-

man is a manœuvrer, and that it is a very disagreeable business."

"Horace, wretched Horace!" exclaimed the Countess, "what grief you cause me!—The dear fellow has a most noble and generous heart; unfortunately, he never had a bit of common sense; but how could I expect this?"

"Alas! you had every reason to expect just this," interrupted the Marquis. "One can not mistrust too much such precocious wisdom; it always ends in some calamity. I have told you a hundred times, my dear Mathilde, that your son gave me considerable uneasiness, and that some unfortunate surprise was preparing for us. We are all born with a certain amount of nonsense in us, which we must get rid of; happy are those who exhaust it in youth! Horace kept it all till he was twenty-eight years old, capital and interest, and this is the result of all his economy. Many little follies save from greater ones; when a man only commits one, it is almost always enormous, and generally irreparable."

Madame de Penneville passed to the Marquis a cup of tea, sweetened by her white hand, and said to him in most caressing tones:

"My dear uncle, you alone can save us."

"In what way?" asked he.

"Horace has so much regard, so much respect for you. You have always had so much authority with him."

"Bah! we no longer live under the *régime* of authority."

"But, then, you have always allowed him to look upon himself as your heir; that gives you a certain right, it seems to me."

"Come! Young men who live in space, like your son, can easily give up an inheritance. What is an income of a hundred thousand francs compared with a pretty *scarabæus*, emblem of immortality?"

"My dear, dear uncle, I am persuaded that, if you would consent to go to Lausanne—"

The Marquis jumped from his seat. "Good Heavens!" said he, "Lausanne is very far."

And he heaved a sigh, as his thoughts turned to the terrace at his club.

"Only accept this task, and I will be eternally grateful. You can make the boy listen to reason."

"My dear Mathilde, once in a while I read over my Latin poets. I know one of them says that madness is allied to love, and that to talk reason to a lover is as absurd as to ask him to rave with moderation, '*ut cum ratione insaniat*.'"

"Horace has a heart. You must represent to him that this marriage will drive me to despair."

"He suspects as much, my dear, since he did not dare to come and greet you on his arrival

from Egypt, and you may be sure he will not come until you give your consent. A man loves and respects his mother in vain when he is really on fire, and Horace is that surely. Heavens! his letter proves it. So feverish is the prose that it almost burns the paper."

Madame de Penneville drew near the Marquis, tenderly stroking his white hair, and putting her arms about his neck:

"You are so shrewd: you have so much tact. I have been told that very difficult missions were intrusted to you in the past, and that you acquitted yourself gloriously."

"O thou cunning one, it is far easier to negotiate with a government than to treat with a lover in the toils of a manœuvrer."

"You can never make me believe that anything is impossible to you."

"You have resolved to bring me into the game," said he to her. "Well, so be it; the enterprise deserves to be attempted. But, *à propos*, have you replied yet to the formidable letter which you have just read to me?"

"I would do nothing without consulting you."

"So much the better; nothing is compromised; the affair is as yet unmeddled with. I will let you know to-morrow if I decide to go to Lausanne."

The Countess thanked Monsieur de Miraval warmly. She thanked him still more warmly the next day when he announced to her that he would do as she wished, and asked her to take him to the station. She accompanied him, for fear he might repent, and on the way said to him:

"This is a journey for all mothers to glory over; but, would you be kind enough to write me often from there?"

"Oh, certainly," answered he, "but only upon one condition."

"What may that be?"

"That you do not believe one single word that I write to you."

"What do you mean?"

"I also request of you," continued he, "that you answer me as if you really did believe me, and that you send my letters to Horace, begging him to keep them to himself."

"I understand you less and less."

"What can that be which is beyond the comprehension of a woman? Open letters are the depths of diplomacy. After all, it is not necessary that you should understand; the essential thing is that you obey my instructions scrupulously. Good-by, my dear; I am going to where Heaven and your purrings have sent me. If I do not succeed, it will prove that our friends the Republicans were quite right in shelving me."

Having thus spoken, he kissed his niece, and stepped into the railway-carriage. He reached

Lausanne twenty-four hours later. The first thing which he did after engaging a room at the Hôtel Gibbon was to supply himself with a complete fishing-outfit. After that, tired with his journey, he slept six hours. After waking, he dined; after dining, he took a carriage for the apartment-house Vallaud, situated at twenty minutes' distance from Lausanne, upon the brow of one of the most beautiful hills in the world. This charming villa, since changed into an hotel, consisted of a country-house in which the Count de Penneville had an apartment, and a lovely detached chalet which was occupied by Madame Corneuil and her mother. The chalet and the house were separated, or, if it sounds better, united by a large park well shaded, which Horace crossed many times a day, saying to himself, "When shall we live under the same roof?" But one must learn how to wait for happiness.

At that very moment Horace was working, pen in hand, at his great "History of the Hyksos, or the Shepherd Kings, or of the Unclean"—that is to say, of those terrible Canaanitish hordes who, two thousand years before the Christian era, disturbed in their camps by the Elamite invasions of the Kings Chodornakhounta and Chodornabog, swept in their turn over the valley of the Nile, set it on fire, and drenched it in blood, and for more than five centuries occupied both the center and the north of Egypt. Full of learning, and rich in fresh documents collected by him with very great pains, he undertook to show on unquestionable testimony that the Pharaoh under whom Joseph became minister was indeed Apophis or Apepi, King of the Hyksos, and he flattered himself that he could prove it so strongly that henceforth it would be impossible for the most critical minds to contradict it. A few months previously he had sent from Cairo to Paris the first chapters of his history, which were read at the Institute. His thesis shocked one or two Egyptologists, others thought there was some good in it, while one of them wrote him thus: "Your *début* is promising. *Macte amino, generose puer.*"

Wrapped in a sort of burnous of white woolen stuff, his neck bare, and his hair disordered, he was leaning over a round table, before a writing-desk surmounted by a sphinx. His face wore the expression of a contented heart and a perfectly serene conscience. On the table a beautiful purple rose, almost black, opened its petals; he had put it into a glass, into which a statuette of blue *faïence*, representing an Egyptian goddess with a cat's face, plunged her impertinent nose without bending into the water. Horace seemed by turns contemplating this very nose and also the flower which Madame Corneuil had gathered for him less than an hour before; at times also,

turning his eye toward the large open window, he saw that the moon, at its fullness, trailed along the shimmering waters of the lake a long row of silver spangles. But, by a fortunate condition of things, he was also wholly absorbed in his work; he was not in the least distracted from it; he belonged to the Hyksos. The moon, the rose, Madame Corneuil, the cat-headed divinity, the sphinx on the *escritoire*, the Unclean, and the King Apepi—were all blended together and become one to his inmost thoughts. The blessed in paradise see all in God, and can thus think of all things without losing for one moment their great idea, which is infinite. The Count Horace was at the same moment at Lausanne in the neighborhood of the woman whose image was never out of his mind, and in Egypt two thousand years before Christ, and his happiness was as complete as his application to his studies.

He had just finished this phrase: "Consider the sculptures of the period of the Shepherd kings; examine carefully and impartially their angular faces, with their prominent cheek-bones; and, if you are fair, you will agree that the race to which the Hyksos belong could not have been purely Semitic, but must have been strongly mixed with the Turanian element."

Satisfied with this ending, he stopped his work for a second, laid down his pen, and, drawing the purple rose nearer to him, pressed it to his lips. Hearing a knock at the door, he quickly returned the rose to its vase, and in a tone of vexation exclaimed, "Come in!" The door opened. Monsieur de Miraval entered. Horace's face grew dark; the unexpected apparition dismayed him; he felt as if he had been suddenly shut out of his paradise. Alas! the happiest life of all is nothing but an intermittent paradise!

The Marquis, immovable on the threshold, bowed soberly to his nephew, saying to him:

"Ah! indeed, do I disturb you? You never knew how to conceal your feelings."

"My dear uncle," answered he, "how can you think such a thing? I was not expecting you, that I must confess. But pray, how did you happen here?"

"I am traveling in Switzerland. Could I pass through Lausanne without coming to see you?"

"Own up, uncle, that you were not passing through," answered Horace; "own that you are more than a passer-by—that you came here on purpose."

"You are right, I did come on purpose, my boy," answered Monsieur de Miraval.

"Then I have the honor of having an ambassador to deal with?"

"Yes, an ambassador, most strict in etiquette, who insists upon being received with all the re-

spect due to him, and according to the rules concerning the rights of men in his position."

Horace had recovered from his trouble; he had recourse to philosophy, and put a good face on a bad business. Offering a chair to the Marquis, he said:

"Be seated, my lord ambassador, in the very best of my easy-chairs. But, to begin with, let us embrace one another, my dear uncle. If I am not mistaken, it is full two years since we have had the pleasure of seeing one another. What can I offer to entertain you? I think I remember that *champagne frappé* used to be your favorite drink. Do not think you are in a barbarous country; one can find anything one wishes; you shall be satisfied at once."

At these words he pulled a bell-rope, and a domestic appeared. He gave him his orders, which were immediately carried out, although slowly. Nevertheless, Monsieur de Miraval looked at his nephew with a satisfaction mingled with secret vexation. It seemed to him that the handsome fellow had grown still handsomer. His short beard was beautifully black; his features, formerly rather weak, had gained strength, firmness, and emphasis; his grayish-blue eyes had grown larger, his complexion was sunburned and browned to a tint which became him greatly; his smile, full of sweetness and mystery, was charming—it was like that undefinable smile which the Egyptian sculptors, whose genius Greece could hardly surpass, carved upon the lips of their statues. The sphinxes in the Louvre would have recognized Horace from his family resemblance, and have claimed him as a relation. It is easy to get the complexion of the country where one is living, and a face grows often to resemble the thing one most loves.

"Fool of fools!" thought the Marquis angrily; "you have the proudest bearing, the finest head in the world, and you do not know how to put them to a better use. Ah! if at your age I had had such eyes and such a smile, what would I not have done with them! No woman could have resisted me; but you—what can you say for yourself when Providence calls you to account for all the gifts he has bestowed upon you? You will have to say, 'I profited by them to marry Madame Corneuil.' Ah! 'you fool!' will be the answer, 'you foolishly ended where others began.'"

Horace was miles away from guessing the secret thoughts of Monsieur de Miraval. After his disagreeable emotion of the first meeting was over, his natural feeling returned, which was that of pleasure at again seeing his uncle, for he loved him well. In truth, it was as an ambassador that he displeased him, but he resolved not to spare him, for, when the will is fixed, objections

are less apt to be dreaded, for one knows beforehand how they may all be answered. So he awaited the advance of the enemy with firm step, and, as the enemy was drinking champagne and evidently in no hurry to commence hostilities, he marched up to meet him.

"First, dear uncle," said he to him, "give me quickly whatever news you can of my mother."

"I wish I had something good to tell you about her," answered the Marquis. "But you know we are anxious about her health, and you must be aware that the letter which she received from you—"

"Did my letter trouble her?"

"Could you doubt it?"

"I love my mother dearly," answered Horace quickly, "but I have always considered her to be a most reasonable woman. Evidently I did not go to work rightly; I will write to her tomorrow and try to reconcile her to my happiness."

"If you think as I do, you will not write again; one evil never undoes another. Your mother assuredly wishes you to be happy, but the extravagant proposition which you confided to her—does the word 'extravagant' hurt you? I withdraw it; I meant to say the somewhat singular—well, I withdraw the word 'singular' also. But it is often used in that sense in the Chamber of Deputies, and you must not hold yourself higher than a deputy. In short, this proposition, which is neither extravagant nor singular, disturbs your mother greatly, and you will not be able to overcome her objections to it."

"Has she authorized you to make them known to me?"

"Must I, then, present my credentials?"

"This is all unnecessary, uncle. Say frankly whatever you please—or rather, if you are fortified by good arguments, say nothing at all, for I warn you that you will spend all your eloquence for naught, and I know you never care to waste your words."

"But you may as well resign yourself to listen to me. You can not suppose that I have come a hundred leagues at full gallop for nothing. My speech is ready, and you must submit to it."

"Till morning dawns, if needs be," answered Horace; "the night shall be devoted to you."

"Thanks. And now let us begin at the beginning. That which has just taken place has not only grieved me much, but cruelly humiliated me. I flattered myself that I understood human nature somewhat, and was quite proud of my knowledge. Now, I must confess, to my own confusion, that I am entirely mistaken in you. What, my son! can it be that you—whom I considered the most sensible, serious, sober fellow in the world—can think of thus suddenly casting

dismay into the bosom of your family by a determination—"

"Extravagant and singular," interrupted Horace.

"I said I would withdraw both of those words; but, I ask you, does not this project of marriage seem a headstrong thing?"

"Must I answer you proposition by proposition?" exclaimed he, "or would you rather give me your whole speech at one breath?"

"No, that would tire me too much. Answer as I go along."

"Well, dear uncle, let me tell you that you are not at all mistaken in your ideas of me, and that this headstrong act is the most sensible and prudent thing with which my good genius ever inspired me—an act which both my heart and reason approve."

"Then you forbid my surprise that the heir of a good name and large fortune, that a Count de Penneville, who could choose in his own rank, among fifty young girls really worthy of him, refuses every one whom his mother proposes, and suddenly changes his mind to marry—whom? A—madame—Horace, what is her name? I never can remember her nothing of a name."

"Her name is Madame Corneuil, at your service," answered Horace in a piqued tone. "I am sorry if her name displeases you, but spare yourself the trouble of fixing it in your memory. In two months from now you can call her the Countess Hortense de Penneville."

"The deuce! how fast you go! But that is not yet the case."

"We have exchanged words, uncle. You may as well consider it so, for I defy you to undo it."

Monsieur de Miraval filled and emptied his glass anew, then he began again:

"Do not get excited, or lose your temper. I would not offend you for anything, but I am so astonished, so surprised. Tell me, what is that statuette in blue *faïence*, with a halo round about her head, with such a slender figure and the face of a cat, holding a queer sort of a guitar in her right hand?"

"That is no guitar, uncle, it is a timbrel, a symbol of the harmony of the universe. Do you not recognize the statuette to be that of the goddess Sekhet, the Bubastis of Greek authors, whom they called the great lover of Ptah, a divinity by turn beneficent and revengeful, who, according to all appearances, represents the solar radiation in its twofold office?"

"I beg a thousand pardons, I believe I do remember her, and that rose which she seems to smell of somewhat suspiciously—ah! I think I need not ask whence that rose comes."

"Well, yes! it was given me by the woman whose name you can not possibly remember."

"But, permit me—I do know the name quite well—Madame Corneuil—is it not Corneuil? My gentle friend, does it not seem to you that the goddess Sekhet or Bubastis, who represents the solar radiation, fastens her angry glances blazing with indignation upon that purple rose, and curses the rival whom you insolently prefer to her? Take care—roses fade; both roses and givers of them only live for a day, while the goddesses are immortal and their anger also."

"Reassure yourself, uncle," answered Horace with a smile. "The goddess Sekhet looks with gentle eyes upon that flower. If you should ask her, she would say: 'The fifty heiresses which you have proposed for the Count de Penneville are all or nearly all but foolish creatures, with narrow and frivolous minds, caring only for gew-gaws and trifles; therefore I approve him decidedly for having disdained these dolls, and for wishing to marry a woman whom there are few like, whose intelligence is as remarkable as her heart is loving; a woman who adores Egypt and who longs to return thither; a woman who will not only be the sweetest companion to your nephew, but who will also be passionately interested in his labors, who will aid him by her counsel, and be the confidante of all his thoughts.'"

"And who will deserve to become a member of the Institute like him," interrupted Monsieur de Miraval. "How charming it will be to see you enter it arm-in-arm! Horace, I will give up reciting the end of my speech to you. Only permit me to ask you a question or two. Where did this incomprehensible accident take place? Oh! I remember—your mother told me that it was in a grotto at Memphis."

"My mother was not very prudent," answered Horace; "but let that go! It was in the depths of a grotto. We call it a hypogeum."

"Confound the hypogeum! My ideas are getting confused. I remember it was in the tomb of the King Ti."

"Ti was not a king, uncle," answered Horace in a tone of mild indulgence. "Ti was one of the great feudal lords, one of the barons of some ruler of the fourth dynasty, which held sway for two hundred and eighty-four years, or perhaps of the fifth, which was also Memphite."

"Heaven keep me from denying it! So you were in the tomb? Inspired by love, Madame Corneuil deciphered fluently a hieroglyphic inscription, and, touched by the beautiful miracle, you fell at her feet."

"Such miracles do not come to pass, uncle. Madame Corneuil does not yet know how to read hieroglyphics, but she will read them some day."

"And is that why you love her, unhappy youth?"

"I love her," exclaimed Horace ardently,

"because she is wonderfully beautiful, because she is adorable, because she has every grace, and beside her every other woman seems ugly. Yes, I love her—I have given her my heart and my life for ever! So much the worse for those who do not understand me."

"So it may be," answered the uncle; "but your mother has made inquiries, and evil tongues say that—"

"Enough!" replied Horace, raising his voice. "If any one else but you ventured to hint in that manner of a woman for whom my respect equals my love, of a woman worthy the regard of every one, he should either have my life or I his!"

"You know that I could not have the slightest desire to fight with my only heir—what would become of the property? Since you say so, I will be convinced that Madame Corneuil is a person absolutely above reproach. But where the deuce did your mother pick up her information? She says plainly that she is an ambitious manœuvrer, and that her dream is—are you really sure that this woman is not one of the cunning ones? Are you very sure that she is sincerely passionately interested in the exploits of the Pharaohs, and in the god Anubis, guide of souls? Are you sure that sometimes the greatest effects are produced with slight effort, and that down in the grotto of Ti she might not have been acting a little farce, to which an Egyptologist of my acquaintance has fallen an easy dupe? For my own part, I believe that if this same handsome fellow had a crooked nose, and dull, squinting eyes, Madame Corneuil would like him just as well, for the excellent reason that Madame Corneuil has got it into her head that some day she will be called the 'Countess of Penneville.'"

"Really, you excite my pity, uncle, and it is very good in me to answer you. To ascribe such miserable calculation, self-interest, and vanity to the proudest, noblest, and purest of souls! You ought to blush that you can so lower yourself. She has told me the story of her life, day by day, hour by hour. God knows she has nothing to conceal! Poor saint, married very young and against her will, through the tyranny of her father, to a man who was not worthy to touch the hem of her garment with the tip of his finger—and yet she forgave him all. If you only knew how tenderly she took care of him in his last moments!"

"But it seems to me, my young friend, that she was well rewarded for her trouble, since he left her his fortune."

"And to whom should he have left it? Had he not everything to make amends for? No, never did woman suffer more or was more worthy of happiness. One thing only helped her to bear her heavy weight of grief. She was strong-

ly convinced that some day she might meet a man capable of understanding her—whose soul might be on a level with her own. 'Yes,' she said to me the other evening, 'I had faith in him. I was sure of his existence, and the first time I saw you it seemed as if I recognized you, and I said to myself, "May it not be he?"' Yes, uncle, she and I are one and the same, and it will be the greatest honor of my life. She loves me, I tell you, she loves me—you can not change anything; so we might as well end here, if you are willing."

The Marquis passed his hands twice through his white hair, and exclaimed:

"I declare, Horace, you are the frankest of innocents, the most *naïve* of lovers."

"I assure you, uncle, that you are the most obstinate and incurable of unbelievers."

"Horace, I call this sphinx and the nose of the goddess Sekhet to witness that poetry is the malady of those who know nothing of life."

"And I, uncle, I call to witness the moon yonder, and this purple rose, which looks at you and laughs, that skepticism is the punishment of those who may have abused their life."

"And I—I swear to you by that which is most sacred, by the great Sesostris himself—"

"O uncle, what a blunder! I know that you should not be blamed for it, for you have hardly studied the history of Egypt, and it is no business of yours, but know that there has never been so exaggerated and even usurped reputation as that of the man whom you call the great Sesostris, and whose name really was Rameses II. Swear, if you choose, by the King Cheops, conqueror of the Bedouins, swear by Menes, who built Memphis; swear by Amenophis III., called Memnon; or, if you like it better, by Snefrou, last king but one of the third dynasty, who subdued the nomadic tribes of Arabia Petræa; but know that your great Sesostris was at bottom a very modicre man, of very slight merit, who carried his vanity so far as to have the names of the sovereigns who preceded him erased from the monuments and substituted his own, which had weight with superficial minds, Diodorus Siculus particularly, and introduced thereby the most unfortunate mistakes in history. Your Sesostris, good Heavens! he has only lived upon one exploit of his youth. Either through address or through luck, he managed to get through an ambuscade with life and baggage unharmed. That was the great achievement which he had engraved hundreds and hundreds of times on the walls of all the buildings erected during his reign; that was his eternal Valmy, his everlasting Jemappes. I ask you what were his conquests? He managed to capture negroes because he wanted masons, he hunted down men in Soudan, and his

only claim to glory was in having had one hundred and seventy children, of whom sixty-nine were sons."

"Goodness! that is no small thing; but, after all, what conclusion do you reach from that?"

"I conclude," answered Horace, who had lost sight of the principal topic in this digression—"I conclude that Sesostris—no," replied he, "I conclude that I adore Madame Corneuil, and that before three months she shall be my wife."

The Marquis rose hastily, exclaiming, "Horace, my heir and my great-nephew, come to my arms!"

And as Horace, immovable, looked at him astonished—"Must I say it again? Come to my arms," continued he. "I am pleased with you. Your passion really makes me young once more. I admire youth, love, and frankness. I thought you only had a fancy for this woman, a whim, but I see your heart is touched, and one can do no better than to listen to the voice of the heart. Forgive my foolish questions and my impertinent objections. What I said was to acquit my conscience. Your mother gave me my lesson, and I repeated it like a parrot. We must not get angry with these poor mothers; their scruples are always to be respected."

"Ah, there you touch a tender and sore point," interrupted the young man, "but I know how to bring her back—I will write her to-morrow."

"Let me say one word more—do not write; your prose has not the power of pleasing her. She has great confidence in me; my words will have weight. My son, I am all ready to go over to the enemy if this lovely woman who lives near you is really what you say. I will be your advocate with your mother, and we will make her listen to reason. Will you introduce me to Madame Corneuil?"

"Are you really sincere, uncle?" asked Horace, looking at him with mistrust and defiance. "Can I depend upon your loyalty?"

"Upon the faith of an uncle and a gentleman!" interrupted the Marquis in his turn.

"If that be so, we can embrace this time in good earnest," answered Horace, taking the hand held out to him.

The uncle and nephew staid talking together for some time longer like good friends. It was near midnight when Monsieur de Miraval remembered that his carriage was waiting for him in the road to take him back to his hotel. He rose and said to Horace:

"It is settled, then, that you will introduce me to-morrow?"

"Yes, uncle, at two o'clock precisely."

"Is that the hour when you see her?"

"One of my hours. I never work between breakfast and dinner."

"So everything is ruled to order, like music-paper. You are right; there must be method in all things. Even in love everything must be done by weight, number, and measure. I knew a philosopher once who said that measure was the best definition of God. But, by the way, I took a nap this afternoon, and am not in the least sleepy. Lend me a book for company after I go to bed. You, doubtless, own the writings of Madame Corneuil?"

"Could you doubt that?"

"Don't give me her novel; I have already read that."

"It is a real masterpiece," said Horace.

"There is rather too much fog in it to suit my taste. There is a rumor that she has published sonnets."

"They are real gems," exclaimed he.

"And an essay upon the apostleship of woman."

"A wonderful book!" exclaimed he again.

"Lend me the essay and the sonnets. I will read them to-night, that I may be prepared for to-morrow's interview."

Horace began at once to search for the two volumes, which he found with great difficulty. By means of rummaging, he discovered them at last under a great pile of quartos, which were crushing them with their terrible weight. He said to his uncle as he gave them to him:

"Keep them as the apple of your eye. For she gave them to me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness; I appreciate the preciousness of the treasure," answered the Marquis.

In the same breath he observed that the treatise was only half cut, and that the volume of sonnets was not cut at all, which gave rise to certain reflections of his own; but he carefully kept them to himself.

III.

THIS world is full of mysterious events, and Hamlet was right in saying that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy.

It has been observed that during the time of great wars, when different peoples coming from all parts of a great empire find themselves suddenly brought together in an army to serve a campaign, strange contagions and fatal epidemics spring up among them, and a great thinker has dared to attribute the cause of it to the forced propinquity of men totally unlike in disposition, in language, and in intellect, who, not having been made to live together, are brought in contact by an evil caprice of destiny. It has

also been remarked that when the crew of the ship which annually brings the necessary provisions for their subsistence to the poor inhabitants of the Shetland Isles land on their shores, they are seized with a spasmodic cough, and do not cease coughing until the ship has again set sail. It is also said that at the approach of a strange vessel the natives of the Faroe Isles are attacked by a catarrhal fever, which it is very difficult to get rid of. Finally, it is stated that sometimes the arrival of a single missionary at one of the South-Sea islands is enough to bring on a dangerous epidemic, to decimate the wretched savages.

This may perhaps explain why, during the night of August 13, 1878, the beautiful Madame Corneuil was greatly disturbed in her sleep, and why on waking the next morning she felt as if her whole body had been bruised. It was not the plague, it was no cholera, no catarrhal fever, no spasmodic cough, but she felt a certain tightness about the head, a disturbance, and a very peculiar nervous irritation; and she had a presentiment that there was danger near, or that an enemy had just landed. Yet she did not know about the Marquis de Miraval, had never even heard of him; she little knew that he was more dangerous than any missionary who ever landed on the islands of the Pacific.

As her mother, who was always the first to enter her chamber to lavish upon her those attentions which she alone knew how to make agreeable, drew near the bed on tiptoe and wished her good morning, Madame Corneuil, out of humor, gave her a rather cool greeting. Madame Vêretz readily perceived that her adored angel was out of sorts. This indulgent mother was somewhat accustomed to her whim. She was made for it, and did not mind. Her daughter was her queen, her divinity, her all; she devoted herself entirely to her happiness and her glory; she actually worshiped her with real adoration. She belonged to that race of mothers who are servants and martyrs; but her servitude pleased her, her martyrdom was sweet to her, and the thin little woman, with her quick eye, her serpentine gait, who, like Cato the Censor, whom she resembled in nothing else, had greenish eyes and red hair, always looked pleasantly upon the hardships she had to bear.

She had her own consolations. She might be snubbed, scolded, and sent off, but it always ended by her being listened to, especially if it was to be of any benefit. It was at her advice that at the propitious moment they quarreled with Monsieur Corneuil, and afterward were reconciled to him. Thanks to her valuable suggestions, they had been able to hold a *salon* in Paris, and to become of some importance there. Ma-

dame Corneuil reigned, while really it was Madame Vêretz who governed, and it must be said she never had any other end in view but the good fortune of her dear idol. We all have confused ideas of our own which we can hardly unravel, and hidden desires which we dare not confess to ourselves. Madame Vêretz had the gift of comprehending her daughter, and reading the inmost recesses of her heart. She undertook to unravel her confused ideas, and to reveal to her her unacknowledged wishes, and took charge of them. That was the secret of her influence, which was considerable. When Madame Corneuil's imagination wandered, her incomparable mother started out as her courier. On reaching the station, the fair traveler found her relays of horses all ready, and she was under great obligations to her mother for arranging many an agreeable surprise for her. She would have taken great care not to embark in any scheme without her courier, to whom she was obliged for never allowing her to rest by the way.

After having sent off her mother, and spent half an hour with her maid, Madame Corneuil took a cup of tea, then seated herself at her secretary. She spent her mornings in writing a book, which was to form a sequel to her treatise upon the "Apostleship," to be called "The Position of Woman in Modern Society." To speak plainly, she was merely making the same ideas serve her a second time. Her aim was to show that in democratic society, committed to the worship of the greatest number, the only corrective to coarseness of manners, thought, and interest, would be the sovereignty of woman. "Kings are dying out," she wrote the night before, in a moment of inspiration—"let them go; but we must not let them bear away with them that true kingliness whose benefits are necessary even to republics. Let women sit on the thrones which they leave empty. With them will reign virtue, genius, sublime aspirations, delicacy of heart, disinterested sentiments, noble devotion, and noble scorn." I may have spoiled her phrases, but I think I have given the gist of them all. I think, also, that in the portrait she drew, the superior woman whom she proposed for the worship of human kind resembled astonishingly Madame Corneuil, and she could not think of herself without her splendid hair of golden blonde twisted around her brow like a diadem.

After a bad night one does not feel like writing. That day Madame Corneuil was not in the mood. The pen felt heavy to the pretty hand, with its polished nails; both ideas and expression failed her. In vain she twisted a loose curl over her forefinger, in vain did she look at her rosy finger-tips—nothing came of it; she began to fancy that a shadow of coming misfor-

tune fell between her and the paper. Heaven knows that in like cases every pains was taken to save her nerves, to cause her no interruption, such were the orders. During those hours when she was known to be within her sanctum, the most profound silence reigned everywhere. Madame Vêretz saw to that. Every one spoke in a whisper and stepped softly; and when Jacquot, who did the errands, crossed the paved courtyard, he took great care to take off his *sabots*, lest he might be heard. This precaution on his part was the result of sad experience. Jacquot played the horn in his leisure moments. One morning when he took the liberty of playing, Madame Vêretz, coming upon him unawares, gave him a vigorous box on the ear, saying to him: "Keep still, you little idiot! don't you know that she is meditating?" Jacquot rubbed his cheek, and took it as it was said. Everybody did the same. So from eight till noon Jacquot whispered to the cook, and the cook told the coachman, and the coachman told the hens in the yard, who repeated it to the sparrows, who repeated it to the swallows, and to all the winds of heaven, "Brothers, let us keep silence—she is meditating!"

When it struck noon, the door of the holy place opened softly, and, as before, Madame Vêretz advanced on the tips of her toes, asking, "My dear beauty, may I be allowed to enter?"

Madame Corneuil scowled with her beautiful eyebrows, and poutingly placed her papers in the most elegant portfolio, and her portfolio in the depths of her rose-wood secretary, taking care to take out the key, for fear of robbers.

"Orders must have been given," said she, "not to leave me a moment in peace."

"I was obliged to go out this morning," answered Madame Vêretz; "did Jacquot happen to take advantage of my absence?"

"Jacquot, or some one else, I do not know whom; but they made a great deal of noise, and moved about the furniture. Was it absolutely necessary for you to go out?"

"Absolutely. You complained yesterday that the fish was not fresh, and that Julia did not understand buying; so henceforth I shall do my own marketing."

"And during that time, then, there must be a fearful racket."

"What can you do? Between two evils—"

"No," interrupted Madame Corneuil, "I do not wish you to go yourself and bargain for fish; why do you not teach Julia how to select it? You do not know how to order others, and so it ends in your doing everything yourself."

"I will learn, I will try to improve, my darling," answered Madame Vêretz, kissing her forehead tenderly.

She did not add that she liked to go to market, which was the truth. Among people who rise from small beginnings, some resent their past, and strive to forget it, while it pleases others to recall it.

"What have you there?" exclaimed Madame Corneuil, seeing just then that her mother held a bit of writing in her hand.

"This, my dear, is a note in which Monsieur de Penneville begs me to inform you that his great-uncle, the Marquis de Miraval, arrived yesterday from Paris, and has expressed a desire to be introduced, and that he will bring him here at two o'clock exactly. You know he is a victim to the stroke of the clock."

"What prevented him from coming to tell us himself?"

"Apparently he feared disturbing you, and perhaps he did not care to disarrange his own plans. In all well-ordered lives the first rule is to work until noon."

Madame Corneuil grew impatient.

"Who may this great-uncle be? Horace never told me about him."

"I can easily believe that. He never speaks of anything but you—or himself—or Egypt."

"But if I choose that he should talk to me about him!" answered Madame Corneuil haughtily. "Is that another epigram?"

"Do you think I could make epigrams against that dear, handsome fellow?" hastily answered Madame Vêretz. "I already love him like a son."

Madame Corneuil seemed to have grown thoughtful.

"I had bad dreams last night," said she.

"You laugh at my dreams, because you like to laugh at my expense. Now see: In coming from Paris, Monsieur de Miraval must have passed through Vichy. This Marquis is dangerous."

"Dangerous!" exclaimed Madame Vêretz; "what danger have you to fear?"

"You see Madame de Penneville has sent him here."

"Can you believe that Horace—ah! my poor goose, are you not sure of his heart?"

"Is any one ever sure of a man's heart?" answered she, feigning an anxiety which she was far from feeling.

"Perhaps not of any man's," said Madame Vêretz, smiling; "but the heart of an Egyptologist is quite another thing, and never changes. As far as sentiment goes, Egyptology is the one unchangeable thing."

"I told you I had bad dreams, and that the Marquis is dangerous to us."

"Here is my reply," was her mother's answer, as she passed her a mirror in such a way as to oblige her to see herself in it.

"It seems to me as if I looked like a fright this morning," said Madame Corneuil, who thought nothing of the sort.

"You are beautiful as the day, my dear countess, and I defy all the marquises in the world—"

"No, I will not receive this great-uncle," began Hortense again, as she pushed aside the mirror; "you may receive him in my place. Do you think I am obliged to endure impertinences?"

"There you are!—you are putting things at their worst; you are getting excited, forgetting yourself, and rushing at conclusions."

"I tell you once more, I am ill."

"My dear idol, one must never be ill except at the suitable moment; and in this case take care, or he will fancy you are afraid of him."

Madame Corneuil, on reflection, evidently was convinced that her mother was right, for she said to her:

"Since you wish me to submit to be so bored, so be it! Order my breakfast to be brought up, and send my maid to me."

"Nothing could be better," answered Madame Vêretz. "Ah, my dear! I am not inflicting a bore upon you—it is a victory which I am preparing for you."

At these words she withdrew, not without kissing her for the second time.

At two o'clock precisely, Madame Vêretz, seated in an *ajoupa* opposite the veranda of the chalet, awaits the Count de Penneville and Monsieur de Miraval; at two o'clock precisely the Marquis and the Count appeared on the horizon. The presentation was made with proper formality, and soon conversation began. Madame Vêretz was a woman of great tact in all difficult circumstances; the unexpected never disconcerted her; she knew how to receive an uncomfortable visitor as well as a disagreeable event. Monsieur de Miraval, however, gave her no occasion to practice that virtue. He was thoroughly courteous and gracious; he brought all the amiability and brilliancy of his past grandeur to bear on this occasion; he took as much pains as he formerly did for the sovereigns of the world who gave him audience. Where was the use of having been a diplomat if not to possess the art of talking a great deal without saying anything? He had words at his command, and, when it was necessary, a fluent eloquence, the art of "pouring honey over oil," as the Russian proverb has it. Everything went on well. Horace, who had greatly dreaded the interview, and who at first appeared constrained and disturbed, was soon over his anxiety, and felt his embarrassment at an end. It was part of his character to be quickly reassured. He was not only a born optimist, but he had gone too deeply into the

theology of Egypt not to know that in the human world, as in the divine, the struggle between the two principles ends generally in the triumph of the good, that Typhon finally submits to be disarmed, and Horus, the beneficent deity, takes in hand the government of the universe. The Count de Penneville's face expressed profound faith in the final triumph of Horus, the beneficent deity.

The ice was entirely broken when Madame Corneuil made her appearance. We may easily believe that she had taken great pains for this occasion with her toilet and the arrangement of her hair; her half-mourning was most charming. It must be granted that there are queens who strongly resemble ordinary people, so there are ordinary people who resemble queens, barring the crown and the king. That day Madame Corneuil was not merely a queen, she was a goddess from head to foot. She might have been described as Juno appearing from a cloud. Neither did she fail in her manner of entrance. On seeing her approach, the Marquis could not repress a thrill of emotion, and when he drew nearer to her to greet her with bowed head, he lost his self-command, which seldom happened to him, he stood confused, began several sentences without being able to finish them: it is said that it was the first time in his life that such a mishap had happened to him. His disturbance was so great that Horace, who usually never noticed anything, could not help remarking it.

Monsieur de Miraval made a great effort, and was not long in recovering his confidence and all his ease of manner. After a few trifling remarks, he began to relate pleasantly several anecdotes of his diplomatic career, which he seasoned with graceful wit and a grain of salt.

As he told his little stories, he went on talking with himself. "There is no denying it, she is very beautiful; she is a superior woman, fit for a king. What eyes! what hair! what shoulders! Can she be the daughter of such a mother, and that from that red hair comes all those beautiful, fair locks? There is no denying, her beauty irritates and exasperates me. If I were forty years younger, I would be one of her suitors. Really, she is superb. Can I find any fault with her? Yes, there is a restlessness in her eyes which I do not like. Her lips are rather thin—bah! that is only a foible. Heaven be thanked! there is no ink-spot on her finger-ends, but they are too tapering, too nervous, and look like hands ready to clutch. Her eyelids are too long—they can conceal a great deal. Her voice is well modulated, but metallic; still, if I were forty years younger—"

The Marquis went on telling stories. Madame Vêretz was all ears, and smiled in the best possible grace. As for Madame Corneuil, she

did not desist from a somewhat disdainful gravity of bearing. She had come upon the scene with a certain part to play; she had got it into her head that she was to appear before an ill-disposed judge, who had come expressly to take her measure and to weigh her in the balance. So she armed herself with Olympian majesty and that insolence of beauty which tramples impertinence under foot, crushes the haughty, and transforms Actæons into deer. Although the Marquis's politeness was faultless and emphatic, and although he besought her to look favorably upon him, she remained firm and would not be disarmed. Horace listened to all with great satisfaction; he thought his uncle charming, and could hardly keep from embracing him. He also thought that Madame Corneuil never had been more beautiful, that the sunlight was brighter than ever, that it streamed down upon his happiness, that the air was full of perfume, and that everything in the world went on wonderfully. Now and then a slight shadow fell like a cloud before his eyes. In reading over that morning the fragments of Manetho, he stumbled upon a passage which seemed contradictory to his favorite argument, which was dear to him as life itself. At intervals he began to doubt whether it really was during the reign of Apepi that Joseph, son of Jacob, came into Egypt; then he reproached himself for his doubt, which came back to him the next moment. This contradiction grieved him greatly, for he had a great regard for Manetho. But when he looked at Madame Corneuil his soul was at rest again, and he fancied he could read in her beautiful eyes a proof that the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph must have been Sethos I., in which case the Pharaoh who did know him must have been the King Apepi. To be tenderly loved by a beautiful woman makes it easy to believe anything, and all things become possible—Manetho, Joseph, the King Apepi, and all the rest.

What was passing in the heart of the Marquis? To what conquering charm was he the prey? The fact was, he no longer resembled himself. He had made an excellent beginning, and Madame Vêretz was delighted with his tales. Little by little his animation grew languid. This man, who was so great a master over his own thoughts, could no longer control them; this man, so great a master in conversation, really was seeking in vain for the proper words. He struggled for some time against this strange fascination which deprived him of his faculties, but it was all in vain. He no longer took part in the conversation, except in a few loose phrases, which were absolutely irrelevant, and soon fell into a deep reverie and the dullest silence.

"My mother was right," said Madame Cor-

neuil. "I have quite overawed him; I have made him afraid of me."

And so, applauding herself for having silenced the batteries of the besieger and put out his fires, a smile of satisfied pride hovered around her lips. A moment after she rose to walk around the garden, and Horace hastened to follow her.

The Marquis remained alone with Madame Vêretz. He followed the pair of lovers with his eyes for a little while, as they slowly withdrew and finally disappeared behind the shrubbery. The spell seemed then to be unloosed. Monsieur de Miraval regained his voice, and, turning toward Madame Vêretz, he exclaimed dramatically: "No, nothing has ever been created yet more beautiful than youth, more divine than love. My nephew is a fortunate fellow. I congratulate him aloud, but I keep my envy to myself."

Madame Vêretz rewarded this ejaculation with a gracious smile which signified: "Good old fellow! we judged you wrongly. How can you serve us best?"

"The more I see them together, Monsieur le Marquis," said she, "the more I am convinced that they were made for one another. Never were two characters better matched: they have the same likes and the same dislikes, the same elevated tone of mind, the same scorn of mediocre ideas and petty calculation, the same disregard of vulgar interests. They both live in paradise. Ah! Monsieur le Marquis, only a providential dispensation could have brought them together."

"Very providential," said the Marquis, but he added, *in petto*, "A manœuvring mother is the surest of all providences." Then he resumed aloud: "After all, what is the aim of it? Happiness. My nephew is right to consider his affection only. He can have his paradise, as you call it, madame, and all the rest into the bargain; for Madame Corneuil—We will not speak of her beauty, which is incomparable, but it is impossible to see her or to hear her speak without recognizing her to be a most superior woman, the most suitable in the world to give a man good counsel, and to lead him onward, to push him forward."

"You certainly judge her correctly," answered Madame Vêretz. "My daughter is a strange being; she is full of noble enthusiasm which she carries at times to exaltation, and yet she is thoroughly reasonable, very intelligent as regards the things of this world, and, at the same time, ice to her own interests and on fire for others."

"Only one thing distresses me," said the Marquis to her. "The story-teller advises all happy lovers to roam only to neighboring shores, and ours are going to bury their happiness in Memphis or in Thebes. It would be a crime to take Madame Corneuil away from Paris."

"Reassure yourself," said she; "Paris will have them back again."

"You do not know my nephew: he has a horror of that perverse and frivolous city. He confided to me yesterday that he means to end his days in Egypt, and assured me that Madame Corneuil was as much in love as he was with the solitude and silence of the region of Thebaid. He appears very gentle, but there never was a person of more determined will."

"Heaven help him!" said Madame Vêretz, looking at the Marquis as if she would say, "My fine friend, there is no will which can hold against ours, and Paris can no more do without us than we without Paris."

"They have chosen the good part," continued Monsieur de Miraval with a deep sigh. "I have often laughed at my nephew, blaming him because he did not know how to enjoy life; now it is his turn to laugh at me, for I am reduced to envying his happiness. There comes an age when one regrets bitterly not having been able to make a home for one's self. But you must be astonished, madame, at my confidences."

"I am rather flattered by them, than astonished," answered she.

"I am devoured by *ennui*, I must acknowledge. I had determined to pass the remainder of my days in retirement and in quiet, but *ennui* will yet force me out of my den. I shall plunge into active political life again. I have been urged to stand for the arrondissement where my château is situated, and have also been proposed for the senate. I might go still higher if I were married to a woman of sense, intelligent in the things of this world, in spite of her enthusiasms. Women are a great means of success in politics. Would that I had a wife! as the poet says: 'Have I passed the season of love? Ah! if my heart,' etc., etc. I can not remember the rest of it, but never mind. Lucky Horace! thrice happy! What a vast difference there is between living in Egypt with the beloved, and bustling about Paris in the whirl of politics without the beloved!"

Madame Vêretz in truth thought the difference vast, but greatly to the advantage of the bustle and the whirl. She could not help thinking, "It would be perfect if my future son-in-law only had the tastes and inclinations of his uncle; there would be nothing more to wish for."

From that moment, the Marquis de Miraval became a most interesting being to her. She tried to reconcile him to his fate, and, as she had a genius for detail and for business, she asked him a great many questions about his electoral arrondissement and his chances of election. The Marquis, somewhat embarrassed, replied as best he could. He could not get out of it except by changing the subject, and so he gave the inquis-

itive woman a full description of his château, which was doubtless well worth the trouble, only he seldom visited it. The minute information which he gave respecting his estates and their revenues was not of such a nature as to chill the interest which she was beginning to take in him.

During all this time, Madame Corneuil strolled through a path in the garden with Horace, who did not notice that her nerves were greatly excited and that she was somewhat ruffled. There were a great many things which the Count de Penneville never noticed.

"Heavens! what beautiful weather," said he to her; "what a beautiful sky, what a beautiful sun! Still it is not the sun of Egypt! when shall we see it again? 'Oh, thither, thither, let us go,' as says the song of Mignon. You must sing that song to me to-night; no one sings it like you. This park never seemed so green to me as now. There is no denying the beauty of green grass, although I can get along wonderfully well without it. I once knew a traveler who thought Greece horrible because there were so few trees. There are people who are wild on the subject of trees. Do you remember our first excursion to Gizeh—the vast bare plain, the wavy hills, the ochre-colored sand? You said, 'I could eat it!'"

"We met a long line of camels; I can see them now. The pyramids pierced the horizon, and they seemed white and sparkling. How they stood out against the sky! They seemed quivering. The air here never quivers. What a good breakfast we had in that chapel! You wore a *tarbouch* on your head, and it became you like a charm. When shall I see you in a *tarbouch* again? The turkey was somewhat lean, I remember, and I made a great blunder—I let fall the jar which held our Nile-water. We laughed at it well, and had to drink our wine unmixed. After which we descended into the grotto, and I interpreted hieroglyphics to you for the first time. I shall never forget your delight at my telling you that a lute meant happiness, because the sign of happiness was the harmony of the soul. In the Chinese writings, happiness is represented by a handful of rice. After that, who could contest the immense superiority of soul in the genius of the Egyptians over the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire?"

At last he discovered that Madame Corneuil made no reply to him; he sought for an explanation, and soon found it.

"How did the Marquis de Miraval impress you?" asked he of her with an anxious voice.

This time she answered.

"He is very *distingué*. He begins stories remarkably well, but finishes them poorly. Must I be sincere?"

"Absolutely sincere."

"He does not please me much."

"Did he say anything to offend you?" exclaimed Horace, who was afraid his uncle might have been disagreeable while his mind was wandering with Manetho and the King Apepi.

"He is a man of talent," answered she, "but I like some soul, and I suspect he has none."

As she spoke these words she fastened her great brown eyes on the face of the young man; he saw a soul in their depths; he might perhaps have seen two.

"You must be frank in your turn," resumed she. "You do not know how to tell a lie, and for that I love you a little. You told me that you were going to write to Madame de Penneville. The Marquis is her answer."

"I must say it is so," said he, "but, if the whole universe should put itself between you and me, it would have its trouble for nothing. You know that I love and that I adore you."

"Your heart, then, is indeed mine, wholly mine?" asked she, with a most bewitching glance.

"For ever, for ever yours," answered he, with voice half choked.

They drew near an arbor, the entrance to which was narrow. Madame Corneuil went in first, and when Horace joined her she stood motionless before him, gazing at him with a melancholy smile. Until that moment she kept him at a distance, without allowing him to make any advances, but now by a sudden impulse she lifted up lips and forehead to him, as if to claim a kiss. He understood, and yet hardly dared hope that he had rightly understood. He hesitated, but at last touched her lips with his. He felt ill. Only once before had he felt the same wild emotion. It was one day near Thebes, when making an excavation, he saw with his eyes—his own eyes—at the bottom of the trench, a great sarcophagus of rose-granite. That day, too, he grew faint.

Madame Corneuil sat down; he fell at her feet, and, with elbows upon the beloved knees, he devoured her glances for a while. There was only the width of a path between the arbor and the lake; they heard the waves whispering to the beach. She stammered a few words of love; she spoke of that joy and mystery which no human tongue can express.

After a long silence Madame Corneuil said:

"Great happiness is always restless and uneasy, everything frightens it—it is scared at everything. I implore you, get rid of this diplomat. I never liked diplomats. All they can see in the world is prejudice, interest, calculation, and vanity."

"Your wishes are sacred to me," said he to her, "and, even if I must for ever break with

him, I will do everything to please you, although I have always returned the friendship he has borne for me."

"Yes, send him back to his family, who must object to our having him. May he return soon, to tell his stories to them!"

"But allow me—I am his family; he is unmarried, or rather he has been a widower for thirty years, and has neither son nor daughter. But what do I care for his property?"

At these words Madame Corneuil came out of her rapture, and pricked up her ears like a dog who scents unexpected game.

"His property! You his heir! You never told me so."

"And why should I have told you? What is money to us? This is my treasure," added he, in trying to get a second kiss, which she wisely refused, for one must not be too lavish.

"Yes, how base a trifle the whole subject of money is!" said she. "Is the Marquis very rich?"

"My mother says that he has two hundred thousand livres' income. He may do what he chooses with it. Since he does not please you, I will tell him plainly that I renounce my place as his heir."

"It must all be done with propriety," answered Madame Corneuil with considerable animation. "You are fond of him. It would make me wretched to set you against a relation whom you love."

"I would give up all for you," exclaimed he; "the rest seems so small."

He remained a little longer at her feet; but to his great grief she made him rise, saying:

"Monsieur de Miraval must remark our long absence from him. We must be polite."

Two minutes after she entered the pavilion, whither Horace followed her, and greeted the Marquis with a tinge of affability which she had not shown before; but, although she had changed her expression and manner, the spell was not broken, and its effect was even more perceptible. Monsieur de Miraval, after having recovered all his wits in conversing with Madame Vêretz, and giving her all sorts of confidences, was disturbed anew at the appearance of his beautiful enemy. He replied to all her advances in incoherent phrases, and sentences without head or tail, which might have fallen from the moon. Soon, as if angry with himself and his undignified weakness, he rose hastily, and turning toward Madame Vêretz with a profound bow, took his leave of her; then, advancing toward Madame Corneuil, he looked her full in the eyes, and said to her with a sort of fierceness in his voice:

"Madame, I came, I saw, and I have been conquered."

Thereupon he withdrew like one wishing to

get away, and forbade his nephew to accompany him. It can be easily imagined that after his departure he was freely discussed. All agreed that his conduct was peculiar; but Madame Vêretz protested that she thought him more charming than odd, but Madame Corneuil thought him more odd than charming. Horace, for his part, tried to explain the eccentricity of his conduct by his varying state of health, or by a certain whimsical disposition excusable at his age. He acknowledged that he had never seen him so before, but had always known him to be a *bon vivant*, active, of good memory, witty, and easily adapting himself to all.

"There is some mystery about it that you must take pains to clear up," said Madame Corneuil to him; and as he looked at his watch and was about to withdraw—"By the way, lazy boy," said she to him, "when are you going to read me the famous fourth chapter of your 'History of the Hyksos'? You must remember that you were to read it some evening with a midnight supper in its honor. We must have that supper in Paris. Will it not be delicious?"

At thought of the little private banquet in honor of Apepi, Horace's heart thrilled with delight and his eyes beamed.

"I will send you nothing until it is worthy of you. Give me ten days more."

(Conclusion next month.)

"Ten days—that is a century!" said she; "but keep your word, or I shall break with you."

As he drew away she added, "The next time you meet Monsieur de Miraval, be distrustful and be shrewd."

"He shrewd!" exclaimed Madame Vêretz, when alone with her daughter; "you might as well order him to swim across the lake."

"Is that meant for another epigram?" said Madame Corneuil crossly.

"Since I adore him as he is," answered the mother, "what more can you expect? As for Monsieur de Miraval, you are quite wrong to worry yourself on his account. My opinion is, that he is entirely won over to our side."

"It is not mine," answered Madame Corneuil.

"At all events, my dear, we must treat him with great tact, for I know from the very best authority—"

"You are going to tell me," interrupted Madame Corneuil disdainfully, "that he has an income of two hundred thousand livres, and that Horace is his heir. Such base trifles are like affairs of state to you."

Soon after she said to her mother, "Then ask Horace to invite him to breakfast with us at an early day."

CINDERELLA.

THE year 1697 A. D. was rendered memorable, not only by the Peace of Ryswick, which saved so great a part of Europe from the horrors of war, but also by the earliest appearance in print of Charles Perrault's "Cendrillon, ou la petite pantoufle de verre." It was in the fourth part of the fifth volume of the "Recueil de pièces curieuses et nouvelles," published at the Hague by Adrian Moëtgens, that the narrative of Cinderella's fortunes, in the form under which it has become familiar to the whole civilized world, first saw the light. In the same eventful year it was a second time introduced to the public, figuring as one of the eight histories contained in the "Histoires ou contes du temps passé," which professed to be written by the "Sieur P. Darmancour"; this "Sieur" being the author's son, Perrault d'Armancour, a boy then ten years old, who may possibly have acted as an intermediate relater between the nurse who told, and the parent who wrote, the tales which were

destined to render that parent's name immortal. Their success was one of the unexpected triumphs which fate has now and then accorded to literature. As little, in all probability, did the elder Perrault, grave member of the French Academy and erudite defender of modern writers against the claim of the ancients to supremacy, dream of the fame which Cinderella and her companions were to bring to him, as did Charles XII., who in the same eventful year succeeded to the throne of Sweden, foresee the ruinous nature of the conflict in which he was doomed to engage with his young brother monarch Peter the Great, just then, on ship-building intent, making his way toward the peaceful dockyards of Holland.

Cinderella's story had doubtless been familiar for centuries to the common people of Europe. In the opinion of many critics it had, indeed, figured for ages among the heirlooms of human-

ity. But Perrault's rendering of the tale naturalized it in the polite world, gave it for cultured circles an attraction which it is never likely to lose. The supernatural element plays in it but a subordinate part, for, even without the aid of a fairy godmother, the neglected heroine might have been enabled to go to a ball in disguise, and to win the heart of the hero by the beauty of her features and the smallness of her foot. It is with human more than with mythological interest that the story is replete, and therefore it appeals to human hearts with a force which no lapse of time can diminish. Such supernatural machinery as is introduced, moreover, has a charm for children which older versions of the tale do not possess. The pumpkin carriage, the rat coachman, the lizard lackeys, and all the other properties of the transformation scene, appeal at once to the imagination and the sense of humor of every beholder. In the more archaic forms of the narrative there is no intentional grotesqueness. It is probably because so many of the incidents in the life of "Cucendron" (as she was generally styled at home, "though the younger of her step-sisters, who was not so uncivil as the elder, called her 'Cendrillon'") were so natural, that some mythologists have attached such importance to the final trial by slipper. "The central interest in the popular story of Cinderella," says Professor de Gubernatis in his valuable work on "Zoölogical Mythology," is "the legend of the lost slipper, and of the prince who tries to find the foot predestined to wear it." But, if the tale be sought for in lands less cultured than the France which produced Perrault's "Cendrillon" and the Countess d'Aulnoy's "Finette Cendron," we shall see that "the legend of the lost slipper" is no longer of "central interest," being merely used to supply the means of ultimate recognition so valuable in ancient days not only to the story-teller but to the dramatist. Let us take, by way of example, a Servian version of the story:*

As a number of girls were spinning one day a-field, sitting in a ring around a cleft in the ground, there came to them an old man, who said: "Maidens, beware! for if one of you were to let her spindle fall into this cleft, her mother would be immediately turned into a cow." Thereupon the girls at once drew nearer to the cleft and inquisitively peeped into it. And the spindle of Mara, the fairest of their number, slipped out of her hand and fell into the cleft. When she reached home in the evening, there was her mother turned into a cow, standing in front of the house and mooing. Thenceforth Mara tended and fed that cow with filial affection. But her father married again, taking as his second wife a

widow with one plain daughter. And the new mistress of the house grievously ill-treated her step-daughter, forbidding her to wash her face, or brush her hair, or change her dress. And as she became grimy with ashes, *pepel*, Mara received the nickname of *Pepelluga*, that is, Cinderella, or Ashypet. Her step-mother also set her tasks which she could never have done, had not "the cow, which had once been her mother," helped her to perform them. When the step-mother found this out, she gave her husband no rest till he promised to put the cow to death. The girl wept bitterly when she heard the sad news, but the cow consoled her, telling her what she must do. She must not eat of its flesh, and she must carefully collect and bury its bones under a certain stone, and to this burial-place she must afterward come, should she find herself in need of help. The cow was killed and eaten, but Mara said she had no appetite and ate none of its flesh. And she buried its bones as she had been directed. Some days afterward, her step-mother went to church with her own daughter, leaving Mara at home to cook the dinner, and to pick up a quantity of corn which had been purposely strewed about the house, threatening to kill her if she had not performed both tasks by the time they came back from church. Mara was greatly troubled at the sight of the grain, and fled for help to the cow's grave. There she found an open coffer full of fine raiment, and on the lid sat two white doves, which said, "Mara, choose a dress and go in it to church, and we birds will gather up the grain." So she took the robes which came first, all of the finest silk, and went in them to church, where the beauty of her face and her dress won all hearts, especially that of the Emperor's son. Just before the service was over, she glided out of church, ran home, and placed her robes in the coffer, which immediately shut and disappeared. When her relatives returned, they found the grain collected, the dinner cooked, and Ashypet as grimy as usual. Next Sunday just the same happened; only Mara's robes were this time of silver. On the third Sunday she went to church in raiment of pure gold with slippers to match. And when she left, the Emperor's son left too, and hastened after her. But all he got for his pains was her right slipper, which she dropped in her haste. By means of it he at length found her out. In vain did her step-mother, when he walked in with the golden test in his hand, hide her under a trough, endeavor to force her own daughter's foot into the too small slipper, and, when this attempt failed, deny that there was any other girl in the house. For the cock crowed out, "Kikerike! the maiden is under the trough!" There the prince in truth found her, clothed from head to foot in golden attire,

* Vuk Karajich, No. 32.

but wanting her right slipper. After which all went well.

In a modern Greek variant of the story (Hahn, No. 2), there is a similar but a still stranger opening. According to it, an old woman and her three daughters sat spinning one day. And they made an agreement that, if one of them broke her thread or dropped her spindle, she should be killed and eaten by the others. The mother's spindle was the first to fall, and her two elder daughters killed, cooked, and ate her. But their younger sister did all she could to save her mother's life, and, when her attempts proved fruitless, utterly refused to have anything to do with eating her. And, after the unfilial repast was over, she collected her mother's bones, and buried them in the ash-hole. After forty days had passed, she wished to dig them up and bury them elsewhere. But, when she opened the hole in which she had deposited them, there streamed forth from it a blaze of light which almost blinded her. And then she found that no bones were there, but three costly suits of raiment. On one gleamed "the sky with its stars," on another "the spring with its flowers," on the third "the sea with its waves." By means of these resplendent robes she created a great sensation in church on three successive Sundays, and won the heart of the usual prince, who was enabled to recognize her by means of the customary slipper. The German variant of the story given by Grimm (No. 21) represents the grimy *Aschenputtel*—a form of Cinderella's name very like the Scotch *Ashypet*—as being assisted to bear up against the unkindness of her step-sisters by a white bird, which haunted the tree she had planted above her mother's grave. From this bird she received all that she asked for, including the dazzling robe and golden shoes in which she, for the third time, won the prince's heart at a ball in the palace. One of these shoes stuck in the pitch with which the prince had ordered the staircase to be smeared in the hope of thereby capturing her when she fled from the ball; and by it he after a time recognized her. The story is of an unusually savage tone. For not only does one of the step-sisters cut off her toes, and the other her heel, in order to fit their feet to the golden slipper—acting in accordance with the suggestion of their mother, who says, "When you are a queen you need not go afoot"—but they ultimately have their eyes pecked out by the two doves which have previously called attention to the fact that blood is streaming from their mutilated feet. The surgical adaptation of the false foot to the slipper, and its exposure by a bird, occur in so many variants that they probably formed an important part of the original tale. Thus, in a Lowland Scotch variant of the story quoted by Chambers, when the

glass shoe was brought by the prince's messenger to the house wherein lived two sisters, "the auld sister that was sae proud gaed awa' by herself", and came back in a while hirpling wi' the shoe on." But, when she rode away in triumph as the prince's bride, "a wee bird sung out o' a bush:

"Nippit fit and clippit fit ahint the king rides;
But pretty fit and little fit ahint the caldron hides."

The blinding of the pretenders, however, is a rare incident. But in one of the Russian stories (Afanasief, vi., 30) the step-sisters of Chornushka—so called from her being always dirty and *chorna*, or black—lose their eyes exactly as in the German tale.

The industry of many collectors has supplied scores of variants of this most popular narrative. But those which have been mentioned will be sufficient to throw a considerable light upon one of its most significant features. Its earlier scenes appear to have been inspired by the idea that a loving mother may be able, even after her death, to bless and assist a dutiful child. In the Servian and the Greek variants, this belief is brought prominently forward, though in a somewhat grotesque form. In the German it is indicated, but less clearly. In one of the Sicilian variants (Pitré, No. 41), the step-daughter is assisted by a cow, as in the Servian story. Out of the hole in which its bones are buried come "twelve damsels" who array her "all in gold" and take her to the royal palace. Here the link between the girl and her dead mother has been lost, and the supernatural machinery is worked by fairy hands. In another (No. 43) the heroine receives everything she asks for, exactly as in the German story, from a magic date-tree. But nothing is said about its being planted above her mother's grave, and its mysterious powers are accounted for only by the fact that out of it issue "a great number of *fati*" or fairies. In the romantic story of "La Gatta Cennerentola," told by Basile in his "Pentamerone" (published at Naples about the year 1637), she is similarly assisted by a fairy who issues from a date-tree. This suggests the fairy godmother of Perrault's tale, from which our version appears to have been borrowed. For among us Cinderella's slipper is almost always of glass, a material never mentioned except in the French form of the story and its imitations. On this part of Cinderella's costume it may be as well to dwell for a time, before passing on to the further consideration of her fortunes. As yet we have dealt only with what may be called the "dead-mother" or "step-mother" opening of the tale. We shall have to consider presently a kindred form of the narrative, the opening of which may be named after the "hateful mar-

riage" from which the heroine flies, her adventures after her flight being similar to those of the ill-used step-daughter. That is to say, she is reduced to a state of degradation and squalor, and is forced to occupy a servile position, frequently connected in some way with the hearth and its ashes. From this, however, she emerges on certain festive occasions as a temporarily brilliant being, always returning to her obscure position, until at last she is recognized; after which she remains permanently brilliant, her apparently destined period of eclipse having been brought to a close by her recognition, which is accomplished by the aid of her lost shoe or slipper.

As to the material of the slipper there has been much dispute. In the greater part of what are apparently the older forms of the story, it is made of gold. This may perhaps be merely a figure of speech, but there are instances on record of shoes, or at least sandals, being made of precious metals. Even in our own times, as well as in the days of the Cæsars, a horse is said to have been shod with gold. And an Arab geographer, quoted by Mr. Lane, vouches for the fact that the islands of Wák-Wák are ruled by a queen who "has shoes of gold." Moreover, "no one walks in all these islands with any other kind of shoe; if he wear any other kind, his feet are cut." It is true that his authority is a little weakened by his subsequent statement that these isles have trees which bear "fruits like women." These strange beings have beautiful faces, and are suspended by their hair. "They come forth from integuments like large leathern bags. And when they feel the air and the sun, they cry 'Wák! Wák!' until their hair is cut; and when it is cut they die." Glass is an all but unknown material for shoemaking in the genuine folk-tales of any country except France. The heroine of one of Mr. J. F. Campbell's Gaelic tales* wore "glass shoes," but this exception to the rule may be due to a French influence, transmitted through an English or Lowland Scotch channel. Even in France itself the slipper is not always of glass. Madame d'Aulnoy's Finette Cendron, for instance, wore one "of red velvet embroidered with pearls." The use of the word *verre* by Perrault has been accounted for in two ways. Some critics think that the material in question was a *tissu en verre*, fashionable in Perrault's time. But the more generally received idea is that the substance was originally a kind of fur called *vair*—a word now obsolete in France, except in heraldry, but locally preserved in England as the name of the weasel†—and that some reciter or transcriber to whom the meaning of *vair*

was unknown, substituted the more familiar but less probable *verre*, thereby dooming Cinderella to wear a glass slipper long before the discovery was made that glass may be rendered tough. In favor of the correctness of this supposition we have the great authority of M. Littré, whose dictionary affirms positively that in the description of Cinderella's slipper, *verre* is a mistake for *vair*. In this decision some scholars, especially those who detect in every feature of a fairy tale a "solar myth," refuse to acquiesce. Thus M. André Lefèvre, the accomplished editor of a recent edition of Perrault's "Contes," absolutely refuses to give up the *verre* which "convient parfaitement à un mythe lumineux."* But the fact that Cinderella is not shod with glass in the vast majority of the lands she inhabits outweighs any amount of mythological probabilities. Besides, a golden shoe is admirably adapted to a luminous myth. It was a golden sandal which Rhodôpis lost while bathing, and which—according to the evidently Oriental tale preserved for us by Strabo and Ælian—was borne by an eagle to the Egyptian King, who immediately resolved to make that sandal's owner his royal spouse. In the venerable Egyptian tale of "The Two Brothers," another monarch is equally affected by the sight of a lock of the heroine's golden hair, that is borne to him by the river into which it had fallen, and he makes a similar resolve. In a Lesghian story from the Caucasus,† a supernatural female being drops a golden shoe, and the hero is sent in search of its felloe, becoming thereby exposed to many dangers. We may fairly be allowed, without any slur being cast upon mythological interpretation, to give up the glassiness of Cinderella's slipper. If the substitution of *verre* for *vair* be admitted, it supplies us with one of the few verbal tests which exist whereby to track a story's wanderings. For in that case we may always trace home to France, or at least detect a French element in, any form of the Cinderella story in which the heroine wears a glass slipper. A somewhat similar mistake to that which vitrified Cinderella's slipper caused a celebrated picture by Rubens to be long known by an inappropriate title. Many a visitor to the National Gallery must have wondered why a portrait of a lady in a hat manifestly made, not of straw, but of beaver or a kind of felt, should be designated the *chapeau de paille*, before it was pointed out by Mr. Wornum, in the catalogue, that *paille* was probably a mistake for *poil*, a word meaning among other things wool and the nap of a hat,

* An amusing article on this question appeared in the "Daily Telegraph," December 27, 1878, in reply to the support given by "X" in the "Times" to the cause of *vair*.

† Schiefner's "Awarische Texte," p. 68.

* "West Highland Tales," i., 225.

† "Spectator," January 4, 1879.

and akin to the Latin *pileus*, a felt cap or hat, and indeed to the word *felt* itself.

As regards the identification of the heroine by means of the lost slipper, that seems to be, as has already been remarked, merely one of the methods of recognition by which the stories of brilliant beings, temporarily obscured, are commonly brought to a close. In ancient comedy a recognition was one of the most hackneyed contrivances for winding up the plot, a convenient dramatic makeshift akin to that which proves the brotherhood of the heroes of "Box and Cox." Thus in the numerous tales which tell how a hero who is really brilliant and majestic, but apparently squalid or insignificant, saves a fair princess from a many-headed dragon, but is robbed of his reward and reputation by an impostor, he usually proves his identity with her rescuer by producing, in the final scene, the tongues of the dead monster. Thus also the troubles of the golden-haired hero who, like Cinderella, emerges at times from his obscurity and performs wonders, come to a close when he is recognized by some token, such as the king's handkerchief in the Norse tale of "The Widow's Son." All this *finale* business appears to be of very inferior importance to the opening of the drama, that which refers to the dead mother's guardianship of her distressed child. The idea that such a protection might be exercised is of great antiquity and of wide circulation. According to it, the dying parent's benediction was not merely a prayer left to be fulfilled by a higher power, but was an actual force, either working of its own accord, or exerted by the parent's spirit after death. In the Russian story of Vasilissa the Fair, a dying mother bequeaths to her little daughter her parental blessing and a doll, and tells her to feed it well, and it will help her whenever she is in trouble. And therefore it was that Vasilissa would never eat all her share of a meal, but always kept the most delicate morsel for her doll; and at night, when all were at rest, she would shut herself up in the narrow chamber in which she slept, and feast her doll, saying the while: "There, dolly, feed: help me in my need!" And the doll would eat until "its eyes began to glow just like a couple of candles," and then do everything that Vasilissa wanted. In another Russian tale, known also to Teutonic lands, a dead mother comes every night to visit her pining babe. The little creature cries all day, but during the dark it is quiet. Anxious to know the reason of this, the relatives conceal a light in a pitcher, and suddenly produce it in the middle of the night.

They looked and saw the dead mother, in the very same clothes in which she had been buried, on

her knees beside the cradle, over which she bent as she suckled the babe at her dead breast. The moment the light shone in the cottage she stood up, gazed sadly on her little one, and then went out of the room without a sound, not saying a word to any one. All those who saw her stood for a time terror-struck. And then they found the babe was dead.

In the Indian story of "Punchkin,"* the seven ill-used little princesses "used to go out every day and sit by their dead mother's tomb," and cry, saying: "O mother, mother, can not you see your poor children, how unhappy we are, and how we are starved by our cruel step-mother?" And while they were thus crying one day, a tree, covered with ripe fruit, "grew up out of the grave," and provided them with food. And when the tree was cut down, a tank near the grave became filled with "a rich, cream-like substance, which quickly hardened into a thick, white cake," of which the hungry princesses partook freely. A similar appeal to a dead mother is made by a daughter in a Russian story (Afanasief, vi., 28). When in great distress, "she went out to the cemetery, to her mother's grave, and began to weep bitterly." And her mother spoke to her from the grave, and told her what to do in order to escape from her troubles.

The last of these tales belongs to the previously mentioned second division of Cinderella stories, that which comprises the majority of the tales in which an ill-used maiden temporarily occupies a degraded position, appears resplendent on certain brief occasions, but always returns to her state of degradation, until at length she is recognized, frequently by the help of her lost slipper. But, instead of her troubles being caused by a step-mother or step-sisters, they are brought upon her, in the stories now referred to, by some member of her own family who wishes to drive her into a hated marriage. From it she seeks refuge in flight, donning a disguise which is almost invariably the hide of some animal. In some countries the "step-mother" form of Cinderella appears to be rare, whereas the "hateful-marriage" form is common. In Pitre's collection of Sicilian tales, for instance, for one Cinderella tale of the step-mother class, there are four which begin with the heroine's escape from an unlawful marriage. In the Gonzenbach collection there is but one good variant of the Cinderella tale, and it belongs to the second class. The specimen of this second group, with which English readers are likely to be best acquainted, is the German "Allerleirauh" (Grimm, No. 65), though it is very probable that to the same division belonged also the story of "Catskin," which Mr. Burchell

* Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," No. 1.

presented, with other tales, to the younger members of the family of the Vicar of Wakefield. Perrault's "Peau d'Ane" is a version of the same story, but as it is told in verse it has never achieved anything at all approaching the success gained by its prose companions. Besides, the theme is not adapted for nurseries. It forms the subject of the Lowland Scotch tale of "Rashie-Coat," in which we are told that the heroine fled because "her father wanted her to be married, but she didna like the man." But the Gaelic story of "The King who wished to marry his Daughter" (Campbell, No. 14) states the case more precisely. The heroine almost always demands from her unwelcome suitor three magnificent dresses, and with these she takes to flight, usually disguising herself by means of a hide or other species of rough covering. In these dresses she goes to the usual ball or other festival, and captivates the conventional prince. The close of the story is generally the same as that which terminates the ordinary Cinderella tales which we have already considered. Its special points of interest are the reasons given for her flight from home, and the disguise in which she effects her escape.

Cinderella's troubles are brought to an end by the discovery that a slipper fits her foot; those of Allerleirauh, Catskin, Rashie-Coat, and the rest of her widely-scattered but always kindred companions in adventure, are generally brought about by the discovery that a certain ring or dress fits her finger or form. Cinderella's promotion is due to her dead mother's watchful care. Rashie-Coat's degradation is consequent upon her dying mother's unfortunate imprudence. Thus, in the Sicilian tale of "Betta Pilusa,"* the hateful marriage from which the heroine flies, wrapped up in a gray cloak made of catskin, would never have been suggested to her had not her mother obtained a promise from her husband on her death-bed that he would marry again whenever any maiden was found whom her ring would fit. Some years later her own daughter finds the ring and tries it on. It fits exactly, so she is condemned to the marriage in question. By the advice of her confessor, she asks for three dresses, so wonderful that no mortal man can supply them. But her suitor is assisted by the devil, who enables him to produce the desired robes, the first sky-colored, representing the sun, the moon, and the stars; the second sea-colored, depicting "all the plants and animals of the sea"; and the third "a raiment of the color of the earth, whereon all the beasts and the flowers of the field were to be seen." Hidden in her catskin cloak,

also procured from the same source, she leaves home, carrying her wonderful dresses with her in a bundle, and thus escapes from her abhorred suitor. To prevent him from noticing her absence, she leaves two doves in her room together with a basin of water. As he listens at the door he hears a splashing which is really due to the birds, but which he supposes is caused by her ablutions. Great is his rage when he at length breaks open the door, and finds that he has been tricked. We learn from another variant that he was induced to knock his head against the wall until he died, and so the dressmaking devil got his due. In one of the Russian forms of the same tale, the fugitive maiden has recourse to a still more singular means of concealing her absence. The story is valuable because it supplies a reason for the introduction of the fatal ring. That is said to be due to the malice of a malignant witch, who, out of mere spite, induced a dying mother to give the ring to her son, and to charge him to marry that damsel whose finger it would fit. The ring is evidently of a supernatural nature, for, when the heroine tries it on, not only does it cling to her finger "just as if it had been made on purpose for it," but it begins to shine with a new brilliance. When Katerina hears to what a marriage it destines her, she "melts into bitter tears" and sits down in despair on the threshold of the house. Up come some old women bent on a holy pilgrimage, and to them she confides the story of her woes. Acting on their advice, when the fatal marriage-day arrives, she takes four *kukolki*, dolls or puppets of some kind, and places one in each of the corners of her room. When her suitor repeatedly calls upon her to come forth, she replies that she is coming directly, but each time she speaks the dolls begin to cry "Kuku," and as they cry the floor opens gently and she sinks slowly in. At last only her head remains visible. "Kuku" cry the dolls again: she disappears from sight, and the floor closes above her. Irritated at the delay, her suitor breaks open the door. He looks round on every side. No Katerina is there, only in each corner sits a doll, all four singing "Kuku! open earth, disappear sister!" He snatches up an axe, chops off their heads, and flings them into the fire. In a Little-Russian variant of the same story, the despairing maiden flies for solace to her mother's grave. And her dead mother "comes out from her grave," and tells her daughter what to do. The girl accordingly provides herself with the usual splendid robes, and with the likewise necessary pig's hide or fell. Then she takes three puppets and arranges them around her on the ground. The puppets exclaim, one after another, "Open, moist earth, that the maiden fair may enter within thee." And when the third

* Gonzenbach, No. 38. *Pilusa* is the Sicilian form of *pilosa*, hairy.

has spoken, the earth opens, and the maiden and the puppets descend into "the lower world." Some vague remembrance of this descent of the heroine into the lower regions appears to have given rise to the strange opening of one of the Sicilian variants cited by Pitré (No. 42). The heroine goes down into a well in order to find her elder sister's ring. At the bottom she perceives an opening, and passes through it into a garden, where she is seen by "the Prince of Portugal," to whom, after the usual adventures, she is wedded.

As a general rule the heroine makes her escape disguised in a coarse mantle or dress made of the skin of some animal. In another of the Sicilian variants (Pitré, No. 43) it is a horse's hide in which she is wrapped, and the people who meet her when she leaves home are surprised to see what they take to be a horse walking along on its hind-legs. But sometimes this disguise assumes a different aspect, being represented as something made of a less pliant material, a disguise akin to the "wooden cloak, all made of strips of lath," which was "so black and ugly," and which "made such a clatter" when the heroine, who was called after it "Katie Woodencloak," went up stairs. The Norse story in which she figures commences with the step-mother opening, and it does not close with a slipper-test, but still it belongs properly to the second division of the Cinderella group. In some of the other variants this wooden cloak becomes intensified into an utterly rigid covering or receptacle of wood. Thus in the Sicilian tale of "Fidi e Cridi" (Pitré, i., 388), the two daughters of the Emperor of Austria, one of whom, Fidi, has been destined by a fatal ring to a hated marriage, make their escape from home in a coffer of gilded wood. They have previously stored it with provisions and made arrangements for its being thrown into the sea. The waves waft them to Portugal, where Fidi becomes the wife of the king. Her wedded happiness is for a time interrupted by the arrival of the Emperor of Austria, who inflicts upon his fugitive daughter a parental curse so powerful that it turns her into a lizard for a year, a month, and a day. But eventually all goes well. As early as 1550, Straparola printed in his "*Tre-dici Piacevoli Notti*" (i., 4) a romantic version of this story, telling how Doralice, the daughter of Tebaldo, Prince of Salerno, in order to elude her unnatural parent, hid herself in a large coffer of beautiful workmanship. This coffer Tebaldo, under the influence of depression produced by his daughter's disappearance, sold to a merchant, from whose hands it passed into those of Genese, King of Britain. Doralice used sometimes to issue from her wooden covering, and one day the king saw her, fell in love with her at once, and made her his queen.

In almost all the tales belonging to the second or "hated marriage" branch of the Cinderella story, the heroine accepts a very humble post in the palace of the prince whom she eventually weds. Just as her counterpart, the golden-locked prince of so many tales, becomes a scullion at court, so she acts in the capacity of scullery-maid or other despised domestic. But from time to time she quits the scullery and appears in all the splendor of her mysterious dresses among the noble guests assembled in the princely banqueting or ballroom. In order to show the close connection between the stories of Goldenlocks and Rashie-Coat, a few specimens of their popular histories may be given. In the already quoted Russian story (Afanasief, vi., 28) of the princess who is advised by her dead mother to deceive her detested suitor by disguising herself in a swine's bristly hide, her subsequent fortunes are narrated as follows: After she had fled from home she made her way on foot into a foreign land, always wearing her swinish covering. As she wandered through a forest one day, a terrible storm arose. To shelter herself from the torrents of rain which were falling, she climbed a huge oak, and took refuge amid its dense foliage. Presently a prince came that way, and his dogs began to bark at the strange animal they saw among the leaves. The prince gazed with surprise at the singular being thus revealed to him, evidently "no wild beast, but a wondrous wonder, a marvelous marvel." "What sort of oddity are you?" said he; "can you speak or not?" "I am Swine's Hide," said she. Then he took her down from the tree, and set her up on a cart. "Take this wondrous wonder, this marvelous marvel, to my father and to my mother," said he. And when the king and queen saw her they were greatly astonished, and gave her a room to herself to live in. Some time afterward there was a ball at the palace. Swine's Hide asked the servants if she might stand at the ballroom-door and look on. "Get along with you, Swine's Hide!" said they. Out she went a-field, donned her brilliant dress with the many stars of heaven upon it, whistled till a chariot came, and drove off in it to the ball. All who were there wondered whence this beautiful visitor had come. "She danced and danced—then disappeared." Putting on again her swinish covering, she went back to her own room. Again a ball took place. Again did Swine's Hide appear in radiant beauty, dressed in a dazzling robe, "on the back of which shone the bright moon, on the front the red sun." Great was the sorrow of the prince when she suddenly left the dance and disappeared. "Whatever are we to do," thought he, "to find out who this beauty is?" He thought and thought. "At last he

went and smeared the first step of the staircase with pitch, that her shoe might stick in it." And so, as she fled from the ball on the third occasion, she left her shoe behind her. Vainly did all the fair maidens in the kingdom attempt to get it on. At last the unsightly Swine's Hide was told to try her chance. And when the Prince saw that it fitted her exactly, "he ripped up the swinish hide, and tore it off the princess. Then he took her by her white hand, led her to his father and mother, and sought and gained their permission to marry her."

In this story, as in the Norse tale of "Katie Woodencloak," the recognition is due to a Cinderella's slipper. But more often the discovery is made in a different way. Thus in a modern Greek version the despised goose-girl, who was nicknamed "Hairy" on account of the nature of the hide in which she was always wrapped, though she lost a shoe in flying the third time from a ball at the palace, was not discovered by means of it. But when the maids were about to take a basin of water to the king before dinner one day, she obtained leave to carry it. Before she entered the king's chamber, "she slit the hide a little at the knee, in order that her golden dress might become visible." And so it came to pass that "when she knelt down, the golden robe gleamed through the slit," and the recognition was soon accomplished. Another method of recognition is employed in the class of variants to which the Sicilian "Betta Pilusa" belongs. When "Hairy Betty" for the third time won the king's heart, at a ball in which she appeared in the dress on which all the beasts and the flowers of the earth were to be seen, he presented her with a costly ring. One morning she came into the kitchen while the cook was making the bread for the royal table, and she obtained leave to make a loaf herself. Into it she slipped the ring. When the bread was drawn out of the oven, only her loaf proved eatable, so it was served up to the king himself, who, on cutting it, discovered the ring. The cook was examined, and "Hairy Betty" was produced in her catskin dress. This she flung aside, and appeared "young and lovely, as she really was, and in her beautiful gleaming robe." The recognition by means of a ring is, as every one knows, one of the commonest contrivances for bringing a story of adventure to a close.

Now with this tale of a radiant princess who adopts a degrading disguise, appears at times in her natural glory, but conceals it again without any apparent reason, till her own caprice, or an accident which she had not foreseen, leads to her final recognition, let us compare one of the numerous stories about a radiant prince who disguises himself in a like manner, reveals himself

at intervals in his true form, returns to his place of concealment with an equal want of apparent reason, and is at last fortuitously recognized. The well-known German tale of "The Iron Man"* gives a very interesting version of the story, as also does the Norse tale of "The Widow's Son." As these are accessible to every English reader, it may be as well to quote here one of the less generally available variants of this widely-spread narrative. The Russian tale of "Neznaiko," in Afanasief's collection (vii., No. 10), relates how the young Ivan was persecuted by his step-mother, who tried several methods of killing him, but was always foiled by the wise advice given to him by a mysterious colt to which he was tenderly attached. At length she persuaded her husband to promise that the colt should be killed. Hearing of this, Ivan ran to the stable, mounted the colt in haste, and fled with it from his father's house. After a time they came to a place where cattle were grazing. There the colt left Ivan, promising to return when summoned by the burning of one of the hairs from its tail, which it left with him for that purpose. But before parting with its master it told him to kill one of the oxen, flay it, and don its hide; also to conceal his fair locks under a covering of bladder, and never to make any other reply to whatsoever questions might be asked him than "I don't know." Ivan did as he was told, and presently, to the surprise of all who met him, there was seen walking along "ever such a wonder; a beast not a beast, a man not a man, hide-bound, head bladder-covered," answering all questions with an "I don't know." "Well, then," said they, "as you can only say *Ne Znayu*, let your name be 'Neznaiko,' or 'Don't know.'" Even the king, to whom he was brought as an acceptable monster, could get nothing but his usual answer. So orders were given that he should be stationed in the garden, to act as a scarecrow in order to keep the birds away from the fruit, but he was to get his meals in the royal kitchen. Now it happened about this time that an Arab prince proposed for the hand of the king's daughter, and when his suit was rejected, raised an immense army and invaded the king's realm. Ruin stared that monarch in the face. But Neznaiko doffed his bladder cap, flung off his ox-hide, went out into the open field, and burned one of the magic horse-hairs. Immediately there appeared by his side a wondrous steed. On to its back vaulted Neznaiko, and rode against the infidel foe. To tear from a slain enemy his golden armor, and to don it himself, was the work of a moment. Then he dashed, irresistible, among the Arab ranks.

* "Der Eisenhans," Grimm, No. 136.

"Whichever way he turned, there heads flew before him. It was exactly like mowing hay." With rapture did the king and his fair daughter view his exploits from the walls of the beleaguered city. But when they came down to greet the victor, there was no such hero to be found. In quite unheroic garb Ivan had returned to his task of scaring the crows from the palace-garden. A second time did the Arab prince renew his suit and his invasion, and again did Ivan, as a warrior in golden armor, slaughter his troops and put him to flight. On this occasion he was slightly wounded in the arm, and was also brought before the king. But he would not stay at the palace: he must needs ride away for a time into the open field. Before he rode off, however, the king's daughter took a scarf from her fair neck and with it bound up his wounded arm.

Soon after this a great feast was given at the palace. As the guests strolled through the garden they saw Ivan, and wondered at his strange aspect. "What sort of monster is this?" they asked. "That is Neznaiko," replied the king; "acts for me in place of a scarecrow; keeps the birds away from the apple-trees." But his daughter saw that Neznaiko's arm was bound up, and recognized the scarf she had given to the heroic winner of the fight. "She blushed, but said nothing at the time." Only thenceforth "she took to walking in the garden and gazing at Neznaiko, and she quite forgot even so much as to think about feasts and other amusements." At length she asked her father to let her marry his scarecrow. Naturally surprised, he expostulated. But when she cried, "If you don't make him my husband, I'll never marry any one; I'll live and die an old maid," he reluctantly gave his consent. The marriage had just taken place when the Arab prince for the third time demanded the hand of the princess. "My daughter is married," replied the king. "If you like, come and see for yourself." The Arab came, saw that the fair princess was married to "ever such a monster," and challenged him to mortal combat. Then Ivan flung off his bladder cap and his garb of hide, mounted his good steed, and rode away to the fight, manifesting himself to all eyes under his heroic aspect. The Arab suitor was soon knocked on the head. And when Ivan rode back triumphant, the king perceived that his son-in-law was "no monster, but a hero strong and fair."

In this variant of the story, nothing definite is said as to the golden nature of the hero's hair. But in many others, as in the German and Norse tales already referred to, as well as in numerous variants found in many lands, not only is great stress laid upon the fact that his locks are of

gold, but an account and explanation of the gilding process are given. Into this, however, it is at present unnecessary to enter. It is sufficient for our purposes to show how closely the story of the radiant hero—who is persecuted by a step-mother and aided by a supernatural horse, and whose brightness is temporarily concealed under a covering of skin or hide, but who finally emerges from it to remain permanently resplendent—corresponds with the story of the radiant heroine who is ill used by a step-mother and assisted by a supernatural cow, and whose radiance is likewise concealed, but only for a time, under some sort of unseemly exterior, frequently formed out of some beast's hard or furry skin. The tales of "Goldenlocks" and of "Cinderella—Catskin" are evidently twin forms of the same narrative, brother and sister developments of the same historical or mythological germ. In one instance the two forms have been combined into one narrative, ending with a double recognition. The Lithuanian story of "The King's Fair Daughter" (Schleicher, No. 7) tells how a princess was urged to accept a hateful suitor after the death of her mother, who had been a remarkable beauty, having "around her head the stars, on its front the sun, and on its back the moon." An old woman's friendly counsels enabled her to obtain "a silver robe, a diamond ring, and gold shoes," as well as a disguising cloak lined with skins of an unattractive kind. With these she fled from court. After a time she came to a piece of water, and was obliged to go on board a vessel. The *sziporius* or skipper wanted her to marry him, and, when she would not consent, he threw her overboard. But "she jumped ashore," and pursued her journey. Coming one day to a place where stood great stones, she prayed that a dwelling might be opened for her. And her prayer was at once granted. In her dwelling within the rock, which always opened to let her in or out, she left her fine raiment, and went forth to live in a grand house, performing the duties of a *pelendrus* or cinder-wench. In that house she found her brother, who had also fled from home, and was acting as a clerk. But he did not recognize in the grimy servant-maid his princely sister. From time to time she used to go to her stone dwelling, don her fair raiment, and drive to church in a carriage which always appeared for the purpose, her beautiful visage and costume making a great impression on the mind of the astonished clerk. One day she left the church rather later than usual, so she had not time enough to change her dress, and merely "put her every-day clothes over those fine ones." That day she was summoned by the clerk to "dress his hair." And while she dressed his hair, his head resting on her knees, "he took to

scratching her dress, and scratched through it down to the mantle" which it covered. "So when he had lifted his head from her knees, he tore off her head-dress from her head, and immediately perceived that she was his sister. Then they two went forth from that house, but no one knew whither they went."

All commentators will doubtless agree that the stories of Cinderella and Goldenlocks spring from the same root. But they will differ widely when the question arises as to whether that root was or was not of a mythological nature, and also as to what was, in either case, its original form and significance. The majority of the critics who have lately handled the subject have not the slightest doubt about the whole matter. "It is the story of the Sun and the Dawn," says Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, in the latest work on the subject, a pretty little book on "Fairy Tales: their Origin and Meaning"; "Cinderella, gray and dark and dull, is all neglected when she is away from the Sun, obscured by the envious Clouds, her sisters, and by her step-mother, the Night. So she is Aurora, the Dawn, and the fairy Prince is the Morning Sun, ever pursuing her to claim her for his bride." According to Professor de Gubernatis, in his "Zoölogical Mythology" (ii., 281), "Ahalyâ (the evening Aurora) in the ashes is the germ of the story of Cinderella, and of the daughter of the King of Dacia, persecuted by her lover, her father himself." It seems unfortunate that so many "storiologists" have committed themselves to the support of the cause of the Dawn and the Afterglow, the "Morning and Evening Auroras," before the claims to consideration of other natural phenomena or forces were fully considered and disposed of in a manner satisfactory to at least the great majority of judges. Too few of the writers on the meaning of popular tales seem to have remembered Professor Max Müller's warning that "this is a subject which requires the most delicate handling and the most careful analysis." Instead of warily feeling their way over an obscure and unfamiliar field, they race across it toward their conclusions, bent upon taking every obstacle in their stride. The consequence is, that they now and then meet, or to the eyes of unenthusiastic spectators appear to meet, with mishaps of a somewhat ludicrous nature. Thus, when we are told that the justly saddened mother of Beanstalk Jack, by throwing her apron over her head and weeping, figures "the night and the rain," we are apt to be led by our perception of the ridiculous toward an inclination to laugh at the whole system according to which so many stories are resolved into nature myths. But that system, if used discreetly, appears to lead to results not otherwise attainable. In the case of

certain, but by no means all, popular tales, it offers an apparently reasonable solution of many problems. Just as it seems really true that at least many of the stories of fair maidens released from the captivity in which they were kept by demoniacal beings "can be traced back to mythological traditions about the Spring being released from the bonds of Winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the Night, the Dawn being brought back from the far West, the Waters being set free from the prison of the Clouds,"* so it appears not unreasonable to suppose that the large group of tales of the Cinderella class may be referred for their origin to similar mythological traditions. In all the numerous narratives about brave princes and beautiful princesses who, apparently without sufficient reason, conceal under a foul disguise their fair nature, emerge at times from their seclusion and obscurity, but capriciously return to their degraded positions, until they are finally revealed in their splendor by accident or destiny—in all these stories about a Rashie-Coat, a Katie Woodencloak, a Goldenlocks, or any other of Cinderella's brothers and sisters, there appears to be a mythological element capable of being not unreasonably attributed to the feelings with which, at an early myth-making period, pre-scientific man regarded the effect of the forces, the splendor of the phenomena of nature. But there is a vast difference between regarding as a nature-myth in general the germ of the legends from which have sprung the stories of the Cinderella cycle, and identifying with precision the particular atmospheric phenomenon which all its heroes and heroines are supposed to symbolize. And there is an equally wide difference between the reasonableness of seeking for a mythological explanation of a legend when traced back to its oldest known form, and the utter absurdity of attempting to squeeze a mythical meaning out of every incident in a modern nursery-tale, which has perhaps been either considerably enlarged or cruelly "clippit and nipit" by successive generations of rustic repeaters, and has most certainly been greatly modified and dressed by its literary introducers into polite society. No one can fail to perceive how great a gulf divides the system of interpretation which Professor Max Müller has applied to Vedic myths from that adopted in the case of such manifest modernizations as "Little Red Riding Hood" by critics who forget that (to use his words) "before any comparison can be instituted between nursery tales of Germany, England, and India, each tale must be traced back to a legend or myth from whence it arose, and in which it had a natural meaning;

* Max Müller, "Chips," ii., 237.

otherwise we can not hope to arrive at any satisfactory results." ("Chips," ii., 249.)

Let us turn now to other systems of interpretation. One school of critics utterly refuses to accept any mythological solution of fairy-tale riddles, another is at least inclined to reduce the mythological element in popular tales to a minimum, a third admits mythology into the field, but objects to its assuming what is popularly known, as the "solar" form, to which a fourth school is devoted with intense zeal. At least four different explanations of the Cinderella-Rashie-Coat story may therefore be offered to the consideration of an earnest inquirer into its significance. It may be a nature-myth symbolizing the renewed brightness of the earth after its nocturnal or wintry eclipse. The rough skin or hide which "Hairy Betty" wears, not to speak of Katie Woodencloak's still tougher covering, greatly resembles the "husk" which hides the brilliance of the beast to whom the Beauty of so many tales is married, and is therefore suggestive of an origin connected with Indian mythology.* The "step-mother" opening of the story is too simple to require an explanation, and the appearance in fine clothes, at church or palace, of a usually ill-dressed damsel may be considered not incredible. As to the "slipper" termination, the opinion has already been expressed that it is merely a convenient recognition makeshift.

The "unlawful-marriage" opening of the Rashie-Coat story offers a difficulty, but it is accounted for to their own satisfaction by critics both of the mythological and of the historical school. Mythologists say that all stories about such marriages mean nothing more than does the dialogue in the Veda between Yama and his twin-sister Yamī, in which "she (the night) implores her brother (the day) to make her his wife, and he declines her offer because, as he says, 'they have thought it sin that a brother should marry his sister.'"[†] But by many eyes these narratives are regarded as ancient traditions which preserve the memory of customs long obsolete and all but forgotten. It is because such stories refer to savage times that they are so valuable, it is said, and therefore it is well to compare them with such tales and traditions as are now current among existing savages. This opinion is one that is well worthy of discussion, but at present little more can be done than to point out that the popular tales which are best known to us possess but few counterparts in genuine savage folk-lore. Some of their incidents, it is true, find their par-

allels in tales which are told by wild races unable to boast of a drop of Aryan blood. But the dramatic narratives known to us as the stories of Cinderella, "Puss in Boots," and the like, in which a regular sequence of acts or scenes is maintained unaltered in various climes and centuries, seem unknown to savage countries, unless they have been introduced from more cultured lands. A few of the incidents related in the stories cited in the present article closely resemble parts of savage tales. We may take as an example the Russian account of the sister who, when pursued by her brother, sinks into the earth and so escapes. In a Zulu tale,* a sister whose brother is pursuing her with murderous intent, exclaims, "Open, earth, that I may enter, for I am about to die this day," whereupon "the earth opened and Untombi-yapansi entered." In vain did her brother Usilwane seek for her when he arrived. Her subsequent adventures, also, are akin to those of Cinderella. Originally "her body glistened, for she was like brass," but "she took some black earth and smeared her body with it," and so eclipsed her natural radiance. Eventually, however, she was watched by "the chief," who saw her, "dirty and very black," enter a pool, and emerge from it "with her body glistening like brass," put on garments and ornaments which arose out of the ground, and behave altogether like the brilliant heroine she really was. There seems to be good reason for looking upon Untombi-yapansi as a Zulu Cinderella. But how far a foreign influence has been exercised upon the Zulu tale, it would be difficult to decide.

How far, also, the story of Rashie-Coat's proposed marriage refers to ancient ideas about the lawfulness of unions now disallowed, is a question not easily to be answered. There is no doubt that the memory of obsolete customs may be long preserved in folk-lore. We may take as an instance the Russian story of the Lubok or Birch Bark, in which it would seem unreasonable to look for a mythological kernel. There exist in many countries a number of stories showing how a man's unfilial conduct toward his father was brought to a close by a chance remark made by his infant son. In the forms it assumes there is considerable variety, but the moral is always the same. In a well-known German tale in the Grimm collection, an old man is obliged by his son and his son's wife to eat apart, out of a wooden bowl, on account of the slobbering habits due to his great age. His son's little boy is observed one day to be fashioning a small wooden bowl. When asked for what it is intended, he says: "It's for father to eat out of when he's as old as

* For the mythological meaning of "Beauty and the Beast," see the "Nineteenth Century," December, 1878.

† Max Müller, "Lectures on the Science of Language," sixth edition, ii., 557.

* Bishop Callaway's "Nursery Tales, etc., of the Zulus," i., 300, note.

grandfather." Whereupon the father's conscience smites him, and the grandfather is allowed a plate at the table as before. In an Italian form of the story, borrowed from one of the French *fabliaux*, a man follows the custom of the country and packs off his old father to die in what may be called the workhouse, sending him a couple of shirts by the hands of his young son, the old man's grandson. The boy brings back one of them, and explains that it will do for his father to wear when his turn comes to go to the workhouse. Whereupon the man's heart is touched, and he fetches his aged parent home. The Russian story is more valuable, because it refers to a custom which undoubtedly once existed in many lands—that of killing off old people. Among nomads, who would find it difficult to carry about with them their aged relations, such a custom might naturally arise. At all events, it is on such a custom that the tale is founded. It runs as follows: In former days it was customary, when old folks reached a certain age, for their sons, if they had any, to take them out into the forest, and there to leave them to die. Once upon a time a son thus escorted from home, on what was meant to be his last journey, his aged father. Wishing to make that journey as comfortable as possible for the time-stricken traveler, he stretched a large piece of birch-tree bark in his cart, seated the intended victim upon it, and drove off to the forest. Along with him went his own young son, a boy of tender years. Having reached the appointed spot, he thereon deposited the aged man, having first, with filial attention, stretched on the possibly damp ground the sheet of bark for him to sit upon. Just as he was about to drive away home with his boy, that innocent child asked him if it would not be better to take back the bark. "Why so?" he replied. "Because," said the boy, "it will do for you to sit upon when the time comes for me to leave you in the forest." Touched by his child's simple words, the father hastened to where the grandfather was sitting, put him back into the cart, and drove him quickly home. From that time he carefully tended the old man till he died. And his example produced such an effect that all the other people in that land gave up the practice of exposing their parents to death when they grew old.*

Now it would be quite beside the mark to suggest a mythological explanation of this pathetic tale. It evidently refers to an actual custom once observed by real men, not to some supposed action attributed to imaginary gods. The evidence for the former existence of the custom is copious and undeniable. Even the familiar

expression, "a sardonic grin," has been supposed by some philologists to contain a reference to it. For the ancient Sardones were in the habit, when they grew old, of being killed and eaten by their friends and relatives. Before their death they used to invite their kith and kin to come and eat them on a certain day. And they were expected to smile while uttering the words of invitation. But their smiles, on such occasions, were apt to be somewhat constrained, and even at times ghastly. Wherefore, that particular kind of contraction of the risible muscles acquired the name of the "Sardonic grin." On so clear a point it is unnecessary to dwell longer. But it will be as well to point out that there is sometimes risk in attributing legends and traditions to an historical rather than a mythical origin. Many customs are mentioned in popular tales which can scarcely have prevailed among mankind at even the most prehistoric period. There are a number of stories, for instance, about girls who are so fond of their relatives that they eat them up. In the Russian "Witch and Sun's Sister," and in the Avar "Brother and Sister," a maiden of this kind is described as first devouring the whole of her family, and then attempting to eat the hero of the tale, her last surviving brother. Now, a belief in such hungry damsels, perpetually seeking what they may devour, is prevalent at the present day in Ceylon, the existence of such "poison-girls," as they are called, being generally accounted for by demoniacal possession. From such a wild belief tales of the kind just mentioned might naturally spring without their being founded upon any real custom. It is improbable that at any period of the world's history it was customary for sisters to eat their brothers. Nor is it likely that human fathers were ever in the habit of eating their children, as might be supposed, if we thought it necessary to see in the tale of how Kronos devoured his offspring an allusion to a custom, or even an isolated fact. What seems to be really demanded from every interpreter of old tradition, every explorer of the dark field of popular fiction, is a wariness that will not allow itself to be hoodwinked by any prejudice in favor of this or that particular theory. Every piece of evidence ought to be carefully tested and fairly weighed, whether it confirms the examiner's own opinion or not. If this be done, he will probably find that different classes of legends must be explained in divers manners. The more he becomes acquainted with popular tales, the less he will be inclined to seek for any single method of solving all their manifold problems. Not over-often will he be able to satisfy himself that he has arrived at even a fairy-tale's ultimate reason for existence. The greater pleasure will he have when he is enabled to trace the

* Afanasief, "Skazki," vol. vii., No. 51.

growth of a narrative, to watch its increase from its original germ to its final development. By way of a close to the present attempt to pry into the secret meaning of Cinderella's history may be given a sketch of a traceable growth of this kind. It occurs in the case of the legend of Trajan, an excellent account of which has been lately given by M. Gaston Paris.*

Tradition asserts that there once existed at Rome a bas-relief representing Trajan on horseback in all his glory, and in front of him a woman sadly kneeling. Nothing can be more probable, and, if such was really the case, the suppliant female would, no doubt, represent a conquered province, just as Dacia is represented on one of Trajan's medals as a woman on her knees. However this may be, out of the tradition sprang a story illustrative of Trajan's justice. On the point of starting on a campaign, it said, the Emperor was suddenly stopped by a poor widow, who flung herself on her knees before him, and besought him to right her wrongs. He expostulated, but finally yielded, and did her justice before he resumed his march. This was the first half of the story's growth. The second seems to have followed at a later period. According to the completed legend, as Pope Gregory the

Great passed through the Forum of Trajan one day, he bethought himself of that Emperor's many merits, and especially of his admirable conduct in righting the widow's wrongs. And a great sorrow came over him at the thought that so excellent a pagan should be lost eternally. Whereupon he prayed earnestly and constantly for Trajan's salvation, until at last a voice from on high informed him that his prayer was granted, but that in future he was to pray only for Christian souls. A later addition to the legend told how Gregory learned from an angel that, by way of punishment for his indiscreet though successful intervention, he would have to suffer from certain maladies for the rest of his life. The question as to whether Gregory was justified in his procedure greatly exercised the minds of many mediæval casuists, one of whom solved the problem, and escaped from the doctrinal difficulties which it presented, by the following ingenious explanation: No one, he said, can be saved unless he be baptized. But baptism is precisely what Gregory obtained for Trajan. At the Pope's prayer the Emperor's soul returned to his body, Gregory baptized it, "and the soul, again quitting its earthly case, went straight up into heaven."

W. R. S. RALSTON (*Nineteenth Century*).

DINNERS IN LITERATURE.

AFTER Achilles in the "Iliad" has granted the request of the unhappy Priam in reference to the dead body of his son, he immediately suggests to the old man the propriety of taking some refreshment. Let us, he says, now remember our dinner. For this was a matter not forgotten by the fair-haired Niobe, even when all her twelve children lay dead in her house, slain by Apollo and Artemis. And Homer, if such a man there be, goes on to tell us how the swift-footed Greek at once rose up, and himself cut the throat of a white wether, and his companions flayed it, and got it ready in the proper fashion, and divided it cunningly, and pierced it with spits, and roasted it with circumspection, and did all those other things so well known to the student of the "Iliad," as thought worthy of many more mentions than one by the author of that divine poem.

Not a few writers of eminence, both ancient and modern, have followed Homer's example in giving abundant details of what was called con-

temptuously, by Seneca—a man of extremely morose temper—"the science of the cook-shop." Nor is it certain, when we consider how much a dinner shares in the constitution of human happiness, that this philosopher was altogether wise in reviling the discipline of Apicius as the disease of his age, or that *la science de la guculo*—to borrow a phrase of Rabelais and Montaigne—deserves Columella's censure as the worship of the most degraded vice.

The good effects, moral and social, of a good dinner—not the least among the great and lasting triumphs of a civilized life—have been too often established to need any further evidence. What frantic enmities have been rung out, what everlasting friendships rung in, by that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell! A suitably served repast can remove prejudice, and abate pride; it can reconcile misunderstandings, and discover amiability. Will not a steaming turkey turn away strife, and meditations of evil vanish before a Christmas plum-pudding? Nay, resentment ere this has beat a retreat before a humble Welsh rarebit; and a horrid feud, which not even the

* "La Légende de Trajan," Paris, 1878.

family solicitor could disperse, has melted like a morning mist in sunrise at the approach of a goose at Michaelmas. What might have been the result of a judicious present by her lover to Sophia Western of a dish of those eggs of roasted pullets, of which, according to Black George the Gamekeeper's evidence, she was so fond? Surely a corresponding sweetness of temper had followed the impartial distribution of those sweetmeats which Dr. Johnson advised the brewer's wife to give away of an evening. The advice itself shows the importance which the philosopher attached even to the minutiae of what is so happily called "good living." What irony of fate has deprived us of that philosophical Cookery-Book which women could not write, but the Doctor could, and in place of it has offered to us—"Irene"!

There is a phrase attributed to Voltaire—to whom, having written much, much is attributed—that the fate of nations often depends upon the digestion of a minister. A slight variation in a *carte de jour*, like a variation in the length of Cleopatra's nose, might have altered the circumstances of a world. The decisive battles of Borodino and Leipsic were lost to Napoleon by a fit of dyspepsia. How certainly, then, does it become a man's bounden duty to meditate on few matters so seriously as on his meals! What is more natural than that eating should reach the dignity of an art, and such an art as, like mathematics, demands the whole man? and what wonder is it to see so much in literature concerning eating, from the earliest to the latest times? A reflection on the influence of food on the character of mankind diminishes our surprise at the boast of the subtle Ulysses, who is represented in the "Odyssey" declaring that no other mortal may compete with him—not, indeed, in the strength of his arm or the acuteness of his intellect, but in making up a fire and cutting up wood for burning, and jointing meat, and discharging generally the duties of a cook and a butler. The sacred historian has not thought it beneath him to describe the effect of a savory dish in procuring the benediction of Isaac; nor, when we remember the intimate association between the heart and the stomach, will the conduct of the French novelist appear absurd, who introduces, in the most pathetic part of the story, a descant of his heroine upon the several courses of her dinner.

The idea that eating is a subject of humiliation, that it is but a makeshift to repair the imperfection of our nature, that it dulls the intelligence— notions buttressed up by a few stock quotations out of the Latin Grammar, such as "*fruges consumere nati*," "*animum quoque pręgravat una*"—has gone far to make dinner

a subject unworthy of the novelist and the poet, and so, not rarely, produced inconvenient results. Thus, to take an instance in our nursery rhymes, an idle attempt has been made, in the ancient ballad, which bears some mystic reference, in its opening lines, but nowhere else, to a sixpence and a pocketful of rye, absurdly to explain away the four-and-twenty blackbirds as black numerals baked into the glazed white face of an old dial, or as four-and-twenty hours; and to turn the whole song, by strained interpretations, into a nature myth. There is, indeed, no little difficulty in understanding the singing of the baked birds; but we are not, because of this subjective deficiency in our intelligence, justified in supposing that the ancient poet intended by his rhyme aught but a simple representation of a royal dinner of his place and period. The vastness of the dainty dish was doubtless introduced to add to our idea of sublimity in the sovereign, just as King Cyrus found an argument for Baal being a living God in the large quantity of his daily rations. As well may an allegorical meaning be assigned to Falstaff's feast in Shallow's house in Gloucestershire, and a figurative interpretation to the pigeons, the couple of short-legged hens, the joint of mutton, and the other sundry kickshaws which William Cook provided.

Full many a three-volumed novel, unwisely neglected, on account of an apparent predominance of gastronomical detail, by the superficial reader, forms the subject of interest and astonishment to the philosopher. To him, pages in which keenness of appetite is more remarkable than keenness of wit—pages in which the author's puppets make up for saying little by eating much—reveal the inner mental characteristics of the company; and he can almost prophesy the actions of each by observing the particular *entrées* he prefers. If he notices, for instance, that the dishes are improperly prepared, he will at once form a conclusion adverse to the presence of preciseness and exactitude in the host. Nor in doing so is he without the authority of the sage of Bolt Court, who said, "Sir, if a man can not get his dinner well dressed, he should be suspected of inaccuracy in other things." Where the unskilled reader sees only a tendency in the parties eating to enlarge the circumference of their bodies, the student of human nature will perceive subtle hints of the various anfractuosities of their minds. He will not be surprised at a fit of melancholy in him who feeds on hare, nor at a sanguine temperament in him who makes his meal of beef. He will be prepared for severity of demeanor in him who partakes of pie-crust, according to the authority of Dr. King: "Eat pie-crust, if you'd serious, be"; and, following the same great authority, will introduce

to the ladies' notice him who during dinner has shown a singular predilection for shell-fish. He will recognize the being with large discourse looking before and after in him who breakfasts as if uncertain of dinner, and dines as if reflecting he had not breakfasted. He will mark the weak stomach as the sure concomitant of the weak brain. He will be prepared for impetuosity of temper in him who subsists on animal out of all proportion to vegetable aliment, or, if in any proportion, in such as Falstaff's intolerable quantity of sack to his one halfpenny-worth of bread. He will perhaps expect to find good eating the parent of good sense. He will receive as an exquisite illustration of natural laws the circumstance that, in one chapter of a fashionable novel, the young lady, the heroine, during her residence in the temperate zone of the family, will eat about equal proportions of meat and vegetables, of carbonaceous and nitrogenous matter. In another chapter he will find her transported to the arctic circle of Miss Monflather's seminary; and there, in accordance still with the laws of Nature, she will be ready to devour the blubber and whale-oil of the pole. Yet again, in a third chapter, he will meet with her in the tropical atmosphere of a zealous young curate, and there behold her dining, like Amina the delicate, on a few grains of rice or an apple. Then, indeed, will her stomach be prouder than that of Arthur Clennam in "Little Dorrit," which awoke the indignation of Mr. F——'s aunt. She will disdain the familiar conjunctions of pork and pease-pudding, of bacon and beans, of mutton and capers. Only after repeated solicitations will she be induced to "try a little" of what some one with a pretty taste for the letter has called "the pernicious pasticcios of the pastry-cook, or the complex combinations of the confectioner."

Not a few philosophers have endeavored to show the intimate relation which subsists between the meat and the morality of nations. Some have gone so far as to consider the elevation of gastronomy to be that of the whole circle of arts and sciences, and regarded man as nothing more nor less than a sublime alembic.

Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," following Cabanis, considers food as one of the four physical agents most powerfully influencing the human race. The organization of society and the differences in peoples are traceable, in his opinion, to a diversity of dinner. Men's manners and morality, their customs and condition, depend mainly, if he may be believed, on what they eat. The boldness of the Norseman and the timidity of the Bengalee are ascribed as justly due to their respective preferences for meat or vegetables, for carbonaceous or nitrogenous diet, imposed on them by the temperature of

their climate. Slavery in India is the direct result of rice, in Egypt of dates, of maize in Mexico and Peru.

We all remember the mischievous effects of meat on Oliver Twist. When from the recesses of Mrs. Sowerberry's coal-cellar that boy blasphemed Mr. Bumble, "It is not madness," said that dignitary, after deep meditation, "it's meat!" Had the boy lived on gruel it had never happened. The congenital irritability of the English is perhaps owing to their consumption of animal food in a higher proportion than most other nations of Europe. "Beef," said Lord Sparkish, in Swift's "Polite Conversation," "is man's meat." Europa is borne now, as formerly, by a bull. Beef conduces to courage. It was roast-beef, maybe, that won the day at Blenheim and Ramillies, and potages and kickshaws that lost it at Agincourt and Poitiers. The French themselves say, "*C'est la soupe que fait le soldat*." However that may be, the lightness of their cookery appears to have caused considerable lightness of heel in their dancing-masters. Greece was once famous for song. How has its poetry sunk since the inhabitants of the Morea substituted coffee for wine!

A good dinner is indeed necessary to make a good subject. Correct views in politics and right opinions in religion are no less dependent on our nutriment than animal intrepidity and amiability of disposition. The word Whig is derived, it is well known, from a word used in North England for sour milk; and the advancement of the Catholic faith was certainly contemplated by the monks of the Abbey of Fécamp when they consecrated each bottle of their famous Benedictine liqueur with the mystic letters A. M. D. G., without which none, it may be added, is genuine. Even architecture and natural philosophy were shown by Sinon to be intimately related to cookery; and none will be surprised at his placing the science by which the greatest sum of pleasure is afforded to our friends, in close juxtaposition to that of military strategics, whereby the extreme amount of annoyance is occasioned to our enemies. The professors of medicine and morality are about equally indebted to the cooks. Few, however, have borrowed from them for such an early period of life as Van Helmont, who demanded of them a mystic sop of bread boiled in beer as a substitution in infants' food for that natural milk of which the amiable Dr. Brouzet seems to have had so bad an opinion. Nor have philosophers been unwilling to apply to themselves in practice the principles they advocated in theory. Boswell's illustrious friend, for example, was equally solicitous to supply heat and repair waste in his corporeal system. Half a dozen large peaches, according to Mrs. Piozzi, before

breakfast, counterbalanced a well-boiled leg of pork for dinner; the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef was accompanied by a liberal supply of chocolate, made with much cream or melted butter; nor could a veal-pie swell the veins in his forehead with satisfaction unless it contained plenty of sugar and plums. It is said of him that he sought less for flavor than effect. His proposition that a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner, he certainly defended by his own example, in his admirable admixture shown in the veal-pie, his favorite dainty, of substances with and without nitrogen, mixed it may be with an exactitude of chemical combination which would have been written down, doubtless, in that *Cookery-Book* of his, composed on philosophical principles, could he have been, in the interests of humanity, induced to undertake it.

The ancient Hebrew writers say little about dinners; and what indeed could be expected from a people who seem to have eaten meat only on festivals? Their silly simplicity confounds the labors of Vatel and Francatelli, of Soyer and Carême. They inverted the science of cookery by regarding bread as the principal dish, and flesh or its juice as a mere accessory. Widely different from these were the dishes that adorned the tables of imperial Rome. Vedius Pollio, the friend of Augustus, was singularly delicate in his diet. His most pleasing *plat* was lampreys, which he fattened with disobedient slaves. Hadrian's favorite dish, says Spartianus, in the biography which he wrote of that emperor, was called *Tetrapharmacum*, from its consisting of four principal ingredients—to wit: sow's udder, peacock, pheasant, and the gammon of a wild boar in paste. These meats appear to have been mixed in some manner which the author has omitted to mention. For the wild-boar pasty there is indeed to be found more than one receipt in Apicius Cælius. The best, perhaps, is the following: First boil the gammon with plenty of dry figs (in another receipt the exact number twenty-five is given) and three laurel-leaves. (The use of these figs, it is said, made the flesh tender.) Then skin it, slice it superficially into dice, and fill it with honey. Knead flour with oil, and cover it with this paste. When the dough is cooked, take it from the oven, and serve.

"*Faute de grives on mange des merles*" is an old French proverb, and thrushes dressed in different ways are still devoured in France. Any person anxious to know how to cook them will probably find his curiosity satisfied by the cookery-books of Dubois or Carême. In England they are scarcely a common dish, and the index to Mrs. Beeton's recipes may be consulted in vain. Formerly they were highly esteemed. The

comestible thrush of the ancients was the smallest of its kind, known to us as the red-wing. It visits our coasts in severe winters, but is never fattened as at Rome.

Horace expresses an opinion that nothing is better than a fat thrush; nothing fairer than an ample sow's udder. Martial agrees with Horace, and has composed a little poem, of which the burden is that, in the poet's judgment, the titbit among birds is a thrush; but among quadrupeds a hare. On another occasion he tells us that he prefers a sucking-pig to any meat. The Spanish epigrammatist also observes that a crown of nard or roses may delight others, but he himself is chiefly delighted with a crown of thrushes. Such a present, to make his mistress know that he has not forgotten her, is suggested by Ovid to his pupil: "*Missaque corona Te memorem dominae testificare tua.*" A subtlety of palate is hinted at in Persius, so exquisite as to be able to discriminate between the flavors of the male and female bird. Another poet tells us that to mix them with oysters disarranges the stomach, and is productive of bile. In a word, for once that the Roman authors speak of the music of these birds in the groves, they speak a dozen times of their merit on the table. They praise their savor rather than their song. They are agreeable in a poplar-tree, but more agreeable in a pasty. Lucullus, says Varro, built an aviary, containing a *salle à manger*, by which ingenious device he was enabled to eat thrushes cooked and contemplate them alive at one and the same opportunity. They, or rather their breasts, form a notable ingredient in the famous *Patina Apiciana*, or *plat* of Apicius, which also contained the inevitable udder, besides fish, fowl, and beccaficoes, and everything of the best. The relative merits, indeed, of beccaficoes, thrushes, mushrooms, and oysters were so difficult to determine, that Tiberius is said to have given a prize of some two thousand pounds to one Asellius Sabinus for an essay, in the form of a dialogue, on that subject.

Beccaficoes were eaten in England in the days of Henry II. Among the pious and dutiful sons of that king, who set their countrymen almost as fair an example of filial obedience as the sons of the first three Georges, Prince John was at least wise enough to know the best, perhaps the only, means to win the people's respect and love. He courted popularity, according to Sir William Scott, by a sumptuous repast. When it is remembered that his death was occasioned by a surfeit of peaches and new ale, it will probably be admitted that he put no great constraint upon himself in this matter. Be that as it may, it is recorded in "*Ivanhoe*" that he held high festival in Ashby Castle, where the tables "groaned," not indeed for the first or last time, under the

quantity of "good cheer." The dishes were rendered as unlike their natural forms as possible, "as is done," says the author, "by the modern professors of the culinary art." He might have included the ancient ones. *Ingeniosa gula est*, and the traditional schoolboy will remember the aphy or anchovy which the cook of Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, produced for him from that vegetable on which the sober Cincinnatus was content to dine. More wonderful changes than these, however—transubstantiations instead of transformations—are known to sacred and profane literature. The story of the celebrated dinner of Numa Pompilius is told by Plutarch, who is troubled with a pagan skepticism about its truth. The king had invited his subjects to a plebeian meal of extreme frugality. Suddenly he lifted up his eyes, and said his familiar Goddess Egeria was present; whereupon the tables were forthwith filled with a variety of delicate food. This sudden change recalls that of St. Patrick, who, being a-hungred on a fast-day, helped himself furtively to a couple of pork-chops. Then the saint's conscience smote him, and he cast the chops from him into a pail of water, with a prayer for forgiveness. His petition was probably heard, for the pieces of pork were immediately converted, by more than mortal means, into a couple of fat pike.

A change of flavor in fish and fowl was one of the curious features in the dinner given by Nasidienus. The pontifical dinner of Lentulus, on his election to the office of flamen (the abstemiousness of the clergy made a pontifical dinner proverbial at Rome, as that of the French priests has originated the *repas de chanoines*), is a famous dinner of antiquity. Posterity is indebted to the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius for a *menu* of the banquet. The names of many of the animals eaten have exercised much exegetical ingenuity to very little purpose. The peloris—"a sort of shell-fish" (Dict.)—still remains a mystery. The spondylus—"a sort of shell-fish" (Dict.)—is yet unknown. Of the balani—"a sort of shell-fish" (Dict.)—both white and black, we are told nothing, save that they probably derive their name from their resemblance to an acorn, by the laborious Forcellini. But, though an exact knowledge of the ingredients of numerous *plats* has been thus removed from us, probably for ever, by the ruthless hand of Time, thus much of certainty remains. In the first course were served sea-urchins, oysters, thrushes on asparagus, and a fatted hen. Haunches of wild venison and beccaficoes formed a part of the second course, which has been sadly mutilated. The third was made grateful by a sow's udder, a wild boar's cheek, a ragout of fish, ducks, hares, boiled teal, capons, frumenty, and Picentian bread.

Juvenal occupies a whole satire with considerations for cooking a single fish; and Martial has consecrated the chief portion of one of his books, called "*Xenia*," to a poetic catalogue of subjects of diet. Not the least remarkable of these is a dish made of flamingoes' tongues, reminding the reader of the *pâté* of tongues of singing birds, composed by Clodius Æsopus, the actor. The tongue of the flamingo was one of the ingredients of Vitellius's celebrated *entrée*, which he called his Shield of Minerva. Martial and Pliny were both admirers of *foie gras*—the latter pathetically alludes to it as the tenderest, moistest, and sweetest of livers; and the liver of a white goose fed on fat figs is mentioned by Horace as one of the delicacies of the table of Nasidienus. Many dishes, like Wordsworth's ideal woman, not too good for human nature's daily food, appear at that weird feast, but none of them equal in horror the blinded cuttle-fish in the "*Rudens*" of Plautus. Here is a dish that the famous cream-sauce of the Marquis de Béchamel could hardly render palatable, although that courtier of the Grand Monarque boasted that with it a man might eat his own mother-in-law and yet fail to discover her natural inherent bitterness. "I hate him worse than cold boiled veal," Macaulay said, or is reported to have said, of the modest Mr. Croker; but what is cold veal to a clammy cuttle-fish? Surely, of the two a man would prefer the Lacedæmonian black broth, which one, having tasted, observed he wondered not any more, seeing this was their life's chief nutriment, at the Spartan intrepidity in facing death. Pine-nuts (*pignons*) are also sung by Martial as a peculiar delicacy. These are probably a sort of pistachio. To translate the Latin term, as is commonly done, by "fir-cones" would be to follow the example of the "*Journal des Débats*," which French "*Times*" once, if we may believe Archbishop Trench, spoke of *pommes de pin* as the conclusion of a Lord Mayor's feast, being led into the mistake by our use of pineapple for *anana*, and then commented in good set terms on the grossness of the English appetite.

King's proposed dinner to Gaspar Barthius of a salcacaby, a dish of fenugreek, a wild sheep's head and appurtenance, with a suitable electuary, a ragout of capons' stones and some dormouse sausages, probably suggested to Smollett his dinner in the manner of the ancients in "*Peregrine Pickle*," of which the concoction of the dishes was the cause of the dismissal of five cooks as incapable, while even of the sixth, compulsorily retained, it made the hair stand on end. The whole of this satire on Akenside is very nearly copied from the receipts of Apicius; from the boiled goose, with its sauce of lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil, to the *hypotrimma*

of Hesychius, which Smollett describes as a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey boiled to proper consistence, with candied asafœtida; but it is composed in the cookery-book of Apicius of many more ingredients, as lovage, pepper, dry mint, pine-nuts, raisins, boiled-down wine, sweet cheese, and oil. So in the famous salacaccabia, which so seriously discomposed the French marquis, many dainties are omitted which had assuredly rendered that miserable man's condition far worse. Its successor, the dormouse pasty, liquored with the sirup of white poppies—a soporiferous dainty no less effective than an owl-pie—is a modification of the dish of dormice in Trimalchio's banquet in Petronius, where they are represented sprinkled with honey and white poppies' roasted seed, and set as an opposite dish to hot sausages on a silver gridiron, beneath which were damsons and pomegranate-grains to represent black and live coals. In Trimalchio's banquet there are several dishes besides these sausages of which English society at the present day could partake without any feeling of disgust. But in Smollett's feast there is not probably a single dish but will excite more or less loathing. He has omitted from his ancient dinner all that might attract the appetite, as sedulously as, in the abusive sacrifices to the Lindian Hercules, the priests, according to Lactantius, omitted every word of good omen, lest the whole ceremony should be vitiated or made null and void.

Another dinner, modeled apparently on that of the ancients, presents itself to the eyes of Sir Epicure Mammon in "The Alchemist." Leaving his footboy by far the best fare, after our unlearned taste, in pheasants, calvered salmons, knots, godwits, and lampreys, he confines himself to dainties such as are, from the egg to the apples, almost as uninviting to us as those in the bill of fare of Smollett. Of these the least generally known are cockles boiled in silver shells, shrimp swimming in butter of dolphin's milk, carp-tongues, camel's heels, barbels' beards, boiled dormice, oiled mushrooms, and sow's paps.

In Martial's dinner invitation to his friends, the sow's udder usually occupies a prominent place. According to Pliny, it was in the prime condition when cut off immediately, or at the longest one day, after the sow had farrowed, before the young had derived any nourishment from it; it was of the worst quality when the animal miscarried. It was considered a delicacy when set on the table, as one author describes it, moist with the salt liquor of a tunny-fish. The dish is frequently mentioned by the poets from Plautus downward. It occurs in the second course of Trimalchio's banquet *vis-à-vis* with a hare fitted with wings to resemble Pega-

sus, and smokes in the middle of the Doctor's table as described by Smollett. Its stuffing of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, anise-seed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle corresponds as usual very nearly with the receipt given in Cælius Apicius.

An inconvenient quantity of a food somewhat perhaps analogous to the sow's udder has been stigmatized by the first of French satirists.

In the list of the subjects which the Gastrolaters sacrifice to their ventripotent God on interlardied fish and other days, Rabelais has given us almost a complete catalogue of the eatables of his time, comprising some extraordinary dishes which are comparatively rare in cookery-books either ancient or modern. Such, for instance, are the fishes which, in the English translation, are called sleeves, gracious lords, jugs, precks, botatoes, pallours, smys, and chevins; also the birds, if birds they be, named duckers, flemmings, squabbs, queests, and snytes. The dinner of these Gastrolaters has none of that discipline of cookery which amuses the reader of Molière. In the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," for instance, Dorante speaks of a dinner which might have been given by a certain Damis, so distinguished is it by elegance and erudition. "To show you his science of good eating," says the Marquis to Dorimène, "he would have dilated on the bread baked by itself, with its sides of gold rendered more toothsome by crust all round crumpling tenderly under the tooth; on the wine, with its velvety juice armed with an acid not too commanding; on a loin of mutton garnished with parsley, or of Normandy veal, long, white, delicate, a very almond paste in the mouth; on a partridge made excellent by its wonderful aroma; and, for his masterpiece, on a soup à bouillon *perlé*, supported by a plump young turkey cantoned with young pigeons, and crowned with white onions married with chiccory." In this description we recognize with delight that proper appreciation of delicate food which is the chief distinctive feature of a civilized life, and so highly necessary to all domestic happiness.

In Ben Jonson's masque of "The Metamorphosed Gypsies," in which such specimens of Rommany slang abound as to render it hard to be understood without the aid of an expert, the captain of the gypsies, after examining the hand of King James, whom he compliments by calling a lucky bird, says that he should, by the lines in his palm—

"Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine."

It is probable that the astute actor had heard of his sacred Majesty's *menu* for Satan: Joint, loin of pork; *entrée*, a poll of ling; dessert, a pipe of tobacco. This erudite potentate, in his aversion

to pig's flesh, shared a national peculiarity, according to the author of "Waverley," who, in his description of a Highland feast of MacIvor, mentions piles of beef and mutton, but nothing of pork. The chief feature worthy of record in this banquet, distinguished by a rude simplicity recalling that of the dinner of Penelope's suitors, was the central dish, a yearling lamb, named for some curious philological reason a "hog in har'st," which, roasted whole, stood on all-fours with parsley in its mouth.

The same author has given the world a description of gypsy cookery in "Guy Mannering." The big black caldron of Meg Merrilies, whom the Dominie conjectured to be a witch, contains something far superior, in an æsthetic point of view, to the ingredients of the hell-broth of the weird sisters on the blasted heath. Can the fillet of a fenny snake, or an adder's fork, be compared with a boiled fowl; the root of hemlock, whether digged in the dark or at mid-day, with a hare; or the nose of a Turk and a Tartar's lips with partridges and moor-game? Potatoes and leeks present a pleasing contrast to a tiger's chaudron and the liver of a Jew; and Dominie Sampson was doubtless pro-di-giously satisfied in drinking a warm cupful of brandy, in the place of, what he apparently expected, the cold blood of a baboon. The desperate fashion of witches' dinners, commonly to be met with, was probably set by such dishes as were assigned by classic writers to ladies of the type of Canidia and Erichtho. Pierre de Lancre, the good old magistrate of Bordeaux—who certainly may be credited with some knowledge of the ways of witches, seeing that he burned over five hundred of them alive—gives such a description of the dinner—or Sabbath, as he calls it—of these unhappy night-hags, as might with the mere horror of it eclipse the laboring moon. Such *entrées* as can be mentioned are foaming toads, and the fat of gibbeted murderers gathered from the gallows-tree; beasts which have died a natural death, or what the Scotch call braxy; and the corpses of the lately buried torn out of their graves. But the *pièce de résistance* was a pasty of fetid odor composed of the powdered liver of an unbaptized infant, in a coffin of black millet-crust. Salt, however, was never used—a circumstance from which Dominie Sampson, when fasting from all but sin, took heart, because it was appointed by God to season all sacrifices, and Christians are expressly required to have salt in themselves and peace with one another.

To remove the taste of the witches' banquet, the reader may return to that of Prince John, at Ashby Castle, in "Ivanhoe." Delicacies from foreign parts and islands far away abounded at this feast. There were the rarest wines, foreign

and domestic; and simnel-bread, made of the finest wheat-flour, and, being twice cooked, exceedingly light; and wastel-bread, from which comes the French *gâteau*, a delicate kind of cake with which Madame Eglantine, the prioress, fed the small dogs she loved so dearly, and the richest of pastry. But above all there was a Karum pie, a Sibylline name to which unfortunately no note of elucidation or etymology is appended, made of beccaficoes and nightingales, which Athelstane, Thane of Coningsburgh, swallowed, to the laughter of the company, under the impression that they were larks and pigeons. Whether the worthy thane took Martial's advice and added pepper to the waxen beccaficoes or not, he could well afford to be laughed at, for he left nothing for his neighbors of these succulent dainties, on which Byron confesses, in "Beppo," he liked to feed.

The dinners of all times have had competent historians. As Sir Walter Scott has furnished a sample of a feast in the days of King Henry II., so has Swift given a representation, sufficiently accurate, probably, of one in the days of Queen Anne. In that author's complete collection of polite and ingenious conversations, we have a sort of photograph of the breakfasts and dinners "partaken of," to use a term suited to the occasion, by the *bon-ton* of society at the commencement of the eighteenth century. The former meal was simple enough, consisting only of tea, bread-and-butter and biscuit, though one of the party took a share of beefsteak, with two mugs of ale and a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed; but the latter is remarkable for its picturesque profusion. Oysters, sirloin of beef, shoulder of veal, tongue, pigeon, black-pudding, cucumber, soup, chicken, fritters, venison pasty, hare, almond-pudding, ham, jelly, goose, rabbit, preserved oranges, partridge, cheese, and sturgeon, are all mentioned as ingredients of the feast, and appear to have been eaten in the order in which they are set down. The drink consisted of claret, cider, small beer, October ale, Burgundy, and tea. The consequences of this feast upon the guests are not mentioned by the Dean of St. Patrick's. Authors are not invariably so reticent. Gray, for instance, after relating the particulars of a dinner at which Dr. Chapman, the Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, distinguished himself, closes his account in the following sympathetic fashion: "He has gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly."

"*Tous ces braves gens*," says Taine, speaking of Fielding's principal characters, "*se battent bien, marchent bien, mangent bien, boivent mieux encore*." Roast-beef descends into their powerful stomachs as by a law of nature into its

proper place. That they were not averse to liquor may be gathered from the example of one out of many, Squire Western, who, in nine cases out of ten of his appearance, makes his entrance or his exit drunk. The reader may, indeed, well expect to meet with some guzzling in a work which the writer likened to a public ordinary, speaking of its contents as a bill of fare. The difficulty of finding traits of nature he compares to that of meeting with a Bayonne ham or Bologna sausage in the shops of the metropolis; and, while warning his reader that his entertainment depends less on the meat cooked than the author's cookery, offers to conduct him, after the approved fashion of cooks, from plain dishes of the country to the quintessence of sauces and spices, the affectations of the town. Squire Western would probably not so often have rendered his articulation indistinct had he not been so politely desirous to drink the health of his friends on all occasions.

The ill effects of this custom once caused a sanguine correspondent of the "World," who was unwilling to waste on the security of health the succor of disease, to suggest that, in future, healths should be eaten, instead of, or at least as well as, drunk. There is, indeed, no reason to expect that our unselfish wishes for the salutary welfare of our friends would be less likely to be accomplished by our eating to them than by our drinking. No potent mystic spell to which we may trust for the fruition of our vows exists in Madeira more than in mutton, in beer more than in beef, in punch more than in pork. Less dangerous by far would it be for our own heads, and equally efficacious in fulfilling our desires for the health of others, if we ate the Queen and the royal family in a saddle of mutton, toasted the Bishop and clergy in turtle, and testified our hopes of the future felicity of the bridesmaids at a wedding-breakfast by a mouthful of chicken à la Marengo, or a game-pie.

Some few dinners are mentioned by Dickens; but many more drinks, generally with the particulars appended of their composition. There is, for example, the can of flip, for which Solomon Daisy laid down his sixpence, in "Barnaby Rudge." There are the Oxford nightcaps, quite celebrated for their strength and goodness, without which, according to Mrs. Nickleby, the young men at college never went to bed. And there is that sherry-cobbler, described in all its details, with which Mark Tapley made a new man in every particular worth mentioning of Martin Chuzzlewit. But for punch in all its varieties Dickens had evidently a predilection. He probably thought with a celebrated physician that in cases where wine and malt liquor are found too oppressive, the beverage of punch, in which the

spirit, saccharine matter, and acids are thoroughly amalgamated, might prove a salutary substitute. In "Our Mutual Friend" the wind passing over the roof of the R. Wilfer family rushes off charged with a delicious whiff of rum; and in the same novel Mr. Wegg, one evening paying a visit to Mr. Venus's museum, finds its proprietor carousing on cobbler's punch, the composition of which so much depended upon individual gifts, and there being a feeling thrown into it, though the groundwork of the drink was gin in a Dutch bottle. Mr. Wegg is indignant at the idea of the possibility of his refusal to partake of this compound. Lemon is mentioned as one of its ingredients. While David Copperfield lived principally on Dora and coffee, his friend, Mr. Micawber, preferred punch, which, like time and tide, waits for no man. So on the occasion of David's memorable dinner-party, the melancholy of the Crushed One was awhile diverted by his being led to the lemons. A thing out of mind was then that ribald turncock, who had cut off his supply of water, amid the fragrance of lemon-peel and sugar, and burning rum.

After Bob Sawyer's dinner-party a reeking jorum of rum-punch is brewed in the largest mortar in his shop, and the various materials amalgamated with a pestle in a very apothecary-like manner. Mr. Pickwick himself, though a discreet man, is so fond of milk-punch that he drinks out of Bob Sawyer's case-bottle, taking it through the coach-window three times before allowing Ben Allen a drop of it. And after the famous sporting party, in which Mr. Winkle for ever distinguished himself, many more than three glasses of cold punch out of a stone bottle brought Mr. Pickwick into the wheelbarrow, and from the wheelbarrow into the pound. It is somewhat curious that the "Household Edition" of Dickens's works has for its first two illustrations of the Pickwick Club, the scene last mentioned, in which the hero is awaking from intoxication in the wheelbarrow, and that in which, still under the influence of perhaps too much punch, he is discovered by the ladies of Mr. Wardle's family.

Among the less famous writers of the last twenty years, Mortimer Collins is certainly the most conscientious in giving, on every possible occasion, a list of the articles which the characters in his novels consume. In "Miranda, a Midsummer" (it is the author's own limitation) "Madness," that saturnine man of letters, affecting the *gourmand enjoué*, introduces a very mysterious person, who is called the Troglodyte of the Island of Hawks, providing victuals for his guests, which are indeed worthy of precise and singular description. Stewed kid with oranges; certain wonderful purple fish which can only be caught, if the Troglodyte was not mistaken, or

intentionally imposing on his company, in lakes formed out of the craters of extinct volcanoes; goats'-milk cheese, bananas in cream, and a brewage, still more wonderful than the purple fish, without a name, made of grapes, oranges, lemons, citrons, bananas, and cinnamon—these dainties are far indeed from every-day fare. But the Troglodyte not always confused his visitors with such an unaccustomed *carte*. A few pages beyond the last banquet, the dweller in the cave treats a lawyer to oysters with Chablis, clear turtle with old Madeira, a haunch of Exmoor mutton with Heidseck, and a grouse with Lafite. Other bills of fare, more or less complicated or unusual, are scattered through this novel, out of which Mr. Collins was probably no more able to keep them, than Mr. Dick to exclude from his memoirs the ever-unwelcome intervention of King Charles. But the particular work, in which beverages appear like the stars which stud the milky way, is the "Princess Clarice." It is not easy to calculate how often that young lady, though described as a rational being, occupies herself with drinking, lazily or otherwise, as the case may be, something effervescent, what time her father is feasting on Montrachet, that "good river-side wine," and sardines. The quantity of drink they both consume would confound a Dane; the variety astonish a wine-merchant. Mention is made in the first half of the first volume alone of gin cocktails and old rye, of pick-me-ups and Maraschino, a glass of which is given to Clarice by her judicious father, to prepare her mind for the news of a burglary in his house; of Røederer, and claret-cup with borage and wooderooffe, of ale and port. Nor must it be supposed that the eating does not proceed *pari passu* with the drinking in this novel. Four courses of the dinner at Great Middleton, eaten by the surgeon and Sir Clare, are described at length by the novelist, who would have described the rest in the same manner, were it not for his fear of the mighty bill of fare horrifying the critics, who, according to Mr. Mortimer Collins, are dyspeptic to a man. Yet in spite of all the gaudy glitter and crowd of meats at Great Middleton, as an exquisite piece of Limoges porcelain compared to the contents of a crockery-shop in the New Cut in Lambeth, is Tennyson's picture of the picnic in "Audley Court," with its dusky loaf that smelt of home, its pasty of quail and pigeon, lark and leveret, and its prime flask of ancestral cider, compared to the Salian feast of the surgeon and Sir Clare.

A gigantic dinner, almost worthy of the mouth of Gargantua, is the dinner that Charles Lever has not disdained to introduce into "Charles O'Malley"—a dinner which the hero of that tale often remembered in his mountain

bivouacs, with their hard fare of "pickled cork-tree and pyroligneous aqua-fortis." The repast consisted of a turbot as big as the Waterloo shield, a sirloin which seemed cut from the sides of a rhinoceros, a sauce-boat that contained an oyster-bed, a turkey which would have formed the main army of a French dinner, flanked by a picket of ham, a detached squadron of chickens ambushed in greens, and potatoes piled like shot in an ordnance-yard. The standard-bearers of this host were massive decanters of port and sherry, and a large square half-gallon vessel of whisky.

This Brobdingnagian banquet may be compared with two Lilliputian entertainments, of which an account has been preserved by Sir Walter Scott. The first, a very temperate feast, occurs in "Redgauntlet." Among the visitors who on one eventful morning came to Joe Crackenthorp's public-house, on the banks of the Solway, the reader may remember the Quaker, Joshua Geddes. He orders, we are told, a pint of ale, bread, butter, and some Dutch cheese. Not content with such meager fare was that unfortunate victim of Themis, Peter Peebles, who on the same occasion, after asking in vain for a "plack pie," or a "souter's clod," whatever those delicacies may be, obtains by various solicitations a mutton pasty, a quart of barleybroo, something over a dram of brandy, and of sherry a gill.

Scott's second dinner, in which all good things are but creatures of the imagination, offers a sad contrast to such abundance as astonished Sancho at Camacho's wedding feast, and which pleasantly distinguishes the *Epulae lautiores* of Bradwardine. In the "Bride of Lammermoor," that faithful but somewhat tedious old butler, Caleb Balderstone, the ingenious serving-man who contrives to make the satisfaction of his own silly vanity pass for a dutiful regard to his master's honor—a vanity which he never hesitates to support by any number of lies—offers on a day the Lord of Ravenswood and his hungry guest the following fare: Bannocks, the hinder end of a mutton-ham, three times served already, and the heel of a ewe-milk "kebbuck," all which, being translated, means flat cakes, the pickings of what was once a leg of mutton, and the rind of a cheese. As for wine, "there never was lack of wine at Wolf's Crag," says honest Caleb—"only two days since as much was drunk as would have floated a pinnacle"; and as for ale, the awful thunder last week had a little turned it, so at last the revelers are forced to drink water; but such water as Balderstone undertakes to affirm can not be met with anywhere in the wide world except in the Tower well.

These dinners of fiction may be finally compared with a dinner of fact—a neat and inexpensive dinner, given by a Scotch lady of equal economy and taste, who was under the dire necessity of asking a friend to dine at the beginning of this century. The authentic bill of fare is copied from a number of the "Monthly Review." It consisted of seven *plats*, and included fish, joint, game, and sweets, not to mention sauce and vegetables :

At top, 2 herrings.....	1d.
Middle, 1½ oz. melted butter.....	0½
Bottom, 3 mutton-chops, cut thin.....	2
One side, 1 lb. small potatoes.....	0½
On the other side, pickled cabbage.....	0½
Fish removed, 2 larks, plenty of crumbs....	1½
Mutton removed, French roll boiled for pudding.....	0½
Parsley for garnish.....	0½

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Cornhill Magazine.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

OUR title expresses the exact purport of our paper. We wish to view Mr. Gladstone simply as a man of letters—a character which he may be said formally to have assumed by the republication in seven handy volumes of his contributions to periodical literature.* Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic value of these volumes, no one can doubt that such a collection not only belongs to contemporary literature, but that it forms a remarkable and significant addition to it. It has been always, at least, a part of Mr. Gladstone's ambition to take a place among the literary men of his time, and to guide the thoughts of his countrymen to worthy intellectual as well as practical results.

We feel all the same how difficult it is to preserve the mere literary view of Mr. Gladstone. As a writer even he is always more than the man of letters; he is moved by more than the mere literary instinct. In point of fact, there is only one of the seven volumes—the second of the series—to which he himself has ventured to give the title "Personal and Literary." The other volumes, like the first and fourth, are mainly political, or deal with subjects of constitutional or political interest; the third again treats of "Historical and Speculative" questions; while two are entitled "Ecclesiastical," and deal exclusively with Church questions. The *ecclesiastical* element, more than any other, pervades all the seven volumes; and upon the whole there is nothing less allied to literature, or which less admits of pure literary treatment, than ecclesiastical topics. The Church has often protected and fostered literature—sometimes she has notably done the reverse; but whether she has been friendly or adverse to intellectual progress, the spirit of the Church is always something more and something

less than a genuine literary inspiration. The two may have often gone hand in hand, but the genius of the one is radically different from the genius of the other. The one contemplates objects with which the other has nothing to do, and moves in an atmosphere of faith and service which may attract and influence the other, but which can never inspire it. The literary spirit springs from its own fountain-head, in a different side of human nature altogether than that which the Church addresses.

The predominance of the religious and ecclesiastical element, therefore, in Mr. Gladstone's Essays, constitutes a difficulty. It is impossible to ignore this element, for, if we did so, we should ignore the greater part of these volumes. We should not have their author before us save in a very imperfect shape. In fact, we should not have him before us at all. For the subjects which are farthest away from religion in these volumes are yet impregnated by religious conceptions, and run back by many roots to the ecclesiastico-religious soil which lies so thick and deep in Mr. Gladstone's mind. In contemporary literature he is much more than a theological or political writer, otherwise we should not have set ourselves our present task; but it may be doubted, even when he ranges farthest a-field, whether he does not drag behind him the ecclesiastical chain which was bound around all his intellectual impulses, in those years when he believed he was helping the public mind by such discussions as constitute "The State in its Relation with the Church" (1838-'39).

The subjects discussed in these volumes admit of very imperfect classification, as any one may see from comparing, in the table of contents prefixed to the last volume, the titles with the list of subjects below. It could serve no useful purpose to endeavor any estimate of these contents in detail. We wish to estimate the

* "Gleanings of Past Years, 1843-'79." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray, 1879.

writer rather than any of his special productions, and we will best accomplish our purpose by looking in succession at what appear to be the broad qualities impressed upon his writings generally. We shall try to seize these qualities in the first instance, at least, in their pure intellectual form.

Perhaps the first, and in some respects the highest intellectual quality which marks these essays, is their varied energy of thought. There is no sign of weariness, of languor, or even repose in them, but everywhere the throb of a fresh, powerful, and unsated intellectual impulse. A genuine life of thought moves in them all. It is impossible for any serious reader not to be touched by their depth and force of sentiment, and the frequent vigor and eloquence, if also the occasional clumsiness and complexity, of their language. Mr. Gladstone writes always as from a full mind, in this respect alone taking at once a higher position than that of many contemporary writers. It is no conventional or professional impulse that animates his pen; he has always something to say, and which he is eager to say; he is so moved by his thought, whatever it is, that he brings all the forces of his mind to bear upon it. He never dallies, seldom pauses over a subject; still less does he, after a prevalent modern fashion, touch it all round with satiric and half-real allusion, as if it were rather a bore to touch it at all, and not of much consequence what conclusion the writer or the reader came to, after all. There is not a trace of *persiflage* in any of the essays. There is, in fact, far too little play of mind—too much of the Scotch quality of *weight*. It is well to be earnest. In this respect it is nothing less than a relief to turn from the silly and inconsecutive sentence-making of much of our present writing to Mr. Gladstone's moving and powerful pages. But they are frequently fatiguing from the very weight and hurry of their energy. And if sentence-making in itself be but a poor business with which no man will occupy himself who has much to say, it is yet, so far, an indispensable element in all literature. And Mr. Gladstone, as we may have occasion to point out before we close, too often neglects it. He lacks the special instinct of style, or the repressive art which restricts the outflow of energy in all the highest writers, as indeed in every creation of genius— withdrawing the glowing conception within the "mold of form." But of this again. In the mean time it is not the negative but the positive aspect of his writings that we are noticing.

The quality of energy characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's essays is impressed on them from the first. It is perhaps their chief literary quality to the last—and the volumes before us cover a

period of not less than thirty-five years. It would have been better in some respects if the author had contented himself with a chronological arrangement. But there are few writers who less stand in need of being estimated chronologically. In expounding "The Evangelical Movement" in 1789, he is very much the same expositor as when he dealt at length with "The Present Aspect of the Church" in 1843. If in the former paper his attitude is different, which it could hardly help being, considering the different medium he has found for his views,* he yet speaks in both from the same background of substantial conviction. His views are as fully formed in the one case as in the other. Nothing is more remarkable, in fact, in these essays than the immovable background of opinion which everywhere crops through them. Whatever may have been the vacillations of Mr. Gladstone's political career, there has been but little change in his more inward and higher thoughts. We do not know any other writer of the day who has remained more steadfast through a generation and a half to the same central principles.

Nor is it merely that there is little change or growth in his central thought; there is but little change in his manner as a writer. He writes with the same rhetorical fullness in the end as in the beginning—with the same energy and glow, and excessive, at times inelegant movement. If there is any difference in this respect, it is certainly not in favor of the papers of his more mature years. For with the same force and intensity of thought these papers are upon the whole less duly proportioned, less harmonized. More literary care, apparently, has been taken in the preparation of the remarkable series which fill the fruitful decade following 1843, than in some of his recent productions. We would notice for their literary characteristics the articles on "Blanco White," in 1845, and on "Leopardi," in 1850; and we must add to these, although of later origin, the articles on "Tennyson" and "Macaulay." If any one wishes to see Mr. Gladstone at his best as a man of letters, let him read these articles, especially the two last mentioned. They are intense and powerful, radiant with all his peculiar energy of conception; but they are also stamped by a special impress of literary form. The vivid and impetuous march of thought is held within bounds. The writer is less swept along by the force of his ideas; the rein is laid upon them, and they beat step to a more harmonious pace.

* The paper on "The Evangelical Movement: its Parentage, Progress, and Issue," is reprinted from the "British Quarterly Review," July, 1879; that on "The Present Aspect of the Church" is from the "Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review," October, 1843.

It would be difficult perhaps to select any of Mr. Gladstone's essays more finished in its rhetorical fullness, and more felicitously composed after his manner, than the essay of 1843, on the position and prospects of the Church of England. His peculiar genius is here seen in full swing, and yet controlled throughout by a strong sense of form. The secret no doubt is, that he then wrote not only from a copious and inspired intelligence on a theme which stirred his whole heart, but also with comparative freedom, under no other impulse than a faith jubilant in its strength, and in the fresh light of the new morning which seemed rising on the Church of England. This is how he speaks of the revival of Catholic principles. The passage has the involved and long-drawn note of much of his later writing at its best; but it has also a sweetness and harmony, a graceful swell of tone, which this often lacks:

And strange indeed it would have been—at least in the view of those who regard the Church visible and Catholic as the everlasting spouse of Christ, dowered with the gifts which he purchased by his blood and tears—most strange to them it would have been if in a great religious revival that spouse had not found herself a voice for the assertion of her prerogatives. It is not indeed for her to do battle with her foes like earthly potentates, for the sake of acquisition or possession, of admiration or renown; but her prerogatives are also her duties, and by them alone can she discharge any of the high trusts committed to her by her Lord. And so in an order which seems to us to bear every mark of the hand of Almighty wisdom, after that the embers of faith and love have been extensively rekindled in thousands upon thousands of individual breasts throughout the land, there came next a powerful, a resistless impulse to combine and harmonize the elements thus called into activity, to shelter them beneath a mother's wings, that there they might grow into the maturity of their strength, and issue forth prepared for the work which might be ordained for them to perform. This was to be done by making men sensible that God's dispensation of love was not a dispensation to communicate his gifts by ten thousand separate channels, nor to establish with ten thousand elected souls as many distinct, independent relations. Nor again was it to leave them unaided to devise and set in motion for themselves a machinery for making sympathy available and coöperation practicable among the children of a common Father. But it was to call them all into one spacious fold, under one tender Shepherd; to place them all upon one level; to feed them all with one food; to surround them all with one defense; to impart to them all the deepest, the most inward and vital sentiment of community and brotherhood and identity, as in their fall so in their recovery, as in their perils so in their hopes, as in their sins so in their graces, and in the means and channels for receiving them.

Two brief passages from the same essay especially rivet themselves upon the mind by their vivid energy and compact swiftness—their strength, great as it is, being well contained within a highly finished, if hardly graceful, vehicle of expression. We have the more pleasure in quoting them as they show definitely that however high may be Mr. Gladstone's conception of the position and prerogatives of the Church, he is as far as possible from any vulgar inclination to Romanism. His sentiments on this, as on cognate subjects, are presumably quite unaltered since 1843:

Is our national history, bound up in great part with the grand protest and struggle that originated in their (the reformers') time, and resting upon it for much of its meaning and character, to be disowned and dishonored by our return to crouch at the feet of the Roman bishop, to admit his impositions, and to implore his pardon for our long denial of his sovereign authority? "Never, never, never," said Lord Chatham, would he, if he had been an American, have laid down his arms under oppression. "Never, never, never"—would that we could add emphasis to his words—will this people so forego its duties and its rights as to receive back again into its bosom those deeply ingrained mischiefs and corruptions which Rome and her rulers still seem so fondly—God grant it may not be inseparably!—to cherish. . . . We firmly believe that in the day when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, it will appear that many and many a one has in these last years deeply pondered the subject of the bold claims of Rome on our allegiance as Christians. . . . In the chamber of many a heart has that matter been sifted and revolved; on the one hand, with varying force have marshaled themselves such inducements as have been described. Upon the other side men have reflected that the question is not of appearances, but of realities; not of delights, but of duties; not of private option, but of divine authority. And that solemn and imposing imagery which wins souls to Rome has, in the English mind, as we judge, been outshone by the splendors and overawed by the terrors of the Day of Judgment; of the strong sense of personal responsibility connected with that last account, and of the paramount obligation which it involves, conjuring us by the love of the Redeemer, no less than commanding us by the wrath of the Judge, to try and examine well the substances lying under those shows that surround our path, and to suspend upon his changeless laws alone the issues of life and death.

Next to the energy of Mr. Gladstone's writing in an ascending scale may be mentioned its constant elevation and frequent ideality of sentiment. On the descending scale his energy is apt to pass into sheer intensity and rhetoric. The "Never, never, never" which he borrows from Lord Chatham, and would even emphasize in its

repetition, is the note of a manner which rises naturally to vehemence, and the strong rush of words sometimes pass off into shrillness. He can realize for the time little or nothing but the idea which moves him, and it expands and glows till, like an illuminated cloud, it fills the whole heaven of his thought and casts on his page an intense shadow "dark with excessive bright." But his manner of thought, if rhetorical and vehement, is always elevated. It never sinks to frivolity, seldom to commonplace; it ranges at a high level. "Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without or the wily subtleties and reflexes of men's thoughts from within"—such things are the main haunt of our author's literary spirit, and his pen aspires to describe them with "a solid and treatable smoothness." Even Milton had no higher conception of the business of literature than he has, and his example so far, no less than in the thoroughness and energy of his work, is of special value. For that we are "moving downward" in this respect, if not in others, can hardly be doubted. Lightness of touch, if it be also skillful and delicate, is a distinct merit. It saves trouble. It attracts casual readers who might otherwise not read at all. It soon passes, indeed, into a trick, and becomes the feeble if pointed weapon of every newspaper critic. But when to lightness of touch is added lightness of subject and frequent emptiness of all higher thought, the descent becomes marked indeed; and literature, from being the lofty pursuit imaged by the great Puritan, becomes a mere pastime in no degree higher than many others.

Mr. Gladstone never descends to the flippant facility to which the mere passions and gossip of the hour are an adequate theme. He not only deals in all his essays with worthy subjects, but he always deals with them in a worthy manner, so far at least as his tastes and sympathies are concerned. If by no means always true or just in his judgments, it is yet always what is noble in character, and pure and lofty in sentiment, and dignified in feeling that engages his admiration. His pen fastens naturally on the higher attributes of mind and action in any figure that he draws; and this too, as in the sketches of Lord Macaulay, the Prince Consort, and Dr. Norman Macleod, where it is plain he has only an imperfect sympathy with the type of character as it comes from his pen. On this very account these portraits are the more interesting, and test more directly the genuineness of his high capacity of appreciation.

* Milton's "Account of his Own Studies."

In such a sketch as that of Bishop Pattenon it is comparatively easy for him to maintain a high level of applausive criticism. It is his own Anglican ideal of virtue that is everywhere reflected back upon him. Bishop Pattenon is the hero at once of Oxford culture, of Catholic orthodoxy, and of self-sacrificing missionary enthusiasm. It seems to Mr. Gladstone and many others of his school a never-failing marvel that such heroism should have been in our time, and that such a man should have gone forth from his native country, where he might have spent his days in scholarly and parochial peace, to the wilds of Melanesia to labor among savages, and ultimately to fall a victim to their mistaken vengeance. The picture of self-sacrifice is beautiful and heroic, but it is hardly more so because Pattenon was born a gentleman and reared at Oxford, and left behind him an affectionate and admiring home-circle. Such a career must always involve sacrifice of this kind more or less. Mr. Gladstone's admiration, if slightly excessive here, is entirely natural. The very prejudices of Pattenon, as in the matter of Colenso (one never hears somehow of the sacrifices of this outcast bishop, and yet they must often surely have been very real and bitter) and the "Essays and Reviews," are congenial to the writer. They meet at once a response in the same soil of culture from which they have sprung. In such a case there is no strain put upon the critic's sympathies. But in the article on Macaulay and in others the same genuine love of true greatness comes forth no less warmly and genially, notwithstanding many differences of taste and opinion.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more exhaustive analysis of Macaulay's personal, intellectual, and literary character than in the essay in the second of these volumes. The marvelous range of Macaulay's powers, "his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, united to a real and strong individuality," are all exhibited with copious and felicitous analysis. His combination of intellectual splendor with ethical simplicity, and the charm of true and unsophisticated taste, is particularly emphasized. "Behind the mask of splendor," says our essayist, "lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening to sap, though never sapping, his manhood. He who as a speaker and writer seemed, above all others, to represent the age and the world, had the real center of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys." "Was he envious?" he asks, and the passage deserves quotation at once as an appre-

ciation of Macaulay and an illustration of Gladstone:

Was he envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel and transparent as crystal. Was he vain? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list, he stands the trial; and though in his history he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life or his remembered character that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

There is no attempt to depreciate the level of Macaulay's greatness because the critic feels it necessary to point out with an unsparing hand his deficiencies. It is a poor criticism—of which the Whig historian, after his first popularity, had more than enough—which tries to take down the general power of a man because he is far from perfect, or even shows many imperfections. There is nothing of this. The characterization is bold and manly, and generous without stint, but at the same time discriminating and upon the whole correct. Macaulay's mind is described as strong and rich and varied rather than deep:

He belonged to that class of minds whose views of single objects are singularly and almost preternaturally luminous. But Nature sows her bounty wide; and those who possess this precious and fascinating gift as to things in themselves, are very commonly deficient in discerning and measuring their relations to one another. For them all things are either absolutely transparent, or else unapproachable from dense and utter darkness. Hence amid a blaze of glory, there is a want of perspective, of balance, and of breadth.

This may be, although it is profundity and insight rather than breadth in which Macaulay's genius is lacking. But after all exceptions, his genius remains a great fact; after all inaccuracies, his history is among the prodigies of literature. His writings are as "lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters; they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame." There is no aspect of his character as a man or a writer which is dwelt upon invidiously. All is amply and warmly sketched. The only point in which the essayist at once marks his own leanings and points a prejudicial inference is where he often fails. He shows his customary tendency to judge a man's religion by the extent of his dogmatic creed; and a doubt is suggested whether the great Whig historian "had completely wrought the Christian dogma, with all its lessons and all its consolations, into the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of im-

provement and of delight which so many have found and will ever find in it!"

The "Anglican position" of our essayist is marked off by still more distinct lines from the subject of the essay which follows that on Macaulay—the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. This is specially acknowledged, while much in Dr. Macleod's character, it is allowed, excites an entire and cordial sympathy. "Even when differences and position intervene, there is still material from which we ought to draw some valuable lessons." This note of narrowness is unhappily characteristic. It is allied to all that is least worthy and least true in these volumes. It is a blemish in itself; it is specially a blemish in the literary sphere in which we are now estimating Mr. Gladstone. As if such differences were vital on any broad view either of literature or humanity; and character was to be judged by the special Christian communion to which a man belonged. No one can yield to such sectarianism without distinct loss. It is impossible to shut out the light even with so good a substitute as an Anglican eye-glass without suffering in many respects from distortion or imperfection of vision.

We are bound to say, however, that after the opening apologies for taking up such a subject at all, our reviewer does full justice to Dr. Macleod, and some may think more than justice. We can only find room for the following comparison:

He (Dr. Macleod) stands out, we think, as having supplied, after Dr. Chalmers, one of the most distinguished names in the history of Presbyterianism. In some respects much after Chalmers; in others probably before him. He had not, so far as we see, the philosophic faculty of Chalmers, nor his intensity, nor his gorgeous gift of eloquence, nor his commanding passion, nor his absolute simplicity, nor his profound, and, to others, sometimes his embarrassing, humility. Chalmers, whose memory, at a period more than forty years back, is still fresh in the mind of the writer of these pages, was indeed a man greatly lifted out of the region of mere flesh and blood. He may be compared with those figures who, in Church history or legend, are represented as risen into the air under the influence of religious emotion. Macleod, on the other hand, had more shrewdness, more knowledge of the world, and far greater elasticity and variety of mind. Chalmers was rather a man of one idea, at least of one idea at a time; Macleod receptive on all hands and in all ways. Chalmers had a certain clumsiness, as of physical, so of mental gift; Macleod was brisk, ready, mobile. Both were men devoted to God; eminently able, earnest, energetic; with great gifts of oratory and large organizing power. A church that had them not may well envy them to a church that had them.

We have spoken of the ideality, no less than

the elevation of sentiment, which frequently marks Mr. Gladstone's "Gleanings." He is not merely attracted by what is noble and great in sentiment, and all the fairer traits of our higher nature, but there is an elevated and poetic glow at times in such criticisms as those on Leopardi and Tennyson which carry their author beyond the mere critical sphere, and show that he is capable of being touched to finer issues. As a student of Homer and Dante, he is familiar with the loftiest and richest poetic ideals; and these ideals have evidently sunk deep into his mind. They have bred in him a kindred enthusiasm, and, what is more, an enthusiasm which is capable of being fired alike by the heroism of Hellenic and the humilities of Christian virtue. He is entirely free from the classical *furor* which has been rampant in many quarters of late, and whose craze is a return to mere pagan ideals. Unlike Leopardi and the pessimist school, which may be said to date from him, he has fed his genius "on the Mount of Sion" not less than "on the Mount of the Parthenon," "by the brook of Cedron" no less than "by the waters of Ilissus." While recognizing the prophetic element in Homer, and enraptured by his exquisite creations—and no one has described them with a more vivid and brightly-tintured pencil—he yet bows before the higher prophetic genius of Isaiah, and sees in the marvelous ideals of Christian poets, from Dante to Tennyson, a more perfect bloom of the human mind and character. Achilles and Ulysses, Penelope and Helen, Hector and Diomed, are all "immortal products." But—

the Gospel has given to the life of civilized man a real resurrection, and its second birth was followed by its second youth. Awakened to aspirations at once fresh and ancient, the mind of man took hold of the venerable ideals bequeathed to us by the Greeks as a precious part of its inheritance, and gave them again to the light, appropriated but also renewed. The old materials came forth, but not alone; for the types which human genius had formerly conceived were now submitted to the transfiguring action of a law from on high. Nature herself prompted the effort to bring the old patterns of worldly excellence and greatness—or rather, the copies of these patterns, still legible, though depraved, and still rich with living suggestion—into harmony with that higher Pattern once seen by the eyes, and handled by the hands of men, and faithfully delineated in the Gospels for the profit of all generations.

In this great example Mr. Gladstone recognizes "the true source of that new and noble cycle" of character which has been preserved to us in the two great systems of romance—the one associated with our own Arthur in England and the other with Charlemagne in France—which

have come down to us from the imaginative storehouse of mediæval Europe. The connection between these "twin systems," and again their "consanguinity to the primitive Homeric types," are very happily expounded by him. Ingenuity never fails him in tracing analogies and contrasts; but there is here far more than ingenuity. There is a genuine, living, and richly thoughtful insight in the parallel which he draws between the typical forms of the Carlovingian romance on the one hand, and the romance of the Round Table on the other. The latter—

if far less vivid and brilliant, far ruder as a work of skill and art, has more of the innocence, the emotion, the transparency, the inconsistency, of childhood. Its political action is less specifically Christian than that of the rival scheme; its individual portraits more so. It is more directly and seriously aimed at the perfection of man. It is more free from gloss and varnish; it tells its own tale with more entire simplicity. The ascetic element is more strongly, and at the same time more quaintly, developed. It has a higher conception of the nature of woman; and, like the Homeric poems, it appears to eschew exhibiting her perfections in alliance with warlike force and exploits. So also love, while largely infused into the story, is more subordinate to the exhibition of other qualities. Again, the romance of the Round Table bears witness to a more distinct and keener sense of sin, and, on the whole, a deeper, broader, and more manly view of human character, life, and duty. It is in effect more like what the Carlovingian cycle might have been had Dante molded it.

No higher subject, according to our author, could have been selected for poetical treatment—and in Mr. Tennyson's hands it has assumed, if not the proportions, yet the essential dignity of a great epic. The title of "Idylls" is condemned as inadequate to the "breadth, vigor, and majesty" of the theme, "as well as to the execution of the volume." But nothing can be finer than the criticism which follows of the four "Books," as the critic prefers to call them. It is at once elaborate, delicate, and profound. No criticism has ever placed Mr. Tennyson higher—none could well do so—but high-pitched as is the strain throughout, it rises naturally from the close analysis to which the poems are subjected, and the felicitous presentation of their tender or heroic types of character. The spirit of a true poet, which Mr. Tennyson has shown from the first, and all the characteristics of his genius are seen here in ripened forms—

the delicate insight into beauty, the refined perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye, both in the physical and moral world, for emotion, light, and color, the sympathetic and close observation of nature, the dominance of the constructive

faculty, and that rare gift, the thorough mastery and loving use of his native tongue. . . . The music and the just and pure modulation of his verse carry us back not only to the fine ear of Shelley, but to Milton and to Shakespeare; and his powers of fancy and expression have produced passages which, if they are excelled by that one transcendent and ethereal poet of our nation whom we have last named, yet hardly could have been produced by any other minstrel.

"Finally, the chastity and moral elevation" of the "Idylls," their "essential and profound though not didactic Christianity, are such as perhaps can not be matched throughout the circle of English literature in conjunction with an equal power."

Here, as always, our author's religious sentiments come out strongly, and it is necessary, before completing our notice, to advert more particularly to this marked feature of his writing. We can not otherwise do full justice to its character or the genius that inspires it. Of all writers of our day none is more distinguished for the constant assertion of religious principles of the most definite kind. It is not merely that his pages are everywhere imbued with religious feeling, or that he always puts forth a Christian standard of judgment. He writes not merely as a Christian, but as an Anglo-Catholic; and it is startling to the lay reader to find himself so frequently in contact with the most definite types of theological and ecclesiastical opinion. Mr. Gladstone challenges the declaration of Mr. Trevelyan that his uncle had a strong and decided taste for theological speculation. He can see no evidence in Macaulay's writings that he knew much of theology. This can not certainly be said of his critic. The most abstruse definitions of Christian doctrine, the distinctions of Augustinianism and Pelagianism, of Calvinism and Arminianism, of the sixteenth and seventeenth century theology, of the Anglican and Presbyterian codes, of the Evangelical and the Oxford schools, are all at his fingers' ends. It may be doubted whether the Church has not lost in him a great scholastic, whatever the state may have gained or lost by him. His mind, indeed, is rich beyond any mere power of scholastic dialectics. It has a native freshness and vigor unspoiled by the schools. Yet they have everywhere left their impress upon him, and their dogmatism crops out in the most unexpected manner in the midst of biographic analysis, and even the delightful fluencies of poetic description.

In this respect more than any other Mr. Gladstone's mind seems to have made little or no advance, or, if the word *advance* be deemed inapplicable from his own point of view, seems to have undergone little or no change. During a

period of the most profound religious disturbance, when so many have not only lost their early dogmatic creed, but lost all faith whatever in a spiritual order and a life beyond the present, the writer of these essays holds fast not only to religion, but apparently to every jot and tittle of Anglican orthodoxy. His mind remains imbedded in the great forms of dogma on which it was originally based, untouched not merely by the destructive but by the historical spirit of his age. Christianity is with him, as with all his school, the Christianity of the creeds of the fourth or later centuries. It is bound up with the Nicene, or even the Athanasian dogma, and with a system of government, discipline, and worship descending (as he supposes) from the Apostolic age to the present time. Nothing can be more emphatic than his repeated assertion that Christianity is only fully vital when thus conceived as a whole, both dogmatically and ecclesiastically, as "a tradition firmly anchored in the Bible, and interpreted and sustained by the unvarying voices of believers from the first beginning of known records." * Religion is little to him unless "incased in the well-knit skeleton of a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system." "Christianity," he specially says—

is the religion of the person of Christ; and the creeds only tell us from whence he came, and how he came and went, by what agent we are to be incorporated with him, and what is the manner of his appointed agency and the seal of its accomplishment. . . . The doctrinal part of the Revelation has a full and co-equal share with the moral part. The Christian system neither enforces nor permits any severance of the two.

Again:

Ministerial succession is, we apprehend, the only rational foundation of Church power. For unless Church power came by a definite intelligible charge capable of delivery from man to man, how did it come? . . . And if the mission of the twelve, so solemnly conveyed by our Lord, and so authentically sealed by him with the promise of perpetuity, is to be struck out of the scheme of his gospel, his holy sacraments will not long survive (except as mere shows) that ministry to whose hands they were committed; and the loss of the true doctrine concerning them will naturally in its turn be followed by a general corruption and destruction of true Christian belief concerning the divine grace of which they were appointed to be the especial channels and depositories.

The meaning of these grave assertions is unmistakable; and it is certainly one of the most

* "Nineteenth Century," October, 1879, "Olympian System versus Solar Theory," the last production of Mr. Gladstone's pen in the periodical press.

astonishing facts of our time that a mind so restless and subtle, so energetic and penetrating, and, moreover, so capable of moving with effect in the purely human atmosphere of literature, should have retained a dogmatic standpoint so little able to withstand critical analysis. To hold the dogmas of the fourth century as if they were delivered from heaven "a divine gift," and the ministry of the Church of England as if it were the perpetuity of the apostolic office, is a marvelous exercise of faith in a time like ours; but it is also a curious indication of that lack of genuine historic culture which, with all his other great endowments, is not found in Mr. Gladstone. The modern historical spirit is, indeed, a growth long subsequent to his Oxford career, and has never apparently touched him, a fact which many of his Homeric speculations conspicuously illustrate. With large power of research, and of accumulating in graphic masses historical details, he has no higher insight into historic method, or the real genesis and growth of great ideas and institutions. This is a definite deficiency betrayed in many of these essays, and without regard to which we can not estimate aright his intellectual nor perhaps his political character. More than anything else, it is the source of his one-sided religious speculativeness—perhaps also of his one-sided and sometimes headlong biases in public life. More than anything else, it explains his devotion to what he esteems principles rather than institutions.

There never was a more absurd accusation made against Mr. Gladstone than that of indifference to principle. Through all these productions of a long life he is a writer of singularly steadfast principle. From first to last he knows in what he believes, and is assured that it is true and right. He may abandon a principle once firmly held, as in the case of the Irish Church, elaborately explained by him in his chapter of autobiography in the last volume, but in all his writings, as, no doubt, in all his actions, he works forward from a strong and firm ground of conviction. He is never lacking in dogma, whether it be right or wrong. What he lacks is width and geniality of historic comprehension, love for the manifold and diverse in human life and human institutions—heartiness and tenderness of appreciation (as, for example, in his judgment of Unitarianism)* for that with which he does not agree—the grounds of which he does not find in his own intellectual or moral nature. In many things Scotch, he is in this respect thoroughly English, and of a narrow school. The incapacity of judging fairly what we do not like is unhappily a characteristic of human nature, wheth-

er Scotch or English, or any other nationality. But it will hardly be denied that there is a type of Anglican culture peculiarly insensible to a fair-minded appreciation of characteristics differing from its own. And although Mr. Gladstone rises far above any Philistinism of this kind, there is yet a certain harshness in many of his intellectual and religious judgments which savors of austerity. The crust of old prejudice clings sometimes to his freshest utterances. And prejudice of any kind, however venerable, is always a limiting power in the sphere of literature. It may pervade a college court; it may give emphasis and sharpness to a theological argument; but literature claims "an ampler ether, a diviner air." And Mr. Gladstone, as a man of letters, would have been a richer and certainly a more commanding and original genius if he had risen more above its confining influence.

In close connection with this narrowness of thought is his tendency to paradox. He sees affinities which do not exist, and he is blind to resemblances which more open-minded students plainly recognize. He twits Macaulay with confounding the theology of the Seventeenth Article with the general Calvinism of the sixteenth century—the "portentous code" framed at Lambeth before its close. But Macaulay, although far less versed in technical theology, is here nearer the mark than his critic. The Seventeenth Article is Calvinistic beyond all doubt. It is more happily expressed, indeed, than the plain-spoken and ugly propositions of the Lambeth Articles; but its meaning is so far distinctly the same. And Macaulay was too much of an historical student—untinctured by any dogmatic prejudices—not to know that the theology of the Church of England in the sixteenth century, like that of all the Churches of the Reformation, was what is commonly called Calvinistic. The same great lines of thought, transmitted from Augustine, adopted by Luther, received it may be in more rigid form by Calvin, were accepted as of divine authority in the Reformed Church of England no less than in the Protestant Churches on the Continent, and in the Church of Scotland. It is the fashion, we know, to deny this, and to represent "Calvinism" as an exceptional product of Geneva and Scotland. It is needless and very unhistorical to quarrel about a name. Geneva of course was intimately connected with Scotland, and the name of the Genevan divine was intimately stamped upon its theology. But Macaulay very well knew that it is not the name but the thing which is important, and that a system of thought embracing the same great principles as to the divine sovereignty and the operation of divine grace, is the same whether it be called Augustinian or Calvinian, or a portentous Lambeth

* Vol. ii., p. 18.

Code. The "Calvinistic formulæ" of Scotland, like its judaical Sabbatarianism, may be "simply a form of Protestant tradition founded neither on the Word of God nor on the general consent of Christendom";* but if so, the Augustinian formulæ and the theology of the Seventeenth Article are no better. Whether well or ill founded is no matter for the present purpose, save as showing how Mr. Gladstone's school theology has blinded him to those deeper affinities of thought and history which a mind like Macaulay's, with less depth but more openness and breadth, readily perceived.

Again, when our essayist recognizes in the Evangelical movement not merely a precursor but a cause of Tractarianism, he is misled by the same imperfect insight into the meaning of the phenomena before him. It is possibly true that some of the most ardent leaders of the new movement came from evangelical families, and had tasted of the excitements of evangelical teaching. But this is little to the point. It merely shows, as pointed out elsewhere,† "that a religious movement naturally recruits itself from those who are interested in religious matters, and therefore specially susceptible to any fresh spiritual impulse." Such minds most readily catch the contagious force of a new excitement. But this proves nothing of casual relation between the movements. The receding tide of evangelical fervor was caught by the rising tide of Anglo-Catholicism, and activities which might have gone in the one direction were turned in the other. But the two tides ran from wholly different sources, and have never coalesced save in this accidental manner. Both have their source in deep-seated principles which the Church of England has been comprehensive enough from the first to inclose within her bosom. The Calvinism which Mr. Gladstone can not see in the Articles, but which has powerfully moved Anglican Christianity at more than one period of its history, is the natural congener of the one; the Catholicism so dear to him, and no less an inherited and active religious power in England, is the true parent of the other. They have each "their standing-points in the formularies, theology, and historical traditions" of the Church, but they are essentially and radically opposed in theory. The one aims to Protestantize, the other to Catholicize. The one looks upon Rome as the "mother of abomination"; the other regards her as a true, if fallen, parent. The process by which in the one case the ancient mother becomes once more glorified, and the Anglo-Catholic passes from wistful longing into believing and hopeful

embrace, is clearly intelligible and has been often exhibited in our time. It is not necessary on this account to say that Tractarian Catholicism has prepared the way for Rome. This is the language of controversial politics and not of historical induction. But to say that the evangelical scheme must share the blame of any transition to Rome because the buddings of a religious life which may have ended there were "in form and color evangelical," is the obvious language of paradox. Every system must be judged by its own natural fruits, and not by the accidents which may have attended it. And it remains beyond doubt that the principles of the evangelical theory are radically at variance with those of the Roman system, with which, on the contrary, the principles of Anglo-Catholicism have a certain affinity. Romanism is not an illogical development of the one. It is the antithesis of the other; and the evangelical scheme, although it may have nursed for a time men who afterward became Romanists, is no more responsible for such a result—even at second hand—than Mr. Gladstone himself, according to Mr. Lecky's comparison, can be held responsible for the excesses of our present foreign policy, because his accentuated Liberalism may have produced, by way of reaction, the present Tory Government.*

But we must draw this paper to a close with a special glance at Mr. Gladstone's literary style. Such quotations as we have made give, upon the whole, a fair idea of it. It is powerful, flexible, and elaborately if not gracefully expressive. It has all the vigor and swell of the substance of his thought. But, just as he often seems to be thinking on his legs and casting forth in an impetuous cataract the current of his ideas, so does his style move with uneasy, and swaying, and often too vehement force—a force always more or less rhetorical, often pictured and eloquent, but sometimes singularly clumsy, and seldom facile or delicate. Yet he surprises the reader at times by a happy figure, touched lightly and beautifully, as when he says of the confidential outpourings of Bishop Patteson, in his letters to his sister at home, that they were "like flowers caught in their freshness, and perfectly preserved in color and in form."

We confess to having formed a higher idea than we had of Mr. Gladstone's powers as a mere writer by an attentive perusal of these "Gleanings." The first impression one gets of his style is disappointing. It looks fatiguing. It does not invite, nor does it readily lead, the reader along, even when he has yielded to the impulse and felt the fascination of a strong mind. But at last it lays hold of the attention. We are caught in its

* Vol. ii., p. 360, "Dr. Norman Macleod."

† "Nineteenth Century," August, 1879, p. 287.

* "Nineteenth Century," August, 1879, p. 289.

sweep and made to feel that we are in the hands of a master who knows his subject and will not let us go till he has brought us to some share of his own knowledge. We may feel not unfrequently that he is far more subtle than true, more ingenious in theory than penetrating in insight, more intent on making out a case than in going to the root of a difficulty; that he is conventional rather than critical, and traditional where he ought to be historical; still, there is the glow of an intense genius everywhere, and the splendor of a rhetoric which often rises into passion and never degenerates into meanness. Clumsy his style certainly can be at times, in an extraordinary degree, as in such a sentence as the following, speaking of the evangelical clergy and the estimate to be formed of their activity and moral influence: "The vessels of zeal and fervor, taken man by man, far outweighed the heroes of the ballroom and the hunting-field, or the most half-

convicted minds and perfunctory performers of a measure of stipulated duty, who supplied so considerable a number of the clerical host."

But, even if such sentences were more common, they are but blemishes in an intellectual feast; and, if we are to estimate writing not merely by the momentary pleasure it gives, but by the elevation and moral as well as mental stimulus it imparts, we must attach a high value to many of Mr. Gladstone's essays. It would be difficult to say how far they may survive as monuments of his literary genius. They are more likely to do so, we believe, than his Homeric speculations, labors of love and special knowledge as these are. But, whatever may be their fate, they are remarkable and marvelously interesting as products of literary devotion and ambition in a mind of intense activity, amid the pauses of a great public career.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW STEPHEN SENT AN AMBASSADOR.

ONE evening, Stephen met Jack Baker, which was not unusual, at the club. They dined together. Jack's manner was mysterious. He whispered that he had something to communicate after dinner. He hurried through the meal with a haste quite unusual with him, and, as soon as possible, led Stephen into a little room, never used till much later in the evening, called the strangers' card-room.

"Sit down, Hamblin."

"What the deuce is the meaning of all this mystery, Jack?"

"This. They've found something."

"What do you mean?"

Stephen turned pale.

"You know they have been advertising and offering rewards? Very well, then. Something has come out of it. A clerk of mine knows a clerk in Hamblin's. The clerks there are tremendously excited about the business. My man is to learn whatever goes on. He reports to-day that an old woman called and sent up her name in an envelope, saying she had come in answer to an advertisement."

"Pooh!" said Stephen. "What had she got to tell? I say there never was any marriage."

"I say that possibly there was. How about false names? It's always the old women one has got to fear most. One must trust them; they know everything; they make up what they are not told; they never die, and they turn up at the wrong moment, just when they are not wanted, and let it all out. Hamblin, I wish I hadn't stood in with you."

"Hang it, man! you are not afraid of your paltry thousand, are you?"

"Well, if you come to that, a thousand is a thousand, and it takes a mighty long time to make it."

"And you stand to win a thousand."

"I want to know what this old woman had to tell," Jack Baker went on doggedly.

"Man alive! Let the old woman go to the devil."

But Stephen's cheek continued pale. He was not easy about that old woman. Had the men known that she was plain Mrs. Duncombe, once nurse to Alison, their apprehensions would have been calmed.

"Look here, old man," said Jack, "let us smooth matters a bit. Why not make it a friendly suit? Hang it! if I had a month's

start, I would prove a marriage somehow, if it was only a Scotch marriage."

"Too late, Jack," said Stephen. "We have had one row. I got into a rage, and so did she. She's got a temper like mine—got it from her grandmother. These things very often pass over part of a generation. The temper passed over her father. She reminded me of my mother. Gad! what blazing rows we used to have in the old days!"

"Come, Hamblin. I will make a little compromise with you. Make it up, if you can, with the girl. If things go against you, you can then get my thousand out of her, with whatever you want for yourself. Your own affairs may be straighter then, no doubt."

"Oh, my own affairs—yes—yes. They are pulling round," said Stephen, forcing a smile.

"Very well, then. If the thing goes in your favor, you can let all the world see what a magnanimous creature you've been. Don't you see? If the worst happens, you can always reckon on getting a slice of the cake; if the best, then it will be all in your own hands, to do what you please with."

"I think you are right," said Stephen, with an effort. "I am sure you are right, Jack. I ought never to have quarreled with the little spitfire, but she would have it. We always did hate each other, you know. I wonder if she ever suspected what I knew? Perhaps she did. Girls are more crafty than any one who doesn't know the nature of women would believe possible."

He got up and found writing materials.

"I suppose it will be better to write to her than to call upon her. Yes, certainly better. I used to be able to pitch a very decent letter in the old days. Let me try my hand again."

This letter took him some time to write. He wrote it, in fact, at least three times, and even then he was not satisfied with it. At last he brought the third draft to his friend, and submitted it for consideration.

"Listen, Jack," he said. "I think this will do as well as a longer letter. Of course, we shall keep a copy, and send one to the cousins."

"MY DEAR ALISON: I have for some time been trying to write to you. The memory of hard words, and, perhaps, bitter thoughts, on one or the other side, has hitherto prevented me. I have no desire to excuse myself. In fact, I can find no excuse. My unfortunate temper alone is to blame. To that, and to that alone, I would ascribe the misfortune that I have been made to appear to you in a light of hostility—"

"Don't like that," said Jack slowly; "say

'made me assume, apparently, an attitude of hostility.'"

"Think so? Yes. Perhaps that will be better." Stephen made the correction in pencil. "'Made me assume an apparent attitude of hostility. Nothing really was further from my thoughts, my wish, or my intention. Will you do me the justice of believing that I, for my own part, am most anxious, most desirous, to do my utmost to prove the truth, that you may rely upon my most sincere coöperation in any serious effort to ascertain the truth; and that, in the discovery of any fact which may convince me, yourself, and our cousins of your title to the estate, I am ready to withdraw my claim at once? I beg you to believe that I should refuse to take any advantage of legal technicalities. At the same time, in justice to my own birth, to my position, to my brother's position, I ask that the truth should be fairly and fearlessly investigated. The future of the Hamblin House must not be open to the questions or the doubts of any who wish to throw a stone, or cast a slur. I am aware, very sorrowfully I own it, that the investigation which I ask—it is all I ask—may possibly prove disastrous to yourself. At all events, you are a Hamblin. You would not wish to be rich at the expense of others, whose rights you were usurping?"

"For the moment, I think I had better not attempt to see you. I send you this letter by the hand of a personal friend, Mr. Bunter Baker."

"Hallo!" cried Jack; "I say, you don't mean me to take it?"

"Who will be able, I trust," Stephen read on quickly, "'to persuade you, as I, with my unhappy impetuosity, am unable to do, that I am a friend and not an enemy, that I am most anxious not to be regarded as an enemy. Sooner or later, this question, which in everybody's mind—"

"I say," said Jack, "I suppose it isn't, really?"

"No," replied Stephen; "I don't suppose anybody outside the Hamblin lot troubles his head about it. But, you see, it has been very much in my head, which is the great thing. Where are we?—everybody's mind must have been raised. Was it not better that it should be raised by myself, in a spirit of inquiry, without animosity, or would you have preferred that it should be raised later on, perhaps when your children's fortunes might be blighted and their pride brought low?"

"That's devilish good," said Jack.

"Yes; I think I can manage the palter on occasion," said Stephen. "Well—You will be told, perhaps, that my action in the case was dictated by a selfish desire to obtain, wrongfully,

your inheritance. Alison, solemnly, that is not the case. It is quite the contrary. My first thought was in your interest, my first action was for your safety. You have to thank your friends, my cousins, and no others, for the turn that has been given to the thing. Read this carefully, and, if you find any point or points of objection, do not be satisfied with the counsel of your present advisers, but have the courage and the confidence to ask explanations of me,

"Your affectionate uncle,
"STEPHEN HAMBLIN."

"And, anyhow, it will show it is an act of kindness on my part. They will think I am not afraid. For that matter," he added, with a dash of gasconade, "I am not the least afraid. Let them do as their level worst."

"Level worst!" To bid a man do that is to throw the glove in earnest, and to throw it with the superiority of the better position. Jack Baker felt it. He was going as ambassador into the enemy's camp, not with the sneaking consciousness of defeat, but in the proud position of one who holds an olive-branch in one hand, and with the other invites the enemy to do his level worst. He forgot, for the moment, the mysterious old woman whose visit had disquieted him, and he only saw himself clothed in the grandeur of a plenipotentiary, dictating terms to a sulky and plain young woman, easily reduced to reason, and open, like most of her sex, to the influences of terror, respect, and awe, which are induced by the voice, and the presence, and the majesty of a Man!

In fact, Jack Baker, armed with this letter, did pay that visit the very next day. He went to Clapham Common in his own private hansom, hoping devoutly that Miss Hamblin might be sitting at the window when he drove to the door. Of course his horse was showy, and his tiger small. Of course, too, he was attired with the greatest magnificence permitted to City men by a very liberal fashion. No young fellow had more gold about him; no one wore better gloves; no one was more daring in the matter of neckties; no one more shiny of hat, neat of boot, or original in waistcoat. To men of this generation very few things are permitted in dress compared with what young men used to be allowed in the good old days when ribbons, lace, gorgeous doublets, slashed sleeves, pearl-embroidered pourpoint, silk stockings, sword-belt, sash, diamond buckles, and red-heeled shoes set off to advantage a young fellow who could boast a reasonably fine figure and shapely leg. Yet the present fashion allows something for the imagination to work upon; and the imagination of Jack Baker, which was not occupied with thoughts of heroic deed, brave

saying, or generous emprise, naturally found employment in the invention of new braveries. He was still, though now past thirty, on that level of civilization where men take the same view of maidens as the peacock takes of the peahens, and imagine that, by spreading gorgeous plumage, and strutting with braggart air, they can awaken the admiration of the weaker sex.

He expected to be received by a small, timid girl, who might possibly show temper, but who would begin, at least, by being enormously afraid of him. This was unfortunate at the outset. He was unprepared, too, for the magnificence of the house, which surpassed anything of which he had ever dreamed. The private houses of rich men and gentlemen were not, as a rule, thrown open to this successful speculator in silk. A club drawing-room was Jack's most exalted idea of a well-furnished apartment.

He was shown into the study, whither in a few moments Alison came to him. And then Jack's cheek paled, and his heart sank, for, instead of the insignificant and spiteful little animal he had dreamed of, the poor creature whom Stephen Hamblin generally spoke of as "that little devil," there stood before him a young lady, whose beauty, dignity, and self-possession overwhelmed him and crushed him.

She bowed and looked again at the card: "Mr. J. Bunter Baker." It is the day of double names. Smith is nothing unless he is differentiated by a prænomen other than the Christian name. Jones belongs to the Porkington Joneses. Jack Baker, as we have seen already, on arriving at success, remembered that he, too, had a second name, given him by his godfather, a most respectable clerk in a wholesale tea-warehouse. Mr. Bunter was now no more, but his name served to give his godson additional importance, and in his own eyes, at least, to elevate him in the social scale.

"Mr. J. Bunter Baker," she repeated.

"I—I am Mr. Bunter Baker," he replied.

Here he was so unlucky as to drop his hat, which, on recovering, he placed on the table.

"May I ask, Mr. Baker," she went on, "what is the meaning of your visit?"

"I come," he replied, "with a letter to you from Mr. Stephen Hamblin."

"My uncle can have nothing to write to me," said Alison, "that I would wish to hear. I can not receive any communications from him. Is that all you have to say to me?"

Jack Baker began to wish he had not consented to act as ambassador. But he plucked up courage.

"My friend, Miss Hamblin," he said, "who is a gentleman of extraordinarily sensitive nature, as perhaps you know, has been rendered ex-

tremely unhappy by the position in which he finds himself unavoidably placed toward you."

"Why," cried Alison, "he has deliberately insulted the memory and character of my father. Unavoidably?"

"There were reasons, Miss Hamblin," Jack went on, trying to speak grandly, "why he was bound to go on against his wish. Had his cousins listened to him at the outset there would have been, probably, no publicity—no litigation."

"I know nothing of any motives," said Alison; "I judge only by his actions. My uncle is my enemy. I want to have no communication of any kind with him. I mistrust him, and I suspect him."

"At least you will read his letter." Jack produced it, and tendered it with a winning smile. But Alison was very far from thinking of his manner of smiling. "Do not let me go away and tell my friend, Mr. Stephen Hamblin, that you refused to receive a letter from him, even after I told you that it was conciliatory."

"Conciliatory!" she echoed, "as if I did not well to be angry. Well, sir, I will read your letter."

She took it, and sat down without inviting her visitor to take a chair, which was rude. Jack, therefore, remained standing. He felt conscious that he was not looking to advantage. To stand without your hat in your hands, without the aid even of an umbrella or walking-stick, before a lady, while she reads a letter, makes one feel like a schoolboy about to say a lesson which he does not know.

"He offers," said Alison, "to withdraw his claim as soon as anything has been discovered which will convince him that he is wrong. That is very noble in him, considering that we shall force him to withdraw as soon as that has been discovered. Why did he write me this letter, sir? You say you are his friend. Have you seen the letter?"

"I have; I think it is a most friendly letter. Nothing could be more so, I am sure; most creditable to the writer."

"Thank you. Why did he write it?"

"Pure good feeling," said Jack. "He is a man of wonderful good feeling; that, when you come to think of it, is his strong point."

"Why did he write it?" asked Alison again, but this time of herself; "what does he expect to get by writing it?"

"What can he get?" said the ambassador craftily. "He knows very well that the estate is as good as his own already. He wants to make friends with you."

"I am much obliged to him," replied Alison; "I can never be friends with him. He is, and will always be, my most bitter enemy. My only

hope is, that I may never again see him, never again speak to him."

"Now, that's very hard," said Jack. "And what is the good of standing in your own light? Why, I look on this letter—though he didn't say so, mind, and it's entirely between you and me, and not to go any further"—he really, Alison thought, was a most vulgar young man—"as the foundation of a friendly arrangement."

"I will consent to no friendly arrangement."

"We will suppose, for a moment," continued Jack, gradually feeling his way, "that my friend Mr. Stephen Hamblin is anxious to put an end to this unnatural contest between two very near relations."

"It is very easy for him to put an end to it," said Alison; "he has only to withdraw his pretensions. He has only to cease insulting my father's memory."

"Pardon me. That is not at all his intention or his object. You are a lady, Miss Hamblin, and you do not feel, as men do, the necessity of securing for every man his right. Prove your right, and Stephen Hamblin retires. Until you do, he is the heir at law. But"—he raised his finger, for Alison was going to burst in with an indignant denial—"suppose that he was to meet you half way. Suppose that he was ready to say: 'Let us arrange this dispute. Let your friends agree upon a present settlement for you. Let me succeed without opposition: I shall not marry; you will be my sole heiress.' Now, could anything be more agreeable and comfortable for all parties?"

Alison rose.

"This is quite idle," she said grandly; "I will make no such arrangement."

Jack Baker confessed to himself on the spot that all his previously conceived ideas of feminine beauty would have to be modified. He had never seen any one at all comparable with this magnificently beautiful creature on the stage, which, in common with many young City men, he confidently believed to be the natural home and harbor of the highest types of English beauty; nor behind the bar, where those fair ones who can not play burlesques delight to display their loveliness for all to behold who possess the "price of half a pint." Nor could any music-hall in London show such a face, such deep black eyes, such splendid black hair, such lips, such a warm, rosy cheek, such a figure. It was a new lesson for him; he felt an unaccustomed glow about the pericardium; a yearning all over; a consciousness of higher things than he had as yet imagined; a sudden weariness of Topsy and Lottie and their drink-dispensing friends: he choked; he blushed; he stammered; he was penetrated with the majesty of a beauty far beyond his

dreams; he was so deeply struck with the shock of this revelation that he actually forgot himself and his own peacockery. Then he suddenly remembered his mission.

"Surely," he pleaded, with a last effort, "surely it would be better to come to an arrangement than to carry on a long and fruitless opposition. It can't do anybody good: nothing will come of it except disappointment. All this time they've been searching and advertising and offering rewards—and what's come? Nothing."

He put this out as a feeler, but Alison's face showed no change, so that he was sure nothing had been found.

"Not the least discovery—has there, now?"

She did not reply.

"Why, if we could have a little agreement come to, all your troubles would stop at once."

"No, sir," said Alison. "On the contrary, all the trouble would begin. You can not understand, I suppose, that my father's honor is dear to me. My Uncle Stephen can not understand. Nothing, nothing!"—she stamped with her foot and looked so resolute that Jack trembled—"nothing would ever persuade me to sacrifice the good name of my father. I will make no such bargain as you suggest; I would rather, believe me, sir, I would far rather go out from this house a beggar."

Her black eyes burned with so fierce a light, and her lips were set so firm after she said this, that the ambassador felt singularly small.

"In that case," he said, "I have nothing more to say. You quite understand that this last proposal is my own suggestion, not Mr. Hamblin's, though I am quite satisfied of his desire to be on good terms with his niece and to benefit her."

"That I do not believe," said Alison. "Good morning, sir."

She looked superb. Jack Baker thought of his balance at the bank and his ventures on the high-seas, and took heart.

"In any case, Miss Hamblin," he said, with an ingratiating smile, "I am not my principal in this affair, and I hope you will not consider me as rowing in the same boat with him. Of course, I can hardly discuss his conduct with you, as he is my friend. But I can not, I am sure, regret it, since it has enabled me to introduce myself to a young lady who—I must say—who—" here he broke down, because she stared at him with cold and wondering eyes. "And I hope, Miss Hamblin, that when we meet in the City—I mean in the streets, and in society, and at dinners, and so on, that you will let me consider myself a friend. And if I might be permitted to call again—"

"Sir!" The tone of her voice froze him. "I have already wished you good morning. Stay,

you may tell your principal, as you call him, that I have torn up his letter."

She did so, in fact. No actress on the stage ever did a little piece of business more effectively, because it was done so quietly.

The fragments of the letter lay at his feet.

"Humph!" said Jack doubtfully. "Well, we've taken the precaution to keep a copy. That will be proof of our intentions. Good morning, Miss Hamblin"; he bowed in his very best style. "I would meet with another failure, willingly, for the pleasure of seeing you again."

He smiled his sweetest, while she looked at him in speechless indignation. What did the man mean? When she had found some words in which to express her sense of his impertinence, he was gone.

"Now," murmured Jack the experienced, "if it was any of the bar lot, I should understand that standoffishness. I'm up to *their* gag, anyhow. They'd like to get the chance of Mr. J. Bunter Baker, wouldn't they? Just. But with a bit o' muslin like this Hamblin girl, I suppose it's different. Perhaps I took her a little aback at first, though she can't really mean that she don't want to see me again. Gad! that's too ridiculous. A girl's a girl all the world over. And it must be mighty dull down here all by herself. I'll find another opportunity and call again. Give her line for a bit, J. Double B."

He sought the shelter of his cab, and drove back to town, seeking solace for his wounded heart in cigars. And in the evening he met Stephen at the club, and they dined together. Jack was radiant and boisterous.

"By Jupiter Omnipotent and Christopher Columbus!" he cried, in an ecstasy. "You never told me what she is like—that niece of yours, Hamblin. Kept it for a surprise. She's splendid, she is; she's magnificent; she's a goddess, that's what she is. Hang me, if she isn't a goddess! And you to call that gorgeous creature a little devil! Little? why, she's five feet eight if she's an inch. And her face, and her figure! Come, Hamblin, I can make allowance for the feelings of a man who has any one standing between him and such an almighty pile, but 'little devil'—I say—it really is—Here, waiter!" (this young man habitually bawled as loudly in a club dining-room as he had been accustomed to do in the City shilling dining-places years before). "Waiter, come here. Bring me a bottle of *Perrier Fout Sec*—not the *Très sec*. It's the least I can do for her, to drink her health in *Perrier Fout.*"

"I suppose uncles are not expected to fall in love with their nieces," said Stephen carelessly. "I never said that Alison was ugly or small."

"You called her a little devil, that's all I know.

Well, old man, here's her jolly good health and a lover, and I shouldn't mind if it was me, J. Double B, yours truly."

"Well"—Stephen listened with natural impatience to this enthusiasm—"well, how did you get on, and what did she say?"

"No use, my boy, thinking of anything friendly in that quarter. But keep your copy of the letter, which may be useful later on. I did my best for you: I said you were a man of the most sensitive feelings—ho! ho!—and I said that you were most unhappy about the position you had been obliged to assume—ha! ha! Might just as well have tried the hostile line, because she's as savage as she is beautiful. She will want a man, not a thread-paper, for a husband, that girl. J. Double B would about meet the case, I think. By the way, I found out one thing: whoever the old woman was who called at their office, they haven't made any discovery yet."

"If she won't be friendly, she needn't," said Stephen. "Anyhow, I've done the regular thing, and it will be worse for her in the long run. Let her go to—"

"No, Hamblin, don't couple any more the name of such an angelic creature with that of the devil. I wonder what you were like before the thatch came off your pretty brows? She reminded me of you at once. Here's her health again, and, if there was any better wine in the club, I would drink it in that."

"She takes after my mother, the Señora," said Stephen. "All the Hamblins are like each other; but she has got her grandmother's complexion, like me. She can't help being like me, though she would rather not, I dare say. Let her go, Jack."

News came, presently, to the cousinhood that Stephen had written a letter, and had hinted at an arrangement. The family were divided in opinion. For while some thought that Alison showed the proper Hamblin spirit in rejecting all overtures short of absolute submission, others thought that perhaps she had no right to possess any portion of the Hamblin spirit at all, until "things" were proved; so that in fact the refusal to make any compromise was a sort of impertinence in her. Undoubtedly the feeling was growing stronger in the family that Stephen was very likely right. Gilbert Yorke, however, agreed with Alison that a compromise was an impossibility. It was remarkable, considering that she was so resolute never to marry unless her father's name was cleared, how Alison comforted and guided herself by the opinion of this young man.

But his vision of perfect beauty abided with Jack Baker, so that he began to feel how con-

versation at bars, admiration of actresses, talk about ballet people, might all lose their charm, compared with the society of the one perfect woman he had ever seen. Perhaps it was as well for Gilbert Yorke's tranquillity that he could not tell how this rising young City merchant thought more about Alison than his speculations, more about her deep dark eyes than about his silks.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW MISS NETHERSOLE BECAME AN INSTRUMENT.

NOW, while Gilbert and Alderney Codd were floundering in the dark, groping here and there with uncertain steps and finding nothing; while Mr. Theodore Bragge was "following up" one clew after another, and asking continually for more checks; while Nicolas was hugging to his bosom the new and delightful secret, with which he intended one day to make such a *coup* as would make the ears of them who heard of it to tingle, and set the hearts of all boys wherever the English tongue is spoken, aflame; while the partners were doubtful and despondent; while the cousins daily became as uncertain over the event as the English public once were over the identity of a certain claimant—Miss Nethersole, this time an Instrument without knowing it, voluntarily communicated the very fact which they were all anxious to find.

We have seen how this lady, her enemy being dead, and her lawyer stubbornly refusing to ask for the indictment of a dead man, betook herself to her country villa, and sat down to enjoy comfortably the settled gloom which may arise in woman's heart equally from love, disappointment, or the baffling of revenge. The forgeries were put away with her plate in a box, which for greater safety she kept screwed to the floor under her own bed. And for a time she submitted herself to the inevitable, and tried to be resigned under the Ruling which had torn her enemy from her grasp.

You can not, to be sure, execute any revenge upon a dead man which shall have the true flavor about it. You may—as many great monarchs, *gourmets* in revenge, have done—hang up the limbs cut into neat joints upon gibbets, or stick them on pikes, or paint them beautifully with tar, and then sling them up with chains on a gibbet to dangle in the wind; and yet, after all, nothing satisfies. You may gaze with pleasure on the gallows-tree, but there is always the uneasy feeling that the man himself, who has joined the majority, may be laughing at you all the

while. Miss Nethersole would perhaps have liked, could she be persuaded that it was a Christian thing, to have decorated Temple Bar with Anthony Hamblin in bits. I mean that her bitterness was so savage, so deeply rooted, that she would have caught at any chance of satisfying the hunger of her soul. She was a woman who, on this subject, was raging. This man had robbed her of her sister, and of her money. Worse than that, he had robbed her of her heart. She was no older than he. When he came to Newbury she was still young, two-and-thirty or so; he was handsome; he was gentle in his manner, courteous, and attentive; she had not had many opportunities of meeting such a gallant gentleman, this daughter of a successful nonconformist tradesman: she mistook his politeness for something more real; and because he was deferent and courteous, she thought he was in love. She was not hard-featured in those days, nor hard-minded; the honey in her nature still predominated over the vinegar; and although her oval face was rather thin, and her chin a little pointed, she was not yet without womanly charms. It was not absurd for her to suppose that she might be loved by man—when is it so late as to be absurd? She was deceived in the most cruel way, she said. The man began by making love to her, and then came and asked for her sister—this chit of eighteen, more than a dozen years younger than himself. That wrong, though she did not say so, was harder to forgive than the other two. Money she might be robbed of; she might even lose her sister, and yet in time get over both those losses. But the contempt of herself, the quiet way in which the man, when he at length comprehended her interpretation of his suit, put it aside courteously, and yet as if it were absurd—these were things which could never be forgotten.

Twenty years ago? Why, the whole scene was as fresh in her mind as if it had been yesterday. Twenty years ago? Why, it seemed not a week since; when the man left her, she locked the door, and gave way to that fit of despairing wrath and sorrow which had been ever afterward the great sin of her life to look back upon, and yet it was not repented.

Seeing, therefore, the manifest impossibility of getting any pleasantness out of revenge upon a dead man, Miss Nethersole at first collapsed altogether: nor was it till many weeks afterward that a thought came to her which went straight to her very heart and remained there, growing daily stronger, and taking every day more definite shape. Why, she thought, should she lose the money she had paid on the forged receipts? There were six of them. Their dates were twenty, nineteen, down to fifteen years old. Each

one was worth, at compound interest, more than double the amount it represented. Say only double. There was a sum of two thousand pounds, at least, waiting for her. She had only to ask it. That meant an increase to her income of eighty pounds a year. Surely it would be a flying in the face of Providence, and a despising of gifts, were that sum suffered to be lost or thrown into the capacious coffers of the Hamblins.

And then, by going to the office of the firm, by merely claiming it, she would be able to inform the family of the deceased forger, what manner of man the head of the House had been.

"It is a Christian duty," she said, persuading herself.

Perhaps it was; but it took her several weeks before she could resolve on actually carrying the project into execution. Finally, she arrived at the desired pitch of resolution, and came up to town by herself, bringing her precious *pièces de conviction* with her.

She consulted her solicitor, but more as a matter of form, because she expected little of a low-spirited caiff who had refused to ask the magistrates for a warrant because the criminal was dead. She was right. He behaved in the meanest manner possible; there was nothing vigorous about the man. After all, as she found afterward, he was only a member of the Establishment. What could be expected from a hanger-on to that dry branch?

"The man is dead," said this creature of compromises. "You can have no revenge out of him. You can not even prove after this lapse of time that the papers are written by him. Even if the first part, the form of receipt, was written by him, you can not prove that the signature is his. To me the signature looks genuine. The money was paid over the counter. Who is to say, after fourteen years, who received it? All the good you will get, Miss Nethersole, by proceeding in this ungrateful and thankless business will be the character of a vindictive woman."

"What does that matter," she replied, "provided I can show him to the world as he was?"

She looked thinner, harder, more determined than ever. The death of the enemy, the solicitor thought, had only intensified her desire for revenge.

"Just so," said the man of law. "But suppose you only succeed in showing him to the world as the world has always accepted him, and in showing yourself as a revengeful person endeavoring by every means, fair or foul, to compass the disgrace of an honorable name?"

She closed her thin lips more tightly together.

"I am vindictive," she said; "I am revenge-

ful, because I wish to vindicate the memory of my sister—"

"By blackening the memory of her husband. Pardon me, Miss Nethersole; but I am unable to enter into those curious subtilties, by which you distinguish the duty of a Christian from that of the avenger of a blood-feud. I can not act for you in this matter. I must, I fear, request you to find another solicitor. I wish you a good morning."

Miss Nethersole closed her black bag with a snap and went away. But she was not vanquished. A woman who has lived and acted herself for thirty years is not to be moved out of her course by the disapproval of a solicitor.

What did she want with a solicitor? She could very well act alone; she knew what she had to do, and she could do it, she thought, better without a lawyer's aid than with one. Acting alone, too, she could act quickly.

She was staying at the Queen's Hotel, St. Martin's le Grand, a central place well removed from the soul-destroying gayeties of the West, and within access of several faithful chapels. She returned to the room, sat down for a while to collect her thoughts, and presently, after a cup of tea, which brought back her courage, together with her vindictiveness, she made hard her upper lip, and set out for Great St. Simon Apostle. It was then five o'clock in the afternoon. The clerks were putting things together; the porters and servants were yawning, expectant of the close of day; the two partners, Augustus and William, were talking together in the room of the former, hats on and umbrellas in hand ready to go, when Miss Nethersole's card was brought in by a clerk in waiting.

"Miss Rachel Nethersole, Olivet Lodge," read Augustus. "Do you know her, Cousin William?"

The man of few words shook his head.

"Nor I.—Ask her, Jennings, what she wants, and whether to-morrow will do?—Another of the replies to our advertisements, I suppose, William, or perhaps a messenger from Mr. Bragge. That man means work, mind you."

Miss Nethersole sent up word that to-morrow would not do, and that if the partners refused to hear what she had to say to them confidentially, she would send up the purport of her message by word of mouth, a course which she advised them not to adopt.

"This is a very curious message," said Augustus. "It looks like threatening us, William. Is she a young woman, Jennings?"

"Oh, dear, sir, no! Not at all. She looks more than fifty. A lady dressed in black, with a black bag."

"Very odd," said Augustus, "extremely odd.

Perhaps she is the sister of a young lady who disappeared thirty years ago, a mother—no—that can hardly be." Augustus glanced at the card.—"Show her up, Jennings. Perhaps she is only a person connected with schools, or guilds, or nunneries, or societies of some kind, in search of donations which she shall not get."

"Certainly not," said William the Silent.

She was not, however, connected with any begging enterprise whatever, as she quickly showed. She entered the room, looked round, and glared upon the partners in silence.

"Pray, madam," asked Augustus, "will you be kind enough to tell us how we can serve you?"

"You can not serve me."

"Then will you be kind enough to tell us what gives us the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"It is no pleasure at all, either for you or for me."

"Really! Then will you please tell us, at once, who you are?"

"I am your late cousin Anthony Hamblin's sister-in-law."

Both the partners started and gazed at her with curiosity.

"His sister-in-law? Then you must be—you must be the sister of his wife?" cried Augustus, considering rapidly the meaning of the relationship. "Permit us, my dear Miss Nethersole, to make your acquaintance, to shake hands with you. This is my partner and cousin, Mr. William Hamblin. Anthony's sister-in-law. Good Heavens! The very person, or next to the very person, whom we have been trying to find for so long. Are you really aware, madam, how much depends on the proof of this marriage? Really, this is—this is—this is providential. Pray, pray, Miss Nethersole, take a chair—pray sit down and let us converse! Most providential, I am sure."

She obeyed and sat down. But her eyes were not encouraging. They showed no inclination to respond to the friendly advances of her brother's cousins.

"I do not understand compliments. I come to—"

"We have been hunting everywhere," Augustus went on, "to find out whom Anthony married. I assure you, Miss Nethersole, we have spared no trouble. May I ask, did you come in answer to our advertisements, or did Mr. Bragge—"

"Neither," she replied surlily; "and as for marriage, he married my sister Dora."

"He married her sister Dora!" echoed Augustus; "he married Miss Dora Nethersole, Cousin William, of—of—of—what town, madam?"

"Of Newbury, in Wiltshire."

"Of Newbury, in Wiltshire," he repeated. "Of course, of Newbury, in Wiltshire—we are getting on famously. Why, Miss Nethersole, you have been of more use to us in five minutes than all our advertisements, and circulars, and secret-service people, in four months. Anthony Hamblin was married to Dora, Miss Dora Nethersole, of Newbury, in Wiltshire. Were you yourself present at the marriage, madam? But of course you were. No doubt you were a bridesmaid."

"Of course I was not. Mr. Hamblin preferred to elope with my sister. That was his idea of Christian wedlock. He carried her away with him. Naturally, I never saw her again."

"But you know that they were married? You have proof that they were married? You can tell us where they were married?"

"Sir!" Her voice was more than severe. "Do I *know* that they were married? Know that they were *married*? You are speaking of my sister—my sister, sir."

"That is the reason why I say that you have, no doubt, proof of the marriage. You know where it took place, for instance."

"That is not what I came to speak about," she replied. "It is clear to me that your cousin Anthony Hamblin was even more wicked than I believed him to be. It seems now that he hid this marriage from you, his partners." She looked as if this additional proof of wickedness gratified her beyond measure.

"Pardon me," said Augustus, "he did tell us later on of his marriage; he informed us that your sister, his wife, was dead. He did not wish to speak of his wife, whose early death, doubtless, was too recent a sorrow, and we respected his silence. There is no wickedness there, so far as I can understand. You, of course, have no reason to conceal the fact of the marriage. Where did it take place?"

"I do not know," said Miss Nethersole simply.

"You do not know?" Both partners stared blankly. "You do not know?"

"I do not!" She pulled the strings of her black bag impatiently. "They eloped."

"Oh!" cried Augustus. "They eloped, did they?—Can you understand this, William?"

The taciturn partner shook his head. Anthony Hamblin elope! As well expect an archbishop to elope.

"They eloped," she went on, "and my sister wrote next day to say that she was married. It was not my business to ask where or when. She had left me, and was no more my sister."

"Where did she write from?"

"From a place called Lulworth, in Dorsetshire."

Augustus Hamblin made a note of the place, and waited for more information.

"As for the reasons why Anthony Hamblin concealed his marriage," Miss Nethersole went on, "I think I can find you at least six. They are here."

She opened her bag, and drew forth a little bundle of papers, carefully tied up.

From the bundle she extracted half a dozen documents, all written on half sheets of note-paper, and on one side. She selected one and handed it across the table to Augustus.

"Have the goodness to read that," she said.

Augustus read:

"Received, this day, January the first, 18—, of Messrs. Child and Company, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

"£150 *os. od.*

"DORA HAMBLIN."

The signature, in a sloping Italian hand, ran across a receipt-stamp.

"Very well," said Augustus, returning the paper, "there is nothing remarkable about a stamped and signed receipt."

"Read the next," she said.

It was the same as the first, but dated a year later.

She gave him a third, a fourth, and up to an eighth. Augustus read them all, handed them to his cousin, who also read them, and gave them back to Miss Nethersole.

"You looked at the dates?" she asked, with a wintry smile. The moment of her triumph, such as it was, was about to begin.

"We did."

"I paid that hundred and fifty pounds to my sister for eight long years," she said. "It was my allowance to her. Her husband starved her, while he took the allowance."

"Anthony Hamblin starved his wife?"

"He neglected her, and starved her. He was a murderer, because she died of his neglect."

"Good Heavens!" cried Augustus, "do you know what you are saying?"

"He was more than a murderer, because, while my sister died less than two years after her marriage, these drafts were drawn by him, and the signatures forged, for six years later."

"Let me look at them again," said Augustus, with troubled face.

She handed them across the table, but one by one. They were all in the same handwriting, except the signature. After examining them once more, with greater care, Augustus rose and opened his private safe; from this he extracted a book, full of letters and papers pasted in, and

carefully indexed. He turned over the leaves, found what he wanted, and laid it before his partner, and one of Miss Nethersole's receipts beside it, without saying a word.

William looked, compared, nodded.

Augustus returned the receipt.

"Thank you, Miss Nethersole," he said; "we are satisfied that your statement is correct. The papers are forged."

"Anthony Hamblin was the forger."

"Pardon me; that is quite another affair. How are you going to prove that?"

"How am I going to prove that?" She sat bolt upright and stared him full in the face. "Did I not pay the money?"

"Doubtless it was paid for you—but *who received it?*"

"Who should, except Anthony Hamblin himself?"

"But you forget, or perhaps you do not know, that Anthony Hamblin at that time was in the enjoyment of at least twenty thousand pounds a year."

Rachel Nethersole was staggered.

"Twenty thousand pounds a year? and he refused my sister more than two pounds a week! And when I saw him last, and taxed him with the crime, he did not deny it. I went to Clapham on purpose to see him; it was the day before he was drowned. I showed him these papers. I informed him that my purpose was to prosecute him criminally. He did not, he could not, deny his guilt; he had not the impudence to deny it, though he tried to brazen it out."

"He did not deny it?"

"No; on the contrary, he implored me to pause. He said that consequences, of which I knew nothing, but which I should regret all my life, would follow if I persevered. I left him unrepentant, yet troubled. In this awful attitude of convicted guilt he was called away the next day."

"This is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard," said Augustus. "We do not disbelieve you, Miss Nethersole, but we are convinced that you are mistaken. Anthony Hamblin could not have acknowledged his guilt."

"He did not say, in so many words, 'I did forge those signatures,' it is true," said Miss Nethersole; "but he acknowledged that he had done it by implication. What did he mean by saying that I did not understand the consequences which would follow?"

"I do not know," said Augustus. "Come, Miss Nethersole, you have clearly been defrauded of this money. It matters nothing now whether this dead man did the thing or not. We feel certain that he did not. You will keep your own conclusions."

"Certainly: that the forger was Anthony Hamblin." She nodded, and set her thin lips firm.

"As you please. I think my partner agrees with me that we ought to buy back these receipts."

"At compound interest," said the lady.

"At compound interest. We are ready to buy them of you to prevent a scandal. We can not allow our late partner and cousin to be accused or suspected of such a crime. Besides, there are others to consider. We will buy these papers of you, Miss Nethersole."

"Thank you," she said. "Of course the money will be useful to me. It is a large sum to lose. At the same time, if I give up the papers, I give up the proofs of that man's abominable perfidy and wickedness."

"Not at all," Augustus replied. "These papers are not proofs at all. You would find it as impossible to prove that it was he who drew the money as that it was he who forged the signatures."

She was silent, but not convinced. She rose, and put the papers back into her bag.

"I will not sell them, then," she said. "I will keep them. You would not want to buy them unless it was to screen your late partner. You are deceiving me; I shall keep them. And I shall bide my time."

"We are not deceiving you, Miss Nethersole. Remember, however, that our offer is always open. We will buy the papers whenever you please to sell them."

"Then I will go," she said, "as I came. At least, you know the truth."

"One moment," said Augustus. "We may wish to correspond with you. Your address is on this card—Olivet Lodge, Newbury. That will always find you? Thank you. It occurs to me—perhaps a foolish doubt—that, while you were not informed of your sister's place of marriage, you were wrongly informed of her death."

"No," said Miss Nethersole. "There, at least, I am on firm ground. Because I have seen her grave. She is buried in Bournemouth cemetery. At her head is a cross with her initials, 'D. H.,' and the date of her escape from the tyranny and neglect of a SEDUCER, a LIAR, a FORGER, and a THIEF!"

She shook all over with the vehemence of her wrath. Then she gathered up her bag and her umbrella, laid over her arm the black shawl which completed her costume, and which she always carried as if she were a waiter and the shawl a napkin, and went away without a word of adieu, slamming the door after her.

"What a woman!" cried Augustus, with a

sigh of relief.—“And now, William, what are we to make of it?”

“No doubt about the handwriting,” said William.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW ALISON REMEMBERED A MANUSCRIPT.

RACHEL NETHERSOLE was gone, and the partners, left alone, held long and serious counsel. It seemed best, on the whole, to send for Gilbert Yorke and tell him everything, except one thing, which the cousins kept to themselves, the secret of the handwriting. Mr. Theodore Bragge was busy “following up a clew” of his own. In fact, he was at the moment exchanging ideas on current politics with a friend in a Fleet Street tavern. Alderney Codd, the most diligent of workers, was hunting down strange Hamblins, no relations at all, into queer dens and cribs, where they generally assailed him with demands of *backsheesh*. Gilbert Yorke was the most trustworthy agent, and they sent for him and told him all that they had learned from Miss Nethersole.

“What we have actually learned,” said Augustus, “is the name of Anthony’s wife, the statement made by her of an actual marriage, the place where she lived, and the place and date of her death. It will be your duty to visit these places, to find out anything that can be learned further, and if possible to ascertain the place of marriage, whether under a false name or not. Should you like Alderney Codd to go with you, or instead of you?”

The young man blushed ingenuously. Should he surrender to Alderney Codd any portion of the glory and pride of recovering Alison’s name?

“There is another thing. Miss Nethersole does not seem to know that there was any issue of the marriage. You may call upon her, after your investigations, and tell her of the child, of Alison. You will find her bitter against the memory of Anthony, and she will show you some receipts.—I think that Yorke should know about the receipts?” He turned to his partner, who nodded.—“She gave her sister a sum of a hundred and fifty pounds a year; the sister died two years after marriage; the money was drawn for eight years.”

“But not by Mr. Hamblin.”

“Certainly not,” Augustus replied with decision.—“certainly not. The receipts are forgeries, but the forging is not his; of that you may, if you please—but use your own judgment in the matter—assure Miss Nethersole.”

“I may tell Alison?”

Augustus Hamblin hesitated.

“Use your own judgment there as well,” he said at length; “but she is to tell no one, not even Mrs. Cridland.”

This permission granted, Gilbert hastened to Clapham Common with his news. Here, indeed, was a clew. Let Mr. Theodore Bragge follow up his clews; let Alderney Codd run down one Hamblin after another; he had the name of the wife; he knew where she was buried. Alison’s mother was found.

He found her in the garden among the flowers. It was a quiet morning in very early June. The lilacs and laburnums were still in full blossom; the earlier and old-fashioned flowers—the wallflowers, London pride, polyanthus, columbine—were in their first pride and glory; the turf was crisp and fresh. The garden was quiet, young Nick having not yet returned from school. Not far off a man was sharpening something on a wheel, and the monotonous sound made one think of the roadside and the country. Overhead larks sang; in the trees there was a black-bird, a thrush, and a chaffinch, besides all sorts of other songsters—a whole choir of songsters, as Addison would have called them.

“You here, and so early, Gilbert?” Alison cried, as her lover sprang across the lawn to greet her.

“Yes, Alison; I have news for you—good news, my dear—the best news—the news you have long wanted to hear.”

“Gilbert!”—she clutched his arm with her two hands; her cheek was very pale, but her lips were firm—“you know what I want most. Is it—is it *that*?”

“It is, Alison. Courage, dear; we have but one step to take, and all will be cleared up. Meantime, we are certain—mind, we are certain—for we have found your mother.”

“My mother,” she murmured, with a strange smile; “what does not that mean to most girls? But to me it means more—for it means my father, too.”

“We know,” said Gilbert, “that he was married; we have his wife’s statement to that effect, the day after they eloped. Yes—one reason why your father wished to keep the marriage secret was, I suppose, because it was a runaway marriage; and why it was runaway I can not tell you. I am going to-day to visit your mother’s grave.”

“My mother’s grave,” she repeated, her dark eyes filling with tears; “where is it, Gilbert? Surely I may go along with you.”

Why should she not? But it was at Bourne-mouth.

“Mrs. Duncombe will come with me,” Alison went on. “I can be ready in half an hour. Let me go with you, Gilbert.”

Her preparations took her less than half an hour, and they had time to talk before they started for the train.

"Are you happier, dear Alison?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes," she said; "at least I feel as if I am going to be happier. My faith has been sorely tried, at times, Gilbert. The sky has been dark, indeed. I have had sometimes to school myself not to think of him as dishonored, and yet I have never been able to think of him as dead. It always seems as if one day—some day—the old familiar step will be heard in the hall, and I shall be in his arms again." Her eyes filled again with the tears that were now so ready to spring.

"And you know, Alison, what this discovery means to me?"

"Hush, Gilbert! I know," she said, with her sweet, grave way. "I know, but I must not think of those things now. I have to restore my father's name, to show my cousins, those who would persuade me to make a compromise, that he was no hypocrite, skulking behind a fair reputation. That is what I must think about for the present—that, and the memory of my unknown mother."

"She is known now," said Gilbert. "Your mother is known; you shall stand beside her grave; you shall see her sister."

"Who is her sister?" asked Alison, with sudden interest. A dead mother whom she could not remember was like some pale and sorrowful shade of the past, to be contemplated with pity, but yet without suffering; but a mother's sister—that was tangible; that was something to bring home to her the reality of a mother. Perhaps, as she was now, so her mother might have been, in the old time. "Who is her sister?" she asked.

"Her name is Miss Rachel Nethersole," said he. "What is the matter, Alison?"

For the girl started to her feet with a cry.

"Rachel Nethersole!" she repeated, "Olivet Lodge? She is the lady who called the night before—it happened—while we were all singing. Do you remember, Gilbert? Ah! no. You would not have noticed it. They brought a card to him, which he dropped when he went out to see her. I picked it up, and gave it to him afterward. Her visit troubled him. He said she revived old and painful memories—they must have been those of his married life and early loss. No wonder he was sad next morning, and strange in his manner."

"Only the night before?" asked Gilbert. "And she has never been here since?"

"Never; but I remember—O Gilbert, how foolish I have been!—that when my father went away he left a manuscript on the table, which

she had given him. I took it, and laid it in my own desk, and I forgot all about it till this moment. Wait! it may tell us all that we want to know."

She ran up stairs, and opened her desk, which was full of the little things accumulated by the girl in her progress through life: photographs of her friends, mementos of the places she had visited, the elementary jewels of her childhood, the silver crosses and little golden locket given her by her father. Lying on the top of all these things there was the manuscript. As she took it out, her finger caught in a string, and drew out with the paper a little red coral necklace. It was the one thing which connected her with babyhood, the one ornament which Mrs. Duncombe had found upon her neck when Mr. Hamblin brought her, a child of two years old, to Brighton. The necklace, too, was old, and some of the beads were broken. It could not have been bought for her, a baby. She carried down stairs both manuscript and coral.

"Here is the manuscript," she said. "It is marked 'Private,' but you may read it. And see—here is the one thing which I have received from my mother. You may take it, to show my aunt—Miss Nethersole."

Gilbert took both and placed them in his pocket.

"If these are secrets," he said, "they shall be safely kept by me. There can be nothing of which your father has cause to be ashamed."

He spoke stoutly, but he had misgivings. What was the meaning of this sudden melancholy, caused by a simple visit from his dead wife's sister? And what were the contents of the paper headed "Private and confidential"?

Whatever they were, he put them away for the present. They could wait. Meanwhile he was going to travel with Alison; to sit beside her for three short hours, to see her for the first time since the day of disaster bright and animated, to find great joy for himself, in the fact that it was himself who had been the messenger of glad tidings. Gilbert was only five-and-twenty or so, he was in love, and since the fatal 4th of January, there had been no passages of love possible, only protestations on the maiden's part that, unless she could bring her lover an unsullied name, she would never come to him at all. These protestations did not present love in its most cheerful and most favorable aspect.

Mrs. Duncombe was good enough to drop off into a comfortable and easy sleep in her own corner. She was a lady who "did" with a good deal of sleep; the rumble of the carriage soothed her; and there was a young man with her young lady to take good care of her.

He did; he took such good care of her that

he held her by the hand the whole way; he never lost sight of her face for a moment, and he had so much to say that long before he came to the end of his confidences the train had left Southampton far behind, and was running through the green glades of the New Forest; past the hoary oaks and stretches of coarse grass where the ponies find a rude and rough pasture; past rural stations planted lonely among the coppice; past the wild hills and barren heaths of Ringwood; past the stately minster of Christ Church, and gliding softly into the station of Bournemouth.

"It has been such a short journey!" said Gilbert, sighing.

Alison laughed happily. It was delicious to hear her laugh again; her spirits had come back to her: away from the old house, so full of sad associations, so troubled with fears, it was possible to remember that one was young, that there was still sunshine in the world, and that one had a lover. Moreover, the cloud which had so long hung over her soul had lifted; her self-abasement and shame were gone, because she had found her mother, even though she found her dead.

She waited at the hotel while Gilbert went to make search for the first thing, the grave of Dora Hamblin. Presently, he came back with a grave, set face, very different from that with which he had looked in her eyes all the way from Waterloo Station.

"I have found it, Alison," he said. "Come, a surprise awaits you!"

She waited with him, trembling. What was the surprise?

Of all seaside cities, watering-places, retreats, hospitals, convalescent-houses, or bathing-places, Bournemouth is the most remarkable. There was once a forest of pines. Somebody made a clearing and built a house, just as if he was in Canada. Then another man made another clearing and built another house, and so on. The pines stand still between the houses, along the roads, in the gardens, on the hills, and round the town. The air is heavy with the breath of the pine. The sea is nothing; you are on the seashore, but there is no fierce sea-breeze, no curling line of waves, no dash of foam and spray. The waters creep lazily along the beach, and on the pier the fragrance of the pines crushes out the smell of the salt sea.

When the settlements were cleared, and the houses built, and rows of shops run up, there arose a great unknown genius who said: "We have slopes, streams, and woods; we have a town planted in a forest by the seaside; let us make a garden in our midst." And they did so; a garden of Eden. Hither come, when the rest of the world is still battling with the east wind and frost, hollow-cheeked young men and droop-

ing maidens to look for the tree of life in that garden, and to breathe those airs. They do not find that tree, but the air revives them for a while, and they linger on a little longer, and have time to lie in the sunshine and see the flowers come again before they die. This is the city of Youth and Death. Every house amid these pines is sacred to the memory of some long agony, some bitter wrench of parting, some ruthless trampling down of hope and joy. From every house has been poured the gloomy pageant of death, with mourners who followed the bier of the widow's only son, the father's cherished daughter.

Then that great genius who laid out the garden said: "They come here to die: let us make death beautiful." And they did so. They built a church upon a hill; they left the pines to stand as cypresses; they ran winding walks and planted flowering shrubs; they put up marble crosses on the graves of the youthful dead; they brought flowers of every season, and all sorts of trees which are sweet and graceful to look upon; they refused to have any rude and vulgar monuments; they would have nothing but white-marble crosses. Some stand in rows all together on an open slope, bounded and sheltered by the whispering pines with saffron-colored cones; some stand each in its own little oblong, surrounded by plants and trees, shaded and guarded for ever. They bear the names of those who lie beneath; they are all of young men and girls: one is twenty-four, one is eighteen, one is twenty. Here and there you find an old man who has stumbled into the graveyard by accident. It jars upon the sense of right; it is a disgrace for him to have lived till seventy; he ought not to be here; he should have been carried five miles away, to the acre where the venerable pile of Christ Church guards the heaped-up dust of thirty generations, and the river runs swiftly below; but not here, not among the weeping girls and sad-faced boys. Let them all rise together, at the end, this army of young martyrs, with never an old man among them, to find with joyful eyes a fuller life than that from which they were so soon snatched away.

Thither Gilbert brought Alison. He said nothing, for, in truth, his own heart was filled with the sadness and beauty of the place. He led her up the slope to the most retired part of the churchyard, where the graves, those of twenty years back, were not so close together, and where each had its generous space, with amplitude of breadth, such as is accorded to abbots and bishops in cathedrals. Quite at the farthest boundary, where the pines are the thickest, surrounded, too, by silver beeches, stripling oaks, and rhododendrons, stood the cross they came to

see; and behind it were the flowers of summer, tended and cared for as if the poor young mother had never been forgotten by her child. There were only the initials "D. H.," with the date of her death and her age.

Alison sank at the foot of the grave, and Gilbert left her there.

It was a solemn moment, the most solemn in her life. To kneel beside that grave was in itself an act of thanksgiving and gratitude. For in it lay not only her mother, but the honor of her father. She thought of him more than of the mother whom she had never seen. Her tears fell for him more than for the young life cut off so early. Was there ever a father so kind, so thoughtful, so untiring in generous and self-denying actions? Was there ever one so entirely to be loved by a daughter? And for four months she had been bearing about with her the bitter thought that perhaps this man—this good, religious, and Christian man—was what she never dared to put to herself in words.

(To be continued.)

"But that was all over now," she said. "No one henceforth would dare to whisper a word against his sacred memory."

And then she sat and tried to realize that, like other girls, she could now speak and think of her own mother lying dead at her feet.

Presently she returned to the hotel, and they passed a quiet, silent evening, walking on the seashore, or the pier, while the summer sun went down in splendor, and in the opal breadths of twilight sky they saw the silver curve of the new moon.

It was no time for love. Alison talked in whispers of her mother; what she was like; why her father had kept silence about her. Gilbert listened. The place was very quiet; in June most of the people have left Bournemouth; they were alone on the pier; there was a weight upon both their hearts, and yet the heart of one, at least, was full of gratitude and joy. But needs must that he who stays in the City of Death feels the solemn presence of Azrael.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

IN Professor Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Religion,"* the best part of the book is its title. This suggests that religion may be treated scientifically, after the same method of induction and classification which has been applied so successfully to the study of language, and which is in use in the physical sciences. Indeed, Müller would associate comparative theology with comparative philology not only in method, but also in material. He finds "the outward framework of the incipient religions of antiquity" in a few words—such as names of the Deity, and in certain spiritual and technical terms—which were substantially the same among all earlier peoples. "If we look at this simple manifestation of religion, we see at once why religion, during those early ages of which we are here speaking, may really and truly be called a sacred dialect of human speech; how, at all events, early religion and early language are most intimately connected, religion depending entirely for its outward expression on the more or less adequate resources of language."† But while finding in words the key to religions, Müller furnishes no terms by which to define or describe

religion. His nearest approach to this is a formula which would cause physicists peremptorily to reject religion from the category of science. "As there is a faculty of speech, independent of all the historical forms of language, so there is a faculty of faith in man independent of all historical religions; . . . that faculty which, independent of, nay, *in spite of sense and reason* (!), enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names, and under varying disguises. . . . In German we can distinguish that third faculty by the name of *Vernunft*, as opposed to *Verstand*, reason, and *Sinne*, sense. In English I know no better name for it than the faculty of faith, though it will have to be guarded by careful definition, in order to confine it to those objects only which can not be supplied either by the evidence of the senses or by the evidence of reason. No simply historical fact can ever fall under the cognizance of faith."*

The phrase we have italicized above would bar the claim of religion to a place among the sciences; for though the physical sciences themselves employ faith as a prelude and guide to discovery, science could never admit an hypothetical belief "in spite of sense and reason." And, on the other hand, the Christian faith does

* "Introduction to the Science of Religion." Four Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By F. Max Müller, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Ibid., p. 153.

* "Introduction to the Science of Religion," pp. 16, 17.

rest throughout upon the "simply historical facts" that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified under Pontius Pilate, was buried, and rose from the dead.

By the "science of religion" Müller intends what is better styled "comparative theology." Now, to theology, as the logical statement and systematic arrangement of the facts and doctrines within its province, the title of a science is commonly conceded; and the comparison of different systems of religious belief and worship, by discovering resemblances in conceptions, in terms, and in usages and forms, and by classifying these systematically under general principles, may create a science—say, if there be not a contradiction in the terms—the science of beliefs. Since the faculty of believing, equally with the faculty of knowing, is a native quality of the human mind, not only must this faculty itself fall within the categories of psychology, but the objects of belief must be capable of being reduced to some form of logical statement and classification. But theology and comparative theology are themselves but outward forms or expressions of the religious idea or sentiment. In religion we have to do with a conception, a feeling, a state of mind, which is common to mankind; and the essence of religion lies at the back of all forms of theology and of worship. What, then, is this universal phenomenon of the human spirit?—this which experience and history testify, through all migrations and mixtures of races, through all fluctuations of social and political institutions, through all systems of philosophy and theology, and through all developments of science and art, is the one transmigratory soul, for ever inspiring human thought, for ever influencing human life?

It is said of Comte that, toward the close of life, he openly confessed that "the human mind could not rest satisfied (*ne peut se passer*) without a belief in independent wills which interfere in the events of the world." Of this concession Comte's biographer says: "Never was there an avowal more fatal to the positive philosophy. If this be true, the human mind is necessarily *theologic*, and it would be as great a folly to contend against that necessity as against all other necessities, physical or organic."* This fatal concession of Comte Littré imputes to the weakness induced by excess of work, "a serious nervous disease," which caused the author of the "Philosophie Positive" to relapse into the subjective method and its theological tendencies. But the influences under which the great positivist admitted the universal necessity of a religious faith

are of minor importance; what here concerns us is that the thing itself is true; that the human mind is "*necessarily* theologic";* that a something within us impels us to religion; that metaphysical analysis lands us at last in the absolute; that the induction of physical facts and the unification of the laws of the universe, through the correlation of forces, leads us to the conception of a supreme cause or power; and that the study of mankind under all conditions forces us to conclude with Spencer, that "religion, everywhere present as a web running through the warp of human history, expresses some eternal fact."† That *fact* is the aim of our inquiry.

Religious questions shift their ground, change their form, vary in interest and importance, according to the temper of the times, the schools of thought, the bent of leaders in church or in state, in politics or in philosophy. The theological, the ecclesiastical, the speculative, the practical phases of religion are by turns predominant or antagonistic. Many a dogma and theory has been exploded, many a form set aside, many a practice abandoned, in the endeavor after that union of knowledge and freedom, of reason and will with faith, which is the ideal of a philosophical religion. But while religious questions have been thus relative and fluctuating, the *question of religion* has suffered no abatement in its moment to the individual man and to the well-being of mankind.

Whether with Lecky we regard religion as "modes of emotion," in distinction from theology, which consists of "intellectual propositions";‡ or, with Kant, hold that "religion, subjectively considered, is the recognition of all our duties as divine commands";§ whether, with Comte, we "refer the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real—the human race conceived as one great being";|| or, with Herbert Spencer, we find the root of religion in "the mystery of an inscrutable Power in the universe";¶ whether, with Mill, we rest in a dry formula of "the infinite nature of duty";** or share with Schleiermacher "the immediate feeling of the dependence of

* The late Professor Trendelenburg, of Berlin, once said to the writer, "I believe in logic as strongly as did Hegel, but I believe also in *theo*-logic."

† Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," p. 20, chapter i., "Religion and Science."

‡ "Rationalism in Europe," vol. i., p. 356.

§ "Der philosophischen Religionslehre," viertes Stück, erster Theil.

|| "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte," p. 121. By John Stuart Mill. With Comte *le grand être* is always *l'humanité*.

¶ "First Principles," chapter ii., "Ultimate Religious Ideas."

** John Stuart Mill, "Essay on Comte"

* "Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive." Par E. Littré, p. 578. Troisième partie, chapter vi.

man upon God";*—under all modes of statement, of expression, and even of negation, behind all objects of adoration, personal and impersonal, humanity, nature, God, there lies the reality of religion—an inalienable, indestructible, irrepres-
sible *something* in the constitution of man, testified to by the finer instincts of the soul, by its sense of duty, its aspirations after virtue, its yearnings toward the invisible, and confirmed by man's experiences of nature and by the course of human history. It is this something in man that we are seeking to analyze and define: What is Religion? This question is broader than any question of natural science or of theology; broader than the question of adjusting theology with natural science; broader than the stream of human history, with all the collective interests of society, government, letters, art; broader than the measure of the earth and of the peoples that inhabit it; more vital and imperative than any question of reform in church or in state, or of progress in knowledge and in society; it is the question of every race and of every time, from the savage with his fetish to the Platonist with his ideas, and the positivist with his laws; a question new to each man and binding upon every man—the question of his own being,† its origin, its relations, its obligations, its possibilities, its destiny: "What can I *know*? What *ought* I to do? What may I *hope*?"‡

As in defining science we should be careful to eliminate from the definition all theoretical prepossession—all that the Germans style *Tendenz*—so, in seeking to define religion, we should divest ourselves of every theological bias, and in the very spirit of science search for the primary facts in this phenomenon of human consciousness. We should especially guard against a devout tendency to forestall the inquiry by assuming that this or that religion is the true religion; and

should accept only that as truth which gives the *reality of things*. In every sphere of investigation truth is the sole demand of an honest mind; in physical science, the facts of Nature and the true explication of her phenomena; in the science of mind, the facts of consciousness, the laws of a true psychology, and also what logic may determine to be true in the region of ultimate ideas and of the absolute; in the sphere of ethics, the true ground of virtue, the true science of rights, and the ultimate source of moral obligation; in history, not only truth in the record of events, but the true philosophy of human society; in theology, truth as seen in nature, felt in consciousness, or revealed by God. It is truth that Helmholtz is in quest of in his laboratory and Darwin in his cabinet; it is truth that Lepsius would decipher from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and Broca from the remains of prehistoric man; it is truth that Sir William Hamilton and his critic Mill have sought with equal honesty in the study of the human intellect and of the unconditioned; it is truth that Huxley seeks in the hints of biology and Spencer in ultimate ideas; from Plato to Schleiermacher, his translator and expounder, truth has been the ideal in the world of thought; from Aristotle to Humboldt, his royal successor in the priesthood of nature, truth has been the objective in the world of fact; above all sects in Christianity, above all schools in theology, truth is confessed as the standard and authority. Truth is the pole of every explorer, around which he hopes to find an open sea, and either safe anchorage or a sure outlet into the infinite. And what if science at last shall discover that the star that must guide to that pole is religion, which there sits enthroned above all night, unchanged by all the revolutions of the world? What, then, is this constant fact of human experience? In the name of truth we ask, *What is Religion?*

It should be easy to define a term which the Romanic and Teutonic peoples have alike appropriated from the Latin for the same thing; or to describe the thing itself, which exists almost universally in the experiences and usages of mankind. Yet the conception of religion varies according as the term is taken etymologically, popularly, or scientifically. Cicero has given the etymology of the word *religio* with a precision that has the air of authority:

They who diligently and repeatedly review, and as it were rehearse again and again everything that pertains to the worship of the gods, are called religious, from *religendo* [going over again in reading or in thought]; as the elegant from *eligendo* [choosing with care, picking out]; the diligent from *diligendo* [attending carefully to what we value]; the intelligent from *intelligendo* [understanding persons and

* "Reden über die Religion." In the same discourse Schleiermacher says: "Religion is neither a special mode of thought nor a special mode of deportment; it is neither knowledge nor action; it is *feeling*."

† John Stuart Mill says in his autobiography, "I was brought up from the first without any religious belief, in the ordinary acceptance of the term." Yet we find Mill feeling his way toward "an ideal conception of a perfect Being," as the guide of conscience; we find him arguing "the beneficial effect" of a hope in God and in immortality, in that "it makes life and human nature a far greater thing to the feelings"; and at last rendering a sublime homage to the character and teachings of Christ. Then, with a pathetic weakness, which in a Bushman he would have smiled at as superstition, this great philosopher, after the death of his wife, records: "In order to feel her still near me, I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried. . . . Her memory is to me a *religion*."

‡ Kant, "Kritik der reinen Vernunft": "Der Kanon der reinen Vernunft," zweiter Abschnitt.

things]. In all these words the derivation of meaning is analogous to the word religious.*

Lactantius,† however, derives *religio* from *religare*, to bind back or fast. This meaning is retained in the French *religieux*, which denotes a person who is bound by vows to a life of sanctity. Critics are pretty evenly divided between these two derivations. Under the first, religion is a voluntary act, either mental or outward, though inspired no doubt by a sense of obligation; under the second, religion is the sense of obligation, which finds expression in pious feelings and in acts of devotion. In Cicero's meaning, religion corresponds nearly to the German *Andacht*, "the careful pondering of divine things,"‡ which Kant so beautifully describes as "the tuning of the soul to a susceptibility to divinely given impressions."§ But apart from his etymology of the word *religio*, Cicero uses the term in a gradation with "piety" and "sanctity," which requires for "religion" the sense of moral obligation:

Pietas is a sincere loyal disposition toward those with whom one stands in near relations—relatives, colleagues, superiors, and especially toward the gods as rulers and benefactors. *Sanctitas* is an irreproachable, faultless carriage toward the gods. But *religio* is the recognition of the obligation by which one feels himself bound. ||

With the Greeks, religion, though perhaps more assiduously practiced than among the Romans, was less rigidly defined. Their *θρησκεία* was religious worship and usages rather than the essence of religion in spirit and motive; *εὐσεβεία* was the *pietas* of the Latins, reverence for parents, elders, superiors, authorities, gratitude toward benefactors, though Plato uses this term to describe a reverent devotion toward the gods, and bids us "exhort all men to piety, that we may avoid the evil and obtain the good."¶ Mommsen goes so far as to say that "the Roman designation of faith, *religio*—that is to say, that which binds—was in word and in idea alike foreign to the Hellenes."** Perhaps that "ideal-

izing sense, which knew how to breathe a higher life even into inert stone," refused to be confined within the bonds of duty.

What religion was among the Greeks in respect of worship, beliefs, rites, and customs, it is easy to learn from their poets and philosophers, their temples and statues. The presence and agency of the gods were universally recognized in nature and in human affairs; through the Amphictyons, religious union became the basis of political confederation; behind the symbols of faith and the objects of worship lay an inner spiritual devotion to higher spiritual powers; above the circle of the gods was a supreme unifying principle, rule, or fate; man, as the head of the physical creation, was divinized, and the divinity was humanity idealized. The religion of the Greeks was anthropomorphic, even to reproducing the baser passions of men in the persons of the gods. But all this helps little toward a conception of religion in respect of ground or motive; and in the absence of an infallible hierarchy, a dogmatic revelation, and even of systematic treatises on theology, it is not possible to reduce to a simple definition the Greek conception of religion in itself. This is remarkable if one considers how early the Greek mind showed its bent toward synthesis and speculation; how the Greek poetry is pervaded with the presence of divinity, and Greek philosophy with the ethical sense; and with what a free and unclouded spirit the Greek religion contemplated the relations of the gods with men. Perhaps the very natural and human way in which the lives and doings of the gods were conceived of, and the childlike simplicity with which the gods were honored and served, rendered a definition of religion as difficult and as superfluous as a description of light and air. "The most godly man was he who cultivated in the most thorough manner his human powers, and the essential fulfillment of religious duty lay in this, that every man should do to the honor of the divinity what was most in harmony with his own nature."*

Then there was the *δαίμων*, or tutelary deity, a connecting link between gods and men, which might be a celestial attraction toward the good or a fatalistic impulse toward the evil, in either case modifying that freedom of choice which gives to actions their moral quality. And yet, by faith in his attending genius, how gradually did Socrates struggle after the pure and just, the beautiful and good! No reader of the "Phaedo" can fail to feel how deep and vital is the religious spirit that here endeavors to give a dialectic form to the conceptions of God, the soul, right, duty, immortality; and yet the highest morality and the high-

* Zeller, "Die Philosophie der Griechen," erster Theil, vierte Auflage, Einleitung, p. 42.

* "Qui autem omnia, quæ ad cultum deorum pertinent, diligenter retractant et tanquam relegent, sunt dicti religiosi ex *religendo*, ut elegantes ex *eligendo*, itemque ex *diligendo* diligentes, ex *intelligendo* intelligentes. His enim in verbis omnibus inest vis legendi eadem quæ in religioso."—"De Natura Deorum," lib. ii., cap. 28.

† Lactant., iv., 28.

‡ See Andrew's Freund's *Lexicon*, art. *Religio*.

§ Kant, c. 353.

|| Schömann, "De Natura Deorum," lib. i., cap. 2, 3. See also Cicero's own definitions, lib. i., cap. 41: "Est enim pietas *justitia adversum deos*: sanctitas autem est *scientia colendorum deorum*."

¶ "Symposium," 193.

** Mommsen's "History of Rome," book i., chapter ii. Dickson's translation.

est philosophy combined in the subject and the framer of this most perfect of the Platonic dialogues, have failed to direct us to the origin and nature of the faith which it fundamentally implies. For the mythology of Greece there is a rich vocabulary; for its religion, none.

Turning from the greatest sage of Greece to the older sage of China, we find in the dialogues or analects of Confucius a system of social and political ethics pervaded with the religious spirit, but which gives no distinct conception of the nature or the source of religion itself. Customs, ceremonies, proprieties, filial piety, the worship of the spirits of ancestors and of sages, as also of the spirits of the land and of places, these all are enjoined, though in a somewhat formal, perfunctory way, and with no express statement of the principle or the authority upon which their obligation rests. Virtue and righteousness in the outer life are prescribed with a sententious wisdom, but the ultimate law of righteousness, whether in nature, in reason, or in God, is nowhere clearly enunciated.

Admirable, indeed, were some of the rules given by Confucius for the conduct of life: "To subdue one's self and return to propriety is perfect virtue"; "Benevolence is to love *all* men"; "We should be true to the principles of our nature, and the benevolent exercise of them to others"; "Let the will be set on the path of duty"; "Let every attainment in what is good be firmly grasped"; "Let relaxation and enjoyment be found in the polite arts"; "Let every man consider virtue as what devolves on himself. He may not yield the performance of it even to his teacher"; "The man who, when gain is set before him, thinks of righteousness, who, with danger before him, is prepared to give up his life, and who does not forget an old agreement, however far back it extends, such a man may be reckoned a *complete* man"; "Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue." When, however, he was asked to define virtue, Confucius described it under certain manifestations, without pointing to its inward essence: "To be able to practice five things everywhere under heaven constitutes perfect virtue—to wit, gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness." Again, he seemed to resolve virtue back into obedience to knowledge:

The ancients who wished to exemplify illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first recti-

fied their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.

It is a special honor of Confucius that he applied his teachings to the benefit of mankind at large, and had no esoteric doctrines: "The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others: wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others." And it is certain that this remarkable sage did anticipate the "Golden Rule" of Christianity, at least upon its negative side: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." A favorite disciple asked, "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" Confucius answered: "Is not *reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." When, however, we seek for the ultimate principles upon which Confucius founded such lofty precepts of morality, we find a certain vagueness and reserve quite in contrast with the clearness and force of the precepts themselves. Though after his death Confucius was worshiped by his disciples with divine honors, and though he remains to this day a chief object of religious homage to the Chinese nation, he never claimed divinity, and hardly assumed a divine commission and warrant for his teachings. Once, when his life was threatened, he said: "Was not the cause of truth lodged here in me? If Heaven had wished to let this cause of truth perish, then I should not have got such a relation to that cause. While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish, what can the people of K'wang do to me?" Yet he spoke of himself with humility, as the compiler of the wisdom of the ancients, and not an originator of wisdom or the author of a system.

That all which Confucius said and did was prompted by a religious sentiment is the impression one receives from an impartial reading of his works. "Man," said he, "has received his nature from *Heaven*. Conduct in accordance with that nature constitutes what is right and true—is a pursuing of the proper path. . . . The path may not for an instant be left. . . . There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute, and therefore the superior man is watchful over his *aloneness*." This seems to carry the distinction of right and wrong behind actions to the innermost thoughts and feelings, and to find in conscience "the eye of the mind" implanted by Heaven. It is held by some commentators on Confucius that he had no conception of a per-

sonal God, but used the term Heaven impersonally, to denote the pantheistic principle in the universe; but Professor Legge,* whose careful translation and commentary we have followed in the foregoing citations, is of opinion that the term Heaven is fitly explained by "the lofty one who is on high." There seems to be internal evidence of this in the saying of Confucius, "He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray." The idea of offense, of prayer, and of such alienation by offense that prayer can no longer avail, implies the recognition of a personal being, and the term Heaven is but a reverential veil for the name of God. Upon the whole, we may gather from Confucius that religion is an inner sense of rightness or fitness implanted in man by his Creator, and which prompts to reverence toward God and the spirits of sages and of ancestors, to virtue in the conduct of life, and to justice and kindness toward others.

Pursuing our analysis of the religious idea to a still more remote antiquity, we pass from China to India, from the preceptive philosophy of Confucius to the mythological poetry of the Vedas.† In Greece were divinities and a worship, but neither sacred books nor a hierarchy; in China, sacred books of morality, and a hierarchy of sages, but in the more ancient times, little of organized worship or of priestly functions; in India, however, as far back as we can trace her records, institutions, traditions, we find sacred writings, a sacred order,‡ and sacred observances, public and domestic: religion the very warp and woof of her literature and history. To a superficial view, the religion of the Vedas might seem a mass of fables worthy of the childhood of the race—the crude polytheism of primitive tribes. But in reality this was preëminently the religion of thought—the spiritual nature of man tasking itself with speculations upon the origin of things, and using this visible material universe to personify the spiritual and unseen. Behind the multifarious array of gods and goddesses, and the sensuous, sometimes grossly material, conceptions under which these are presented, there is a subtle spiritual essence which is "the ONE," supreme, infinite, eternal, absolute:

There was then neither non-entity nor entity;
there was no atmosphere, nor the sky which is above.

* "The Life and Teachings of Confucius." By James Legge, D. D.

† Socrates died B. C. 399; Confucius died B. C. 478. The hymns of the Rig Veda are the most ancient remains of Indian literature. No authority in Sanskrit assigns to these a date more recent than B. C. 1000, while some scholars carry them back to a period between B. C. 2000 and 2400.

‡ It is uncertain how old is the origin of four castes, but the priestly office is of great antiquity.

... Death was not then, nor immortality; there was no distinction of day or night. That One breathed calmly, self-supported; there was nothing different from It [that One] or above It.*

This abstract, self-sustained essence is afterward described as Mind. "Desire first arose in It, which was the primal germ of mind; [and which] sages, searching with their intellect, discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects entity with non-entity."

All the attributes of this mysterious impersonal One are ascribed in different hymns to different divinities, which again are clothed with material forms, and are subject to the incidents and the passions of human life. Thus "Purusha himself is this *whole* [universe], whatever has been, and whatever shall be. He is also the lord of immortality. . . . This universe was formerly *soul* only, in the form of Purusha."† Yet Purusha was born, and was immolated in sacrifice. Again, "This entire [universe] has been created by Brahma." And yet "Brahma the eternal, unchanging, and undecaying, was produced from the ether."‡ These discrepancies are perhaps best harmonized by the supposition that each divinity who is invested with supreme attributes is but another expression for that One who is himself unnameable; or all the several divinities are but members of one soul, attributes or manifestations of the eternal, invisible essence. Whether the Vedic hymns mark an upward tendency of the religious feeling from naturism to theism, and from polytheism to monotheism, or whether their symbolism, like the adornments of a cathedral, used at first to body forth the super-sensible, had come to supplant spiritual worship by a species of idolatry, can hardly be determined from the internal evidence of the books or from contemporary monuments or traditions. Rather the subjective and the objective seem here to be combined, to a degree which transcends the union of the subtleties of the schoolmen, with the sensuous worship of images in the middle ages. In the Vedic religion there is scope for every faculty of the human mind—the dialectic, the speculative, the imaginative, the contemplative, the observative—and these all struggle together to give expression to the theme which comprehends all thought, all being, all space, all duration:

"There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere."§

* "Hymns of the Rig Veda," x., 129. Translated by Muir. "Original Sanskrit Texts," vol. v., p. 356.

† Muir, "Sanskrit Texts," vol. i., pp. 9, 25.

‡ Ibid., vol. i., pp. 17, 115.

§ R. W. Emerson.

Hardly a theory of physics, hardly a speculation of metaphysics, concerning the origin of things—force, motion, heat, evolution, light, spirit—but is anticipated in the Rig Veda. There nature is etherealized and spirit materialized. "The intellectual and the sensible, the ethical and the naturalistic, are there conjoined in the most inartificial and also inseparable way, as kernel and shell in the yet unripe fruit grow indissolubly together." * Nature and soul are one. The powers of nature personified, and by turns invested with all the attributes of Deity, or the universal soul manifesting itself in the phenomena of nature, especially in light—the dawn, the sun, the sky—all-pervading, all-renewing, all-beneficent, these worshiped with hymns, prayers, oblations, represent the religion of India in the oldest and purest of the Vedas.

In reading these hymns of more than thirty centuries ago, one is puzzled by the frequent mixture in the same verse of seeming puerility with real profundity. Where we find such metaphysical acumen and such poetic sublimity as often occur in the Rig Veda, it is fair to presume that connected passages, which a literal translation makes meaningless or childish, had a higher meaning, which is veiled from us by some symbol or mystery of language. Yet this very commingling of metaphysical acumen and poetic fervor with a certain childish credulity, which characterizes the Rig Veda, is found also in the Hindoos of to-day. Indeed, as these qualities are combined rather than contrasted in those early hymns, do they not show how human nature, at all points, was open to the influence of religion—the philosophic thought, the poetic fancy, equally with the childlike faith? And if at length materialism shall establish its atomic theory of the universe, this vaunted outcome of *physical* science could but reaffirm an old *metaphysical* theory of the Indian mind—the development of the universe from motion and heat, "impregnating powers and mighty forces, a self-supporting principle beneath, and energy aloft." † If physical science would make God "the sum of all the forces of the universe," the Vedic religion made of Nature "a metaphysical deity."

Recent researches in Babylon have brought to light evidences of a religion there remarkable for simplicity and purity—teaching the unity of God and doctrines concerning sin, forgiveness, and the resurrection of the body, with singular analogies on some points to the Hebrew Scriptures. ‡ But, as there is still some controversy among Assyrian scholars concerning the prox-

imate date of these memorials and their inscriptions, we simply bring them into notice here, and pass to a single additional example.

Older than the oldest of the Vedas, and with the possible exception just mentioned, the most ancient landmark between the prehistoric chaos and the recorded course of the world's history is the religion of Egypt, as read in her temples and monuments, and especially in the "Book of the Dead." If in the liturgy of Egypt, as in that of India, we find a mingling of the puerile and grotesque with the thoughtful and sublime, there is, on the whole, in the faith of Egypt more of mystery, and in her worship more of majesty. In Egypt, as in India, we find in the religious odes a frequent interblending of subjective and objective, of metaphysical conceptions rising to pure monotheism and nature-worship, taking upon them much sooner than in India the symbolic form of idolatry. At the same time, we are left in suspense as to the order of manifestation—whether polytheistic forms sprang from a monotheistic root,* or from the broad base of nature-worship religion rose like a pyramid tapering upward to a single point. But the Egyptian, whether he worshiped the sun as god or as a manifestation of the Deity, whether he worshiped Osiris as the vivifying, fructifying potency in nature, or as a type of the ever-living, ever-progressing soul, did certainly conceive of a supreme divinity, self-originated, invisible, incorruptible, imperishable, the creator and lord of all. The worship was elaborate and imposing, and the priesthood almost absolute over domestic life, and even in affairs of state. "The Egyptians," said Herodotus, "are religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men." But that faith can hardly be called a superstition which projected itself beyond the world and time into the regions of spiritual life, and drew thence motives to the noblest conduct of this life—to justice, honesty, temperance, chastity, truth, reverence, piety, kindness, and beneficence.

It seems a complete collapse to pass from the high plane of religious thought and worship in Egypt and in Ethiopia to the fetichism of inner Africa. Yet even in fetichism is found a belief in supernatural power, in fate and mystery, in the spirits of the dead, and in other spirits of good and evil; and in all this the groundwork of a spiritual faith. In attributing to a doll the speech and passions of a human being, the child makes this thing of wax or wood a reflection of the personality which is just developing in its own consciousness; it projects the spiritual beyond its inner self, to be mated with some other

* Professor O. Pfeiderer, "Die Religion, ihr Wesen und ihr Geschichte," vol. ii., p. 82.

† Rig Veda, x., 129.

‡ Sayce's "Lectures on Babylonian Literature."

* Bunsen held that "all polytheism is based on monotheism."—"Egypt's Place in Universal History," book v., part i., sec. 2, C.

spirit which it feels *must* be. And so, in the infancy of the race, man makes the stone, the block, the material thing that pleases him or does him harm, a spirit to be conversed with, to be propitiated, or to be shunned. The spirit within him, felt though unseen, reaches forth after the spiritual without, which is felt though it can not be seen.

Whether belief in a personal God is so general that it may be regarded as native, or at least normal, to the human mind, it does not fall within our present scope to consider. Neither is this the place for a general review of comparative mythology. Our sole aim in analyzing the religions of different races and different periods has been to get at a conception of religion itself at once so fundamental and so comprehensive that, in defining this, we shall fix the place of the religious idea or sentiment in the system of philosophic thought distinct from forms of worship and dogmas of theology. Thus far it is evident that religion is reverence or homage to an object external to the worshiper, which is looked upon as superior in nature, in character, or in power. That this object should be conceived of as a personal being, or as one only God, is not essential; but religion does require an *object* of faith or worship, a something exterior to the man which he looks upon with a sentiment of admiration, of loyalty, or of awe, which leads him to acts of homage. The virtue which proceeds solely from one's inward impulses, or from self-regulation, with no reference in thought or feeling to any external source or motive of obligation, is morality or goodness, but not piety or religion. But, on the other hand, the lowest form of fetishism, having an object of worship, is called a religion; and, on the other hand, usage allows the term religion to the homage to an ideal, such as nature or humanity in the abstract; since such an ideal as the commanding motive or power over the soul is to all intents personified or deified as the object of worship. This application of the term—perhaps a little overstrained—Mr. Mill has pointed out in the case of Comte, and also of his own father. Speaking of Comte's homage to collective humanity as the "*grand être*," Mill says: "It may not be consonant to usage to call this a religion; but the term, so applied, has a meaning, and one which is not adequately expressed by any other word. Candid persons of all creeds may be willing to admit that, if a person has an ideal object, his attachment and sense of duty toward which are able to control and discipline all his other sentiments and propensities, and prescribe to him a rule of life, that person has a religion." He then argues that, in the majesty of his idea of humanity as the object of reverence and love, and in his golden rule of

denying self to live for others—"vivre pour autrui"—Comte "had realized the essential conditions of a religion."* And in describing his father's character and opinions, Mr. Mill contends that many whose belief is far short of deism may be "truly religious," since "they have that which constitutes the principal worth of all religions whatever, an ideal conception of a perfect being, to which they habitually refer as the guide of their conscience."† This ideal, though existing purely in thought, is nevertheless projected before the mind as a reality; and the bare conception of such an existence creates an obligation to conform to this as the standard of life. Hence there enter into religion three elements or conditions more or less pronounced—Nature, Man, or God; and the precedence of one or the other of these elements, in the proportion in which they are combined, gives to different religions their distinguishing characteristics. The first of these elements is Nature. Now this term is so used by materialists as to exclude from the categories of science every form of the religious idea; hence a strict definition of nature must precede and prepare our definition of religion.

Going back to the Greek conception of nature, we find τὸ φυσικόν sharply distinguished from τὸ ἠθικόν and τὸ λογικόν.

In his *Metaphysics*, Aristotle gives a definition of φύσις, or nature, which separates it equally from the sphere of mathematical speculations and from that of spiritual powers:

Physics are concerned with things that have a principle of motion in themselves; mathematics speculate on permanent but not transcendental and self-existent things; and there is another science separate from these two, which treats of that which is immutable and transcendental, if indeed there exists such a substance, as we shall endeavor to show that there does. This transcendental and permanent substance, if it exists at all, must surely be the sphere of the divine, it must be the first and highest principle. Hence it follows that there are three kinds of speculative science—physics, mathematics, and theology.‡

When he comes to speak of nature more specifically, in his lectures on physics, Aristotle gives this twofold definition: "Nature may be said in one way to be the simplest and most deeplying substratum of matter in things possessing their own principle of motion and change; in another way, it may be called the form and law of

* "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte." By John Stuart Mill, pp. 121-124. Also "Westminster Review," April, 1861.

† "Autobiography," book xli.

‡ "Metaphysics," x, vii, 7.

such things."* And so Bacon, in the second book of the "Novum Organum," in the first aphorism, speaks of *forma* as *natura naturans*, and in the thirteenth aphorism as *ipsissima res*.

Passing over from the Greeks to the Latins, we find the equivalent of *φύσις* in *natura*, from *nascor*, which the German accurately renders by *geboren werden*—not simply born or coming into being, but both origin and genesis. Hence *natura* denotes not only result, but on-going process, that orderly becoming which comprehends both that which is produced and also the producing agent. In the individual, nature denotes the constitution or the quality of a thing as produced; and, when conceived of collectively or in continuity, nature is the order or course of things, as being and "about-to-be."

Curiously enough, Lucretius, in his poetical disquisition on "The Nature of Things," has omitted to give a strict definition of nature. Cicero, however, in discoursing of "The Nature of the Gods," gives these notions of the term :

Some think that nature is a certain irrational power, exciting in bodies the necessary motions; others, that it is an intelligent power, acting by order and method, designing some end in every cause, and always aiming at that end. . . . And some again, as Epicurus, apply the word nature to everything. †

Cicero himself personifies nature, using this as an equivalent for the gods, and speaking of nature as an artificer and an intelligence.

Nevertheless, in strict usage, nature stands in contrast to both spirit and art. Etymologically, as we have seen, the *natura* is generation, but in the double sense of that which is born and that which is in course of parturition—the thing or event which is and is continually becoming; *Werden* and *Dasein* in perpetual flux and reflux. Hence nature comes to mean the constitution of the world and the universe and the course of things. In German philosophy the term *Natur* is chiefly used to denote the world of matter in contrast to the world of spirit or intelligence. How, then, do we form our conception of nature? In strict contemplation of philosophy, nature is that established constitution and course of things the knowledge of which we gain by observation or experience, and by induction; whereas that which we know by intuition, or establish by logic, or which the imagination conceives, lies within another category. Observing certain phenomena in regular sequence, we learn by experience to depend upon their relations, and to look for their repetition; and thus we ascertain, for example, that it is the *nature* of fire to burn, and the *na-*

ture of water to expand with heat and to freeze with cold. Extending the range of such observations and inductions, we find an established course or order of things in general, and this we term nature. But that which makes the observation, records the experience, classifies the induction, call this what we may—whether a spiritual entity or the functional activity of the brain—though it may have a nature of its own, is not included within that nature of whose phenomena it thus takes cognizance. From a higher plane of vision the observer might perhaps be comprehended within the scope of nature; but to him nature is confined within the periphery of *things*, from which he, at least *quoad hoc*, is distinguished as a person. Hence in worshipping nature, whether as a whole or in detail, the worshiper sets before him, either in visible form or as a conception, an *object* separate from himself, to which he renders his homage and devout regard. In nature-worship religion takes its hue from the phases of physical phenomena as these are reflected in the phases of the mind. Sometimes it is the propitiation of terrible and hurtful elements; again it is the worship of sensuous beauty;* and, with a more advanced culture, it becomes the homage of reason to material laws, and of the imagination to the divinity immanent in the universe as a soul; now its prevailing sentiment is an awe of phenomena which suggest mysterious and destructive forces; and, again, this feeling of reverence is modulated in art and worship to a delight in whatever ministers to taste, beauty, love, as being either a divinity or some divine attribute or gift. In a word, the extremes of superstition and naturalism meet in nature as the central object of the religious idea. Religion is, then, either the worship of objects and forces in the material world as themselves divinities, or the symbols of divinities; or it is a rationalistic atheism, which makes nature, or the universe in its totality, the only power above man; or, again, it is a sentimental, poetic personification of the grand and beautiful in the physical universe; or, it may be, a subtle pantheism, which denies to its divinity personality and independence, and holds the unconscious world-principle bound within the visible universe, as the life-principle is imprisoned within bodily forms. Thus nature-religion, starting from fetichism, runs at last into sheer *neuterism*, the favorite form of modern pantheism—"modern" in a certain freshness of assertion by recent schools of philosophy, but not modern as a theory of the universe, since Pliny held that the world and the heaven, or universal ether, which embraces all

* "Nat. Aux.," II., i., 8. See Sir Alexander Grant's "Ethics of Aristotle," essay iv.

† Cicero, "De Deorum Natura," ii., xxxii.

* "The Homeric gods spoil no man's full enjoyment of the desires of his senses."—Curtius, "History of Greece," book i., 64.

things in its vast circumference, may be regarded as itself a deity, immense, eternal, never made, and never to perish; and the Stoics declared that "God is the world, and the world is God; God is all matter and all mind."

Where man is made the chief factor in the world-scheme, the type of religion is *Humanism*, whether as hero-worship or a divinized selfhood. To that spiritual worship of the invisible and unknown God which the Hellenic races shared with other branches of the Aryan family, and to the individualizing of divine attributes and powers as themselves separate and local divinities, the Greeks added myths of heroes whom they first revered as nearer to the gods in gifts and powers, and afterward worshiped with divine honors. These heroes personified successive acts and periods in the development of man above nature;* and yet the deified humanity of the Greeks was still, in some sort, under bondage to nature through the doctrine of *fate*, or through that dread of mysterious and destructive forces which overhangs the religions of paganism.

By conquering this dread of nature, modern science has ministered to a yet bolder man-worship. A supreme selfhood, an intensified egotism, characterizes much of the rationalism of our time. Humanity and reason alone are divine, and worship is homage to human nature. "Ineffable," says Emerson, "is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God." The highest theology of this school is man *divinized*.

Such are the results of an exaggeration either of nature or of man, as terms in the scheme of religion. But there is also a conception of God which relegates him to the sphere of the past or the unknown, as an abstraction or a fate not personally cognizant of human affairs, not providentially acting in them—a deism which postulates nothing concerning the Deity but the infinite and the absolute, and ends with making of God an infinite and absolute nothing. "God is a name for our ignorance." For God is nothing to a man as a conception unless he is conceived of as an objective, substantive reality, possessing personality, will, holiness, and authority; and God is nothing to us as the cause of nature unless he is the author of nature in a sense which distinguishes him from nature, and sets him above nature as the intelligent and controlling cause of all things.

Yet this view may be so exaggerated upon the other side, that God becomes the *Deus ex*

machinâ; and the miracle or the intervention is ever at hand to supply any defect of observation or of logic upon the facts of nature. And so, paradoxical as it may seem, religion may be falsified by introducing into it too much of God! It is through this tendency to use the name of God as a dogmatic formula, and to resort to the supernatural as an expedient for solving all mysteries in nature, that some theologians have brought religion into a seeming contradiction of science.

But our analysis has shown that under all forms of conception and representation the religious idea is constantly the same. *Religion is an inner sense of obligation in man to an external object of a nature different from his own, which is regarded as superior in nature, position, or power; which obligation prompts to acts of reverence, devotion, or obedience, with a view to please or to placate its object.* Recalling our definition of science, we see how readily religion falls within these limits—the systematic summation of all the knowledges pertaining to a given subject-matter, and the formulating of these in abstract general conceptions. Physical science purports to concern itself exclusively with things; but, in reality, science is not concerned directly with things, but with our *thoughts* of things. Professor Jevons has shown that "scientific method must begin and end with the laws of thought," and we can not better conclude this reference of religion to the categories of science than by quoting the words with which Jevons concludes the second edition of his "Principles of Science":*

Among the most unquestionable rules of scientific method is that first law that *whatever phenomenon is, is*. We must ignore no existence whatever; we may variously interpret or explain its meaning and origin, but, if a phenomenon does exist, it demands some kind of explanation. If, then, there is to be competition for scientific recognition, the world without us must yield to the undoubted existence of the spirit within. Our own hopes and wishes and determinations are the most undoubted phenomena within the sphere of consciousness. If men do act, feel, and live as if they were not merely the brief products of a casual conjunction of atoms, but the instruments of a far-searching purpose, are we to record all other phenomena and pass over these? We investigate the instincts of the ant and the bee and the beaver, and discover that they are led by an inscrutable agency to work toward a distant purpose. Let us be faithful to our scientific method, and investigate also those instincts of the human mind by which man is led to work as if the approval of a Higher Being were the aim of life.

J. P. THOMPSON (*British Quarterly Review*).

* Thus Heracles, Cadmus, the Argonauts, Danaus, etc. This point is well treated by Curtius, "History of Greece," I., 2.

* "A Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method." By W. Stanley Jevons. 1877.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS.*

OF all the biographies of men eminent in literature, Mr. John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" was one of the least satisfactory. The hand which had interpreted Goldsmith with such amplitude of knowledge, such sympathetic appreciation, and such delicacy of insight, seemed to have lost its cunning when it came to portray the life-long friend whose fame was in a sense committed to its care; and it is a curious but undeniable fact that the popular estimate of Dickens was distinctly lowered by a work, every line of which was inspired by an almost infatuated admiration for him. The explanation of this apparent paradox is that Mr. Forster, himself a vain, self-sufficient, and egotistic man, was attracted by these qualities in his associates—regarded them as the special insignia of genius, in fact—and when he came to delineate Dickens, who possessed on his own account no stinted share of self-esteem, concentrated his attention upon these to the exclusion of other equally marked and significant qualities. As portrayed by him, Dickens was vain, fussy, self-conscious, theatrical, always on parade, always churning his feelings in order to bring bubbles to the surface, always asking himself the question, How am I to dazzle the eyes of the cockneys, and draw tears from a too sentimental public? This unfortunate impression was largely due, as the "Saturday Review" pointed out at the time, to Mr. Forster's view-point and method of treatment. "The real man Dickens," said the reviewer, "appears to elude us. We see him, as it were, talking to a literary friend in a publisher's anteroom, not as he was in domestic life, or in his own privacy. We are introduced exclusively to that side of his character which he showed to the judicious adviser in his various enterprises, and it is only by glimpses that we see anything deeper. It is Mr. Forster's fault if we are left in doubt whether there was really something stronger and nobler behind, or whether the brilliant, sensitive, excitable outside was really the whole man."

Fortunately for Dickens and for the public, there were in existence ample materials for repairing the deficiencies and correcting the mistakes of Mr. Forster's work; and these materials could hardly have been used to greater advantage than in the "Letters of Charles Dickens,"

which his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter have brought together in two stout volumes. The compilers modestly describe their collection as a supplement to Mr. Forster's biography, which they consider to be "only incomplete as regards correspondence"; but it is in reality of much greater value than this would imply, for it not only contains in itself a fairly complete record of the great author's life, but enables us to approach his character from a quite different side. If the alternative were placed before the reader of discarding either Mr. Forster's biography or this correspondence, we should feel no hesitation in advising him to retain the correspondence, as presenting on the whole a fairer, more adequate, more trustworthy, and more pleasing picture of Dickens's character and life.

The letters are arranged in their chronological order, with just so much of narrative and explanation as are absolutely necessary to link them together and render them intelligible, and no more. The compilers are evidently ill at ease with the pen, and have purposely made their commentary as short as possible—"our great desire being to give to the public another book from Charles Dickens's own hands—as it were, a portrait of himself by himself." Their request for the loan of letters was so copiously responded to that they were provided with abundant material for their work, without drawing largely upon their own independent recollections; and the correspondence forms a nearly complete autobiography from the beginning of Dickens's literary life in 1833 to the day before his death in 1870.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the "Letters" is that a man who wrote so much otherwise—who was always pressed and persecuted for "copy"—should have found the time and the patience to write so many. In a letter to a correspondent whom he had somewhat neglected, Dickens suggests that it should be borne in mind "how difficult letter-writing is to one whose trade it is to write"; but it would never be inferred from his correspondence that this was a difficulty which touched him. No occasion was too trivial to inspire a letter to one of his friends, and, besides responding freely to the innumerable claims thus made upon him, he would write long and carefully considered answers to a class of communications which are commonly regarded as impositions by far less busy men, and promptly consigned to the wastebasket. Knowing that this collection comprises but a selected few of the letters which he actually

* The Letters of Charles Dickens. Edited by his Sister-in-Law and his Eldest Daughter. In Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 544, 536.

wrote, its mere bulk and quantity is surely a very surprising feature.

And hardly less remarkable, in view of their copiousness, is their high and uniform excellence. Regarded merely as literature, apart from their personal bearing, Dickens's letters are nearly as good and quite as entertaining as anything he ever wrote. In those which he wrote to John Forster, and which are included in Forster's biography, the brilliancy and the liveliness are almost too much like that of an actor before the foot-lights; but that they were the natural and spontaneous expression of the feelings of the moment—tintured perhaps by the personality of the man to whom they were written—is unmistakably shown by the more varied correspondence now first published. The simplest business note, the most formal communication, the briefest friendly reminder, will have some touch of humor or fancy, or some felicity of phrase, which would make the reputation of an ordinary writer; and they are quite obviously the natural and irrepressible overflowings of a mind which, though perpetually being emptied, was always full. Dickens flung his jewels around with the heedless profusion of an Oriental prince; but the treasury from which he drew so lavishly never exhibited a symptom of depletion.

The correspondence begins with the year 1833, but the first letter of any special interest is one written in 1835 to Miss Hogarth (afterward his wife), announcing that the publishers "have made me an offer of fourteen pounds a month, to write and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself, to be published monthly, and each to contain four woodcuts." The work, he adds, will be no joke, "but the emolument is too tempting to resist." This was the origin of "Pickwick," the first number of which was published in March of the following year.

Curiously enough, though the editors explain with minute care every detail of the correspondence, no information is given as to Dickens's life prior to the first letter—not even his age or the date of his birth. For this reason we shall begin our own gleanings with a letter written at a much later period, which, besides being eminently characteristic of the author, will serve admirably as an introduction to the rest:

[To Mr. W. Wilkie Collins.]

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, June 6, 1836.

MY DEAR COLLINS: I have never seen anything about myself in print which has much correctness in it—any biographical account of myself I mean. I do not supply such particulars when I am asked for them by editors and compilers, simply because I am asked for them every day. If you want to prime

Forgues, you may tell him, without fear of anything wrong, that I was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812; that my father was in the Navy Pay Office; that I was taken by him to Chatham when I was very young, and lived and was educated there till I was twelve or thirteen, I suppose; that I was then put to a school near London, where (as at other places) I distinguished myself like a brick; that I was put in the office of a solicitor, a friend of my father's, and didn't much like it; and after a couple of years (as well as I can remember) applied myself with a celestial or diabolical energy to the study of such things as would qualify me to be a first-rate parliamentary reporter—at that time, a calling pursued by many clever men who were young at the Bar; that I made my *début* in the gallery (at about eighteen, I suppose), engaged on a voluminous publication, no longer in existence, called "The Mirror of Parliament"; that, when "The Morning Chronicle" was purchased by Sir John Easthope and acquired a large circulation, I was engaged there, and that I remained there until I had begun to publish "Pickwick," when I found myself in a condition to relinquish that part of my labors; that I left the reputation behind me of being the best and most rapid reporter ever known, and that I could do anything in that way under any sort of circumstances, and often did. (I dare say I am at this present writing the best short-hand writer in the world.)

That I began, without any interest or introduction of any kind, to write fugitive pieces for the old "Monthly Magazine," when I was in the gallery for "The Mirror of Parliament"; that my faculty for descriptive writing was seized upon the moment I joined "The Morning Chronicle," and that I was liberally paid there and handsomely acknowledged, and wrote the greater part of the short descriptive "Sketches by Boz" in that paper; that I had been a writer when I was a mere baby, and always an actor from the same age; that I married the daughter of a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who was the great friend and assistant of Scott, and who first made Lockhart known to him.

And that here I am.

Finally, if you want any dates of publication of books, tell Wills, and he'll get them for you.

This is the first time I ever set down even these particulars, and, glancing them over, I feel like a wild beast in a caravan describing himself in the keeper's absence.

Ever faithfully.

The greater number of the earlier letters refer to the stories on which he was then successively engaged—"Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge"—and the most interesting of them were written to Mr. George Cattermole, who illustrated the books, and to whom he furnished the most minute instructions. Here is one in which he suggests two designs for "Old Curiosity Shop"—Little Nell:

December 22, 1840.

DEAR GEORGE: The child lying dead in the little sleeping-room, which is behind the open screen. It is winter time, so there are no flowers; but upon her breast and pillow, and about her bed, there may be strips of holly and berries, and such free green things. Window overgrown with ivy. The little boy who had that talk with her about angels may be by the bedside, if you like it so; but I think it will be quieter and more peaceful if she is quite alone. I want it to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can.

The child has been buried inside the church, and the old man, who can not be made to understand that she is dead, repairs to the grave and sits there all day long, waiting for her arrival, to begin another journey. His staff and knapsack, her little bonnet and basket, etc., lie beside him. "She'll come to-morrow," he says when it gets dark, and goes sorrowfully home. I think an hour-glass running out would help the notion; perhaps her little things upon his knee, or in his hand.

I am breaking my heart over this story, and can not bear to finish it.

Love to Missis.

Ever and always heartily.

One of the most pleasing features of the entire correspondence is the cordial and unaffected kindness for children which it reveals. An example of this comes very early in the collection, and was an answer to a little boy (Master Hastings Hughes), who had written to him as "Nicholas Nickleby" approached completion, stating his wishes as to the rewards and punishments to be bestowed on the various characters in the book:

DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON,
December 12, 1838.

RESPECTED SIR: I have given Squeers one cut on the neck and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him—wouldn't you?

I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two "sheeps" for the little boys. They have also had some good ale and porter, and some wine. I am sorry you didn't say *what* wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry, which they liked very much, except one boy, who was a little sick and choked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so too.

Nicholas had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so, he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoilt the flavor, so I let him have it cold. You should have

seen him drink it. I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds of money, all in sixpences, to make it seem more, and he said directly that he should give more than half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Smike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and, if anybody says he isn't, I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there!

Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it; and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same I know—at least, I think you will.

I meant to have written you a long letter, but I can not write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them, and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night, and I always go to bed at eight o'clock, except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper. So I will not say anything more besides this—and that is my love to you and Neptune; and, if you will drink my health every Christmas-day, I will drink yours—come.

I am, respected sir,

Your affectionate Friend.

P. S.—I don't write my name very plain, but you know what it is, you know, so never mind.

In 1842 Dickens made his first visit to the United States, and, though in his "American Notes" he gave very frank expression to his opinions about us, the following extracts from a letter to Mr. Macready are not without piquancy:

BALTIMORE, March 22, 1842.

MY DEAR MACREADY: I desire to be so honest and just to those who have so enthusiastically and earnestly welcomed me, that I burned the last letter I wrote to you—even to you to whom I would speak as to myself—rather than let it come with anything that might seem like an ill-considered word of disappointment. I preferred that you should think me neglectful (if you could imagine anything so wild) rather than I should do wrong in this respect. Still, it is of no use. I am disappointed. This is not the republic I came to see; this is not the republic of my imagination. I infinitely prefer a liberal monarchy—even with its sickening accompaniments of court circles—to such a government as this. The more I think of its youth and strength, the poorer and more trifling in a thousand aspects it appears in my eyes. In everything of which it has made a boast—excepting its education of the people and its care for poor children—it sinks immeasurably below the level I had placed it upon; and England, even England, bad and faulty as the old land is, and miserable as millions of her people are, rises in the comparison.

You live here, Macready, as I have sometimes heard you imagining! You! Loving you with all

my heart and soul, and knowing what your disposition really is, I would not condemn you to a year's residence on this side of the Atlantic for any money. Freedom of opinion! Where is it? I see a press more mean, and paltry, and silly, and disgraceful than any country I ever knew. If that is its standard, here it is. But I speak of Bancroft, and am advised to be silent on that subject, for he is "a black sheep—a Democrat." I speak of Bryant, and am entreated to be more careful, for the same reason. I speak of international copyright, and am implored not to ruin myself outright. I speak of Miss Martineau, and all parties—Slave Upholders and Abolitionists, Whigs, Tyler Whigs, and Democrats—shower down upon me a perfect cataract of abuse. "But what has she done? Surely she praised America enough!" "Yes, but she told us of some of our faults, and Americans can't bear to be told of their faults. Don't split on that rock, Mr. Dickens, don't write about America; we are so very suspicious."

Freedom of opinion! Macready, if I had been born here, and had written my books in this country, producing them with no stamp of approval from any other land, it is my solemn belief that I should have lived and died poor, unnoticed, and a "black sheep" to boot. I never was more convinced of anything than I am of that.

The people are affectionate, generous, open-hearted, hospitable, enthusiastic, good-humored, polite to women, frank and candid to all strangers, anxious to oblige, far less prejudiced than they have been described to be, frequently polished and refined, very seldom rude or disagreeable. I have made a great many friends here, even in public conveyances, whom I have been truly sorry to part from. In the towns I have formed perfect attachments. I have seen none of that greediness and indecorousness on which travelers have laid so much emphasis. I have returned frankness with frankness; met questions not intended to be rude with answers meant to be satisfactory; and have not spoken to one man, woman, or child of any degree, who has not grown positively affectionate before we parted. In the respects of not being left alone, and of being horribly disgusted by tobacco-chewing and tobacco-spittle, I have suffered considerably. The sight of slavery in Virginia, the hatred of British feeling upon the subject, and the miserable hints of the impotent indignation of the South, have pained me very much; on the last head, of course, I have felt nothing but a mingled pity and amusement; on the other, sheer distress. But however much I like the ingredients of this great dish, I can not but come back to the point at which I started, and say that the dish itself goes against the grain with me, and that I don't like it.

You know that I am truly a Liberal. I believe I have as little pride as most men, and I am conscious of not the smallest annoyance from being "hail fellow well met" with everybody. I have not had greater pleasure in the company of any set of men among the thousands I have received (I hold a regu-

lar levee every day, you know, which is duly heralded and proclaimed in the newspapers) than in that of the carmen of Hartford, who presented themselves in a body in their blue frocks, among a crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and bade me welcome through their spokesman. They had all read my books, and all perfectly understood them. It is not these things I have in my mind when I say that the man who comes to this country a Radical and goes home again with his opinions unchanged, must be a Radical on reason, sympathy, and reflection, and one who has so well considered the subject that he has no chance of wavering.

Shortly after his return from America, Dickens was invited to take the chair on the opening of the Mechanics' Institution at Liverpool, and to make a speech on the subject of education. The following report of the proceedings on the occasion was addressed to his wife:

OUT OF THE COMMON—PLEASE.

DICKENS *against* THE WORLD.

CHARLES DICKENS, of No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, the successful plaintiff in the above cause, maketh oath and saith: That on the day and date hereof, to wit, at seven o'clock in the evening, he, this deponent, took the chair at a large assembly of the Mechanics' Institution at Liverpool, and that having been received with tremendous and enthusiastic plaudits, he, this deponent, did immediately dash into a vigorous, brilliant, humorous, pathetic, eloquent, fervid, and impassioned speech. That the said speech was enlivened by thirteen hundred persons, with frequent, vehement, uproarious, and deafening cheers, and, to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief, he, this deponent, did speak up like a man, and did, to the best of his knowledge and belief, considerably distinguish himself. That after the proceedings of the opening were over, and a vote of thanks was proposed to this deponent, he, this deponent, did again distinguish himself, and that the cheering at that time, accompanied with clapping of hands and stamping of feet, was in this deponent's case thundering and awful. And this deponent further saith, that his white-and-black, or magpie, waistcoat did create a strong sensation, and that during the hours of promenading this deponent heard from persons surrounding him such exclamations as, "What is it? Is it a waistcoat? No, it's a shirt," and the like—all of which this deponent believes to have been complimentary and gratifying; but this deponent further saith that he is now going to supper, and wishes he may have an appetite to eat it.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Sworn before me, at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on the 26th of February, 1844.

S. RADLEY.

The foregoing reference to the sensation created by the "magpie waistcoat" may appro-

priately introduce a characteristic note to Macready, in which Dickens's somewhat fantastic taste in dress is amusingly illustrated :

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Friday Evening, October 17, 1845.

MY DEAR MACREADY : You once—only once—gave the world assurance of a waistcoat. You wore it, sir, I think, in "Money." It was a remarkable and precious waistcoat, wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple disported themselves as by a combination of extraordinary circumstances, too happy to occur again. I have seen it on your manly chest in private life. I saw it, sir, I think, the other day, in the cold light of morning, with feelings easier to be imagined than described. Mr. Macready, sir, are you a father? If so, lend me that waistcoat for five minutes. I am bidden to a wedding (where fathers are made), and my artist can not, I find (how should he?), imagine such a waistcoat. Let me show it to him as a sample of my tastes and wishes, and—ha, ha, ha, ha!—eclipse the bridegroom!

I will send a trusty messenger at half-past nine precisely in the morning. He is sworn to secrecy. He durst not for his life betray us, or swells in ambuscade would have the waistcoat at the cost of his heart's blood. Thine,

THE UNWAISTCOATED ONE.

To the letter already quoted as illustrating Dickens's kindness to children we will add one more, which, though long, is worth reproducing, as further exemplifying this amiable characteristic, and also as showing the frank and easy comradeship which he maintained in all his relations with his own children. It was written to the Hon. Mrs. Watson, to whom some of the most interesting and valuable letters in the collection are addressed :

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, *July 11, 1851.*

MY DEAR MRS. WATSON : I am so desperately indignant with you for writing me that short apology for a note, and pretending to suppose that under any circumstances I could fail to read with interest anything *you* wrote to me, that I have more than half a mind to inflict a regular letter upon you. If I were not the gentlest of men, I should do it!

Poor dear Haldimand, I have thought of him so often. That kind of decay is so inexpressibly affecting and piteous to me that I have no words to express my compassion and sorrow. When I was at Abbotsford, I saw in a vile glass case the last clothes Scott wore; among them an old white hat, which seemed to be tumbled and bent and broken by the uneasy, purposeless wandering, hither and thither, of his heavy head. It so embodied Lockhart's pathetic description of him when he tried to write, and laid down his pen and cried, that it associated itself in my mind with broken powers and mental weakness from that hour. I fancy Haldimand in such another, going listlessly about that beautiful place, and remembering the happy hours we have passed

with him, and his goodness and truth. I think what a dream we live in until it seems for the moment the saddest dream that ever was dreamed. Pray tell us if you hear more of him. We really loved him.

To go to the opposite side of life, let me tell you that a week or so ago I took Charley [Dickens's eldest son] and three of his schoolfellows down the river gypsyng. I secured the services of Charley's godfather (an old friend of mine, and a noble fellow with boys), and went down to Slough, accompanied by two immense hampers from Fortnum and Mason, on (I believe) the wettest morning ever seen out of the tropics.

It cleared before we got to Slough; but the boys, who had got up at four (we being due at eleven), had horrible misgivings that we might not come, in consequence of which we saw them looking into the carriages before us, all face. They seemed to have no bodies whatever, but to be all face; their countenances lengthened to that surprising extent. When they saw us, the faces shut up as if they were upon strong springs, and their waistcoats developed themselves in the usual places. When the first hamper came out of the luggage-van, I was conscious of their dancing behind the guard; when the second came out with bottles in it, they all stood wildly on one leg. We then got a couple of flies to drive to the boat-house. I put them in the first, but they couldn't sit still a moment, and were perpetually flying up and down like the toy-figures in the sham snuff-boxes. In this order we went on to "Tom Brown's, the tailor's," where they all dressed in aquatic costume, and then to the boat-house, where they all cried in shrill chorus for "Mahogany"—a gentleman so called by reason of his sunburned complexion, a waterman by profession. (He was likewise called during the day "Hog" and "Hogany," and seemed to be unconscious of any proper name whatsoever.) We embarked, the sun shining now, in a galley with a striped awning, which I had ordered for the purpose, and, all rowing hard, went down the river. We dined in a field; what I suffered for fear those boys should get drunk, the struggles I underwent in a contest of feeling between hospitality and prudence, must ever remain untold. I feel, even now, old with the anxiety of that tremendous hour. They were very good, however. The speech of one became thick, and his eyes too like lobsters' to be comfortable, but only temporarily. He recovered, and I suppose outlived the salad he took. I have heard nothing to the contrary, and I imagine I should have been implicated on the inquest if there had been one. We had tea and rashers of bacon at a public-house, and came home, the last five or six miles in a prodigious thunderstorm. This was the great success of the day, which they certainly enjoyed more than anything else. The dinner had been great, and Mahogany had informed them, after a bottle of light champagne, that he never would come up the river "with ginger company" any more. But the getting so completely wet through was the culminating part of the entertainment. You never in your life saw such objects as they were; and their perfect unconscious-

ness that it was at all advisable to go home and change, or that there was anything to prevent their standing at the station two mortal hours to see me off, was wonderful. As to getting them to their dames with any sort of sense that they were damp, I abandoned the idea. I thought it a success when they went down the street as civilly as if they were just up and newly dressed, though they really looked as if you could have rubbed them to rags with a touch, like saturated curl-paper. . . .

I find I am "used up" by the Exhibition. I don't say "there is nothing in it"—there's too much. I have only been twice; so many things bewildered me. I have a natural horror of sights, and the fusion of so many sights in one has not decreased it. I am not sure that I have seen anything but the fountain and perhaps the Amazon. It is a dreadful thing to be obliged to be false, but when any one says, "Have you seen —?" I say "Yes," because, if I don't, I know he'll explain it, and I can't bear that. — took all the school one day. The school was composed of a hundred "infants," who got among the horses' legs in coming to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came walking from between the wheels of coaches undisturbed in mind; got among the horses' legs in crossing to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came reeling out from between the wheels of coaches undisturbed in mind. They were clinging to horses, I am told, all over the park. . . .

When they were collected and added up by the frantic monitors, they were all right. They were then regaled with cake, etc., and went tottering and staring all over the place; the greater part wetting their forefingers and drawing a wavy pattern on every accessible object. One infant strayed. He was not missed. Ninety-and-nine were taken home, supposed to be the whole collection, but this particular infant went to Hammersmith. He was found by the police at night, going round and round the turnpike, which he still supposed to be a part of the Exhibition. He had the same opinion of the police, also of Hammersmith workhouse, where he passed the night. When his mother came for him in the morning, he asked when it would be over? It was a great Exhibition, he said, but he thought it long.

As I begin to have a foreboding that you will think the same of this act of vengeance of mine, this present letter, I shall make an end of it, with my heartiest and most loving remembrances to Watson. I should have liked him of all things to have been in the Eton expedition, tell him, and to have heard a song (by the by, I have forgotten that) sung in the thunderstorm, solos by Charley, chorus by the friends, describing the career of a booby who was plucked at college, every verse ending—

"I don't care a fig what the people may think,
But what WILL the Governor say!"

which was shouted with a deferential jollity toward myself, as a governor who had that day done a cred-

itable action, and proved himself worthy of all confidence.

With love to the boys and girls,
Ever, dear Mrs. Watson,
Most sincerely yours.

About the time the preceding letter was written, the author was preparing to move into Tavistock House, that one of his London residences with which his name is most intimately associated. One of the fancies with which he amused himself while fitting up the library there is referred to in the following epistle:

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS" OFFICE,
Wednesday Evening, October 22, 1851.

DEAR MR. EELES: I send you the list I have made for the book-backs. I should like the "History of a Short Chancery Suit" to come at the bottom of one recess, and the "Catalogue of Statues of the Duke of Wellington" at the bottom of the other. If you should want more titles, and will let me know how many, I will send them to you.

Faithfully yours.

LIST OF IMITATION BOOK-BACKS.

Tavistock House, 1851.

Five Minutes in China. 3 vols.
Forty Winks at the Pyramids. 2 vols.
Abernethy on the Constitution. 2 vols.
Mr. Green's Overland Mail. 2 vols.
Captain Cook's Life of Savage. 2 vols.
A Carpenter's Bench of Bishops. 2 vols.
Toot's Universal Letter-Writer. 2 vols.
Orson's Art of Etiquette.
Downeaster's Complete Calculator.
History of the Middling Ages. 6 vols.
Jonah's Account of the Whale.
Captain Parry's Virtues of Cold Tar.
Kant's Ancient Humbugs. 10 vols.
Bowwowdom. A Poem.
The Quarrelly Review. 4 vols.
The Gunpowder Magazine. 4 vols.
Steele. By the Author of "Ion."
The Art of Cutting the Teeth.
Matthew's Nursery Songs. 2 vols.
Paxton's Bloomers. 5 vols.
On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets.
Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing. 3 vols.
Heavyside's Conversations with Nobody. 3 vols.
Commonplace Book of the Oldest Inhabitant. 2 vols.
Growler's Gruffology, with Appendix. 4 vols.
The Books of Moses and Sons. 2 vols.
Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful. 2 vols.
Teaser's Commentaries.
King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity. 5 vols.
Miss Biffin on Deportment.
Morrison's Pills Progress. 2 vols.
Lady Godiva on the Horse.
Munchausen's Modern Miracles. 4 vols.
Richardson's Show of Dramatic Literature. 12 vols.
Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep. As many volumes as possible.

In the midst of his own brilliant success, Dickens never failed in sympathy and generous

help for the weaker brethren in his craft, and never tried in any way to separate himself from them. Here is an example of the gentle consideration with which, as editor, he dealt with his younger contributors :

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Friday Night, late, February 21, 1851.

MY DEAR MISS BOYLE: I have devoted a couple of hours this evening to going very carefully over your paper (which I had read before) and to endeavoring to bring it closer, and to lighten it, and to give it that sort of compactness which a habit of composition, and of disciplining one's thoughts like a regiment, and of studying the art of putting each soldier into his right place, may have gradually taught me to think necessary. I hope, when you see it in print, you will not be alarmed by my use of the pruning-knife. I have tried to exercise it with the utmost delicacy and discretion, and to suggest to you, especially toward the end, how this sort of writing (regard being had to the size of the journal in which it appears) requires to be compressed, and is made pleasanter by compression. This all reads very solemnly, but only because I want you to read it (I mean the article) with as loving an eye as I have truly tried to touch it with a loving and gentle hand. I propose to call it "My Mahogany Friend." The other name is too long, and I think not attractive. Until I go to the office to-morrow and see what is actually in hand, I am not certain of the number in which it will appear, but Georgy shall write on Monday and tell you. We are always a fortnight in advance of the public, or the mechanical work could not be done. I think there are many things in it that are *very pretty*. The Katie part is particularly well done. If I don't say more, it is because I have a heavy sense, in all cases, of the responsibility of encouraging any one to enter on that thorny track, where the prizes are so few and the blanks so many; where—

But I won't write you a sermon. With the fire going out, and the first shadows of a new story hovering in a ghostly way about me (as they usually begin to do, when I have finished an old one), I am in danger of doing the heavy business, and becoming a heavy guardian, or something of that sort, instead of the light and airy Joe.

So good night, and believe that you may always trust me, and never find a grim expression (toward you) in any that I wear.

Ever yours.

With the Miss Boyle to whom the above letter was written, and who played with him in those amateur theatricals which furnished the chief recreation of his middle life, he kept up for many years a sort of mock-lover-like correspondence, of which the following is a characteristic specimen :

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, Monday, January 16, 1854.

MY DEAR MARY: It is all very well to pretend to love me as you do. Ah! If you loved as I love,

Mary! But, when my breast is tortured by the perusal of such a letter as yours, Falkland, Falkland, madam, becomes my part in "The Rivals," and I play it with desperate earnestness.

As thus :

Falkland (to Acres). Then you see her, sir, sometimes?

Acres. See her! Odds beams and sparkles, yes. See her acting! Night after night.

Falkland (aside and furious). Death and the devil! Acting, and I not there! Pray, sir (*with constrained calmness*), what does she act?

Acres. Odds monthly nurses and babbies! Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, "which, wotever it is, my dear (*mimicking*), I likes it brought reg'lar and draw'd mild!" *That's* very like her.

Falkland. Confusion! Laceration! Perhaps, sir, perhaps she sometimes acts—ha, ha! perhaps she sometimes acts, I say—eh! sir?—a—ha, ha, ha! a fairy. (*With great bitterness*.)

Acres. Odds gauzy pinions and spangles, yes! You should hear her sing as a fairy. You should see her dance as a fairy. Tol de rol lol—la—lol—liddle diddle. (*Sings and dances*.) *That's* very like her.

Falkland. Misery! while I, devoted to her image, can scarcely write a line now and then, or pensively read aloud to the people of Birmingham. (*To him*.) And they applaud her, no doubt they applaud her, sir. And she—I see her! Courtesies and smiles! And they—curses on them! they laugh and—ha, ha, ha!—and clap their hands—and say it's very good. Do they not say it's very good, sir? Tell me. Do they not?

Acres. Odds thunderings and pealings, of course they do! and the third fiddler, little Tweaks, of the county town, goes into fits. Ho, ho, ho, I can't bear it (*mimicking*); take me out! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, what a one she is! She'll be the death of me. Ha, ha, ha, ha! *That's* very like her!

Falkland. Damnation! Heartless Mary! (*Rushes out*.)

Scene opens and discloses coals of fire, heaped up into form of letters, representing the following inscription :

When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh then

REMEMBER JOE!

[*Curtain falls*.]

Here is a specimen of what we may call his humorous-friendly letters :

[*To Mr. W. Wilkie Collins*.]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Friday Night, September 16, 1859.

MY DEAR WILKIE: Just a word to say that I have received yours, and that I look forward to the reunion on Thursday, when I hope to have the satisfaction of recounting to you the plot of a play that has been laid before me for commending advice.

Ditto to what you say respecting the Great Eastern. I went right up to London Bridge by the boat that day, on purpose that I might pass her. I thought her the ugliest and most unshiplike thing these eyes ever beheld. I wouldn't go to sea in her, shiver my

ould timbers and rouse me up with a monkey's tail (man-of-war metaphor), not to chuck a biscuit into Davy Jones's weather-eye, and see double with my own old top-lights.

Turk [a favorite dog] has been so good as to produce from his mouth, for the wholesome consternation of the family, eighteen feet of worm. When he had brought it up, he seemed to think it might be turned to account in the housekeeping, and was proud. Pony has kicked a shaft off the cart, and is to be sold. Why don't you buy her? she'd never kick with you.

Barber's opinion is that them fruit-trees, one and all, is touchwood, and not fit for burning at any gentleman's fire; also, that the stocking of this here garden is worth less than nothing, because you wouldn't have to grub up nothing, and something takes a man to do it at three-and-sixpence a day. Was "left desponding" by your reporter.

I have had immense difficulty to find a man for the stable-yard here. Barber having at last engaged one this morning, I inquired if he had a decent hat for driving in, to which Barber returned this answer:

"Why, sir, not to deceive you, that man flatly say that he never have wore that article since man he was!"

I am, consequently, fortified into my room, and am afraid to go out to look at him. Love from all.
Ever affectionately.

And here is another, written to his friend Clarkson Stanfield, famous as a painter of marine views. "Dick Sparkler" is Dickens himself, and "Mark Porpuess" is Mark Lemon:

H. M. S. TAVISTOCK, *January 2, 1853.*

Yoho, old salt! Neptun' ahoy! You don't forget, messmet, as you was to meet Dick Sparkler and Mark Porpuess on the fok'sle of the good ship Owssel Words, Wednesday next, half-past four? Not you; for when did Stanfell ever pass his word to go anywheres and not come! Well. Belay, my heart of oak, belay! Come alongside the Tavistock same day and hour, 'stead of Owssel Words. Hail your shipmets, and they'll drop over the side and join you, like two new shillings a-droppin' into the purser's pocket. Damn all lubberly boys and swabs, and give me the lad with the tarry trousers, which shines to me like di'mings bright!

In 1858 Dickens began those regular public readings from his own works, which occupied a large part of his time during the remaining years of his life; and from that date his letters to members of his household constitute a nearly complete and consecutive autobiography. These letters are filled with most interesting accounts of his experiences while traveling, and are among the best and most characteristic in the collection; but we can find room for only one of them, written from Ireland during his first reading tour:

[To Miss Hogarth.]

MORRISON'S HOTEL, DUBLIN,
Sunday Night, August 29, 1858.

I am so delighted to find your letter here to-night (eleven o'clock), and so afraid that, in the wear and tear of this strange life, I have written to Gad's Hill in the wrong order, and have not written to you, as I should, that I resolve to write this before going to bed. You will find it a wretchedly stupid letter; but you may imagine, my dearest girl, that I am tired.

The success at Belfast has been equal to the success here. Enormous! We turned away half the town. I think them a better audience, on the whole, than Dublin; and the personal affection there was something overwhelming. I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street; or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after reading last night, to "do me the honor to shake hands, Mither Dickens, and God bless you, sir; not oonly for the light you've been to me this night, but for the light you've been in mee house, sir (and God love your face), this many a year." Every night, by the by, since I have been in Ireland, the ladies have beguiled John out of the bouquet from my coat. And yesterday morning, as I had showered the leaves from my geranium in reading "Little Dombey," they mounted the platform, after I was gone, and picked them all up as keepsakes!

I have never seen men go in to cry so undisguisedly as they did at that reading yesterday afternoon. They made no attempt whatever to hide it, and certainly cried more than the women. As to the "Boots" at night, and "Mrs. Gamp" too, it was just one roar with me and them; for they made me laugh so that sometimes I *could not* compose my face to go on. . . .

Tell the girls that Arthur and I have each ordered at Belfast a trim, sparkling, slap-up *Irish jaunting-car*!!! I flatter myself we shall astonish the Kentish people. It is the oddest carriage in the world, and you are always falling off. But it is gay and bright in the highest degree. Wonderfully Neapolitan.

What with a sixteen-mile ride before we left Belfast, and a sea-beach walk, and a two o'clock dinner, and a seven hours' railway ride since, I am—as we say here—"a thrifle weary." But I really am in wonderful force, considering the work. For which I am, as I ought to be, very thankful.

Arthur [his business agent] was exceedingly unwell last night—could not cheer up at all. He was so very unwell that he left the hall (!) and became invisible after my five minutes' rest. I found him at the hotel in a jacket and slippers, and with a hot bath just ready. He was in the last stage of prostration. The local agent was with me, and proposed that he (the wretched Arthur) should go to his office and balance the accounts then and there. He went, in the jacket and slippers, and came back in twenty minutes, *perfectly well*, in consequence of the ad-

mirable balance. He is now sitting opposite to me ON THE BAG OF SILVER, forty pounds (it must be dreadfully hard), writing to Boulogne.

Best love to Mamie and Katie, and dear Plorn, and all the boys left when this comes to Gad's Hill; also to my dear good Anne, and her little woman.

Ever affectionately.

The fame of these readings speedily reached the United States, and Dickens was repeatedly importuned and entreated to pay us a professional visit. He held out in his refusal to extend his travels so far until, in 1867, the representations as to the enormous monetary harvest he might expect to reap here overcame his resolution, and on November 19th of that year he landed once more upon our shores. A considerable portion of the second volume is filled with vivid descriptions of his readings in the various Eastern cities; but the scenes themselves can hardly have faded as yet from the popular mind, and it will be more interesting, perhaps, to learn how far the impressions received during the earlier visit were modified during the later one. Between the two visits, the impetuous author had evidently acquired discretion, even if he had not changed his opinions, and there are only two paragraphs in the later correspondence that can be set over against the long letter of 1842. In a letter written from the Parker House, Boston, under date of January 4, 1868, he says:

There are two apparently irreconcilable contrasts here. Down below in this hotel every night are the bar-loungers, dram-drinkers, drunkards, swaggerers, loafers, that one might find in a Boucicault play. Within half an hour is Cambridge, where a delightful domestic life—simple, self-respectful, cordial, and affectionate—is seen in an admirable aspect. All New England is primitive and puritanical. All about and around it is a puddle of mixed human mud, with no such quality in it. Perhaps I may in time sift out some tolerably intelligible whole, but I certainly have not done so yet. It is a good sign, maybe, that it all seems immensely more difficult to understand than it was when I was here before.

In another letter, addressed to Mr. Macready under date of March 21, 1868, he says:

You would find the general aspect of America and Americans decidedly much improved. You would find immeasurably greater consideration and respect for your privacy than of old. You would find a steady change for the better everywhere, except (oddly enough) in the railroads generally, which seem to have stood still, while everything else has moved. But there is an exception westward. There the express trains have now a very delightful carriage called a "drawing-room car," literally a series of little private drawing-rooms, with sofas and a table

in each, opening out of a little corridor. In each, too, is a large plate-glass window, with which you can do as you like. As you pay extra for this luxury, it may be regarded as the first move toward two classes of passengers.

On the whole, it is evident that Dickens retained his insular prejudices to the last, and that—in spite of the enthusiasm which he aroused and the kindnesses which he experienced—he never really liked either America or the Americans. From the hour of his landing he was counting the days until his return voyage should begin; and this fact lends an additional pathos to the knowledge that his sufferings while here from "true American catarrh," as he facetiously calls it, so weakened his constitution as to precipitate the attack that ended his life only two years later.

A few other letters must be quoted as illustrating phases of Dickens's character that have not yet been touched upon. Here is a most characteristic one, in which he defends and justifies the first of those numerous attacks which he made in his novels upon religious cant:

[To Mr. David Dickson.]

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,
REGENT'S PARK, May 10, 1843.

SIR: Permit me to say, in reply to your letter, that you do not understand the intention (I dare say the fault is mine) of that passage in the "Pickwick Papers" which has given you offense. The design of "the Shepherd," and of this and every other allusion to him, is, to show how sacred things are degraded, vulgarized, and rendered absurd when persons who are utterly incompetent to teach the commonest things take upon themselves to expound such mysteries, and how, in making mere cant phrases of divine words, these persons miss the spirit in which they had their origin. I have seen a great deal of this sort of thing in many parts of England, and I never knew it lead to charity or good deeds.

Whether the great Creator of the world and the creature of his hands, molded in his own image, be quite so opposite in character as you believe, is a question which it would profit us little to discuss. I like the frankness and candor of your letter, and thank you for it. That every man who seeks heaven must be born again, in good thoughts of his Maker, I sincerely believe. That it is expedient for every hound to say so in a certain snuffing form of words, to which he attaches no good meaning, I do not believe. I take it, there is no difference between us.

Faithfully yours.

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Macready (written in 1853) testifies to that sturdy faith in the *people* which was one of the dominating sentiments of Dickens's life. It refers to an

address which he had just previously delivered at Birmingham :

I know you would have been full of sympathy and approval if you had been present at Birmingham, and that you would have concurred in the tone I tried to take about the eternal duties of the arts to the people. I took the liberty of putting the court and that kind of thing out of the question, and recognizing nothing *but* the arts and the people. The more we see of life and its brevity, and the world and its varieties, the more we know that no exercise of our abilities in any art, but the addressing of it to the great ocean of humanity in which we are drops, and not to by-ponds (very stagnant) here and there, ever can or ever will lay the foundations of an endurable retrospect.

This is from a letter to Mr. Charles Knight defending "Hard Times" against some strictures which the latter had made upon it :

My satire is against those who see figures and averages, and nothing else—the representatives of the wickedest and most enormous vice of this time—the men who, through long years to come, will do more to damage the real useful truths of political economy than I could do (if I tried) in my whole life; the added heads who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during twelve months as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeens on a night when he would be frozen to death in fur, and who would comfort the laborer in traveling twelve miles a day to and from his work, by telling him that the average distance of one inhabited place from another in the whole area of England is not more than four miles. Bah! What have you to do with these?

The last letter of all—written less than an hour before the fatal stroke ended for ever the labors of that teeming brain and prolific pen—is in a peculiar degree appropriate as the close of

such a collection. It was written in reply to a letter from Mr. Makeham remonstrating against a "figure of speech" used in the tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood" :

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER,
KENT, *Wednesday Night, June, 1870.*

DEAR SIR : It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much-abused social figure of speech, impressed with all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake.

I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour; because I feel it; and because I rewrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them—long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak.

But I have never made proclamation of this from the house-tops.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

JOHN M. MAKEHAM, ESQ.

The selections which we have made from the "Letters" will probably appear somewhat desultory and altogether inadequate; but then the letters themselves are desultory in subject, and we have not aimed to do more than indicate their quality and variety. Taken as a whole, they portray with wonderful vividness and fidelity nearly all possible phases of the author's thoughts and feelings; and it may be confidently said, in conclusion, that there are very few men whose hearts and lives could be laid so bare as in this correspondence and yet leave upon the reader so consistently pleasing an impression.

FRAGMENTS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON POETRY.

IT is both interesting and instructive to hear what masters of a craft may choose to say upon the subject of their art. The interest is rather increased than diminished by the limitation of the imperfection of their view, inseparable from personal inclination, idiosyncrasy of genius, or absorbing previous course of study. When Heinrich exclaims, "There's no lust like to poetry"; when Goethe asserts, "Die kunst ist nur Gestaltung"; when Shelley writes, "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the

happiest and best minds," we feel in each of these utterances—too partial to express a universal truth, too profound to be regarded as a merely casual remark—the dominating bias and instinctive leanings of a lifetime. If, then, we remember that Mr. Matthew Arnold is equally eminent as a critic and a poet, we shall not be too much surprised to read the following account of poetry given in the preface to his selections from Wordsworth: * "It is important, therefore, to hold fast

* "Poems of Wordsworth." Chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. "Golden Treasury Series," Macmillan, 1873.

to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, How to live."

At first sight this definition will strike most people as a paradox. It would be scarcely less startling to hear, as indeed we might perhaps hear from a new school of writers upon art, that "criticism is at bottom the poetry of things," inasmuch as it is the critic's function to select the quintessential element of all he touches, and to present that only in choice form to the public he professes to instruct. Yet, when we return to Mr. Arnold, and compare the passage above quoted with the fuller expression of the same view upon a preceding page, the apparent paradox is reduced to the proportions of a sound and valuable generalization: "Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, whatever it may be, of the ideas,

'On man, on nature, and on human life,'

which he has acquired for himself." An important element in this description of poetic greatness is the further determination of the ideas in question as moral: "It is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation. I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied."

With the substance of these passages there are few who, after mature reflection on the nature of poetry, will not agree. That the weight of Mr. Arnold's authority should be unhesitatingly given against what he calls the poetry of revolt and the poetry of indifference to morals, is a matter for rejoicing to all who think the dissemination of sound views on literature important. It is good to be reminded at the present moment that Omar Kayam failed of true greatness because he was a reactionary, and that Théophile Gautier took up his abode in what can never be more than a wayside halting-place. From time to time critics arise who attempt to persuade us that it does not so much matter what a poet says as how he says it, and that the highest poetical achievements are those which combine a certain vagueness of meaning with sensuous melody and color of verbal composition. Yet, if one thing is

proved with certainty by the whole history of literature to our time, it is that the self-preservative instinct of humanity rejects such art as does not contribute to its intellectual nutrition and moral sustenance. It can not afford to continue long in contact with ideas that run counter to the principles of its own progress. It can not bestow more than passing notice upon trifles, however exquisitely finished. Poetry will not, indeed, live without style or its equivalent. But style alone will never confer enduring and cosmopolitan fame upon a poet. He must have placed himself in accord with the permanent emotions, the conservative forces of the race; he must have uttered what contributes to the building up of vital structure in the social organism, in order to gain more than a temporary or a partial hearing. Though style is an indispensable condition of success in poetry, it is by matter, and not by form, that a poet has to take his final rank.

Of the two less perfect kinds of poetry, the poetry of revolt and the poetry of indifference, the latter has by far the slighter chance of survival. Powerful negation implies that which it rebels against. The energy of the rebellious spirit is itself a kind of moral greatness. We are braced and hardened by contact with impassioned revolutionaries, with Lucretius, Voltaire, Leopardi. Something necessary to the onward progress of humanity—the vigor of antagonism, the operative force of the antithesis—is communicated by them. They are in a high sense ethical by the exhibition of hardihood, self-reliance, hatred of hypocrisy. Even Omar's secession from the mosque to the tavern symbolizes a necessary and recurring moment of experience. It is, moreover, dignified by the pathos of the poet's view of life. Meleager's sensuality is condoned by the delicacy of his sentiment. Tone counts for much in this poetry of revolt against morals. It is only the Stratons, the Beccadellis, the Baudelaires, who, in spite of their consummate form, are consigned to poetical perdition by vulgarity, perversity, obliquity of vision. But the carving of cherry-stones in verse, the turning of triplets and rondeaux, the seeking after sound or color without heed for sense, is all foredoomed to final failure. The absolute neglect which has fallen on the melodious Italian sonnet-writers of the sixteenth century is due to their cult of art for art's sake, and their indifference to the realities of life. If we ask why Machiavelli's "Mandragora" is inferior to Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," in spite of its profound knowledge of human nature, its brilliant wit, its irresistible humor, its biting satire, and its incomparably closer workmanship, we can only answer that Shakespeare's conception of life was healthy, natural, exhilarating, while Machiavelli's, without

displaying the earnestness of revolt, was artificial, morbid, and depressing. The sympathies which every great work of art stimulates tend in the case of Shakespeare's play to foster, in the case of Machiavelli's to stunt, the all-essential elements of social happiness and vigor. In point of form, the "Mandragora" has better right to be a classic comedy than the "Merry Wives of Windsor." But the application of ideas to life in it is so unsound and so perverse that common sense rejects it: we tire of living in so false a world.

Without multiplying instances, it can be affirmed, with no dread of opposition, that all art, to be truly great art, to be permanent and fresh and satisfying through a hundred generations, to yield the bread and wine of daily sustenance to men and women in successive ages, must be moralized—must be in harmony with those principles of conduct, that tone of feeling, which it is the self-preservative instinct of civilized humanity to strengthen. This does not mean that the artist should be consciously didactic or obtrusively ethical. The objects of ethics and of art are distinct. The one analyzes and instructs; the other embodies and delights. But, since all the arts give form to thought and feeling, it follows that the greatest art is that which includes in its synthesis the fullest complex of thoughts and feelings. The more complete the poet's grasp of human nature as a whole, the more complete his presentation of life in organized complexity, the greater he will be. Now the whole struggle of the human race from barbarism to civilization is one continuous effort to maintain and to extend its moral dignity. It is by the conservation and alimention of moral qualities that we advance. The organization of our faculties into a perfect whole is moral harmony. Therefore artists who aspire to greatness can neither be adverse nor indifferent to ethics. In each case they proclaim their own inadequacy to the subject-matter of their art, humanity. In each case they present a maimed and partial portrait of their hero, man. In each case they must submit, however exquisite their style, however acute their insight, to be excluded from the supreme company of the immortals. We need do no more than name the chiefs of European poetry—Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Molière—in order to recognize the fact that they owe their superiority to the completeness of their representation, to their firm grasp upon the harmony of human faculties in large morality. It is this which makes *classical* and *humane* literature convertible terms. It is this which has led all classes and ages of men back and back to these great poets as to their familiar friends and teachers, "the everlasting solace of mankind."

While substantially agreeing with Mr. Arnold, it may be possible to take exception to the form of his definition. He lays too great stress, perhaps, on the phrases, *application* of ideas, and *criticism*. The first might be qualified as misleading, because it seems to attribute an ulterior purpose to the poet; the second as tending to confound two separate faculties, the creative and the judicial. Plato's conception of poetry as an inspiration, a divine instinct, may be nearer to the truth. The application of ideas should not be too conscious, else the poet sinks into the preacher. The criticism of life should not be too much his object, else the poet might as well have written essays. What is wanted is that, however spontaneous his utterance may be, however he may aim at only beauty in his work, or "sing but as the linnet sings," his message should be adequate to healthy and mature humanity. His intelligence of what is noble and enduring, his expression of a full, harmonious personality, is enough to moralize his work. It is even better that he should not turn aside to comment. That is the function of the homilist. We must learn how to live from him less by his precepts than by his examples and by being in his company. It would no doubt be misunderstanding Mr. Arnold to suppose that he estimates poetry by the gnomic sentences conveyed in it, or that he intends to say that the greatest poets have deliberately used their art as the vehicle of moral teaching. Yet there is a double danger in the wording of his definitions. On the one hand, if we accept them too literally, we run the risk of encouraging that false view of poetry which led the Byzantines to prefer Euripides to Sophocles, because he contained a greater number of quotable maxims; which brought the humanists of the sixteenth century to the incomprehensible conclusion that Seneca had improved upon the Greek drama by infusing greater gravity into his speeches; which caused Tasso to invent an *ex post facto* allegory for the "Gerusalemme," and Spenser to describe Ariosto's mad Orlando, the triumphant climax of that poet's irony, as "a good governor and a virtuous man." On the other hand, there is the peril of forgetting that the prime aim of all art is at bottom only presentation. That, and that alone, distinguishes the arts, including poetry, from every other operation of the intellect, and justifies Hegel's general definition of Art as "Die sinnliche Erscheinung der Idee." Poetry is not so much a criticism of life as a revelation of life, a presentment of life according to the poet's capacity for observing and displaying it in forms that reproduce it for his readers. The poet is less a judge than a seer and reporter. If he judges, it is as light, falling upon an object, showing its inequalities, discov-

ering its loveliness, may be said to judge. The greatest poet is not the poet who has said the best things about life, but he whose work most fully and faithfully reflects life in its breadth and largeness, eliminating what is accidental, trivial, temporary, local, or rendering insignificant details the mirror of the universal by his treatment. He teaches less by what he inculcates than by what he shows; and the truth of Plato's above-mentioned theory is that he may himself be unaware of the far-reaching lessons he communicates. From Shakespeare we could better afford to lose the profound remarks on life in "Timon" or "Troilus and Cressida" than the delineation of Othello's passion. The speeches of Nestor in the "Iliad" are less valuable than the portrait of Achilles; and what Achilles says about fame, heroism, death, and friendship, could be sooner spared than the presentment of his action.

The main thing to keep in mind is this, that the world will very willingly let die in poetry what does not contribute to its intellectual strength and moral vigor. In the long run, therefore, poetry full of matter and moralized wins the day. But it must, before all else, be poetry. The application of the soundest moral ideas, the finest criticism of life, will not save it from oblivion, if it fails in the essential qualities that constitute a work of art. Imagination, or the power to see clearly and to project forcibly; fancy, or the power to flash new light on things familiar, and by their combination to delight the mind with novelty; creative genius, or the power of giving form and substance, life and beauty to the figments of the brain; style, or the power to sustain a flawless and unwavering distinction of utterance; dramatic energy, or the power to make men and women move before us with self-evident reality in fiction; passion, sympathy, enthusiasm, or the power of feeling and communicating feeling, of understanding and arousing emotion; lyrical inspiration, or the power of spontaneous singing—these are among the many elements that go to make up poetry. These, no doubt, are alluded to by Mr. Arnold in the clause referring to "poetic beauty and poetic truth." But it is needful to insist upon them, after having dwelt so long upon the matter and the moral tone of poetry. No sane critic can deny that the possession of one or more of these qualities in any very eminent degree will save a poet from the neglect to which moral revolt or indifference might otherwise condemn him. Ariosto's vulgarity of feeling, Shelley's crude and discordant opinions, Leopardi's overwhelming pessimism, Heine's morbid sentimentality, Byron's superficiality and cynicism, sink to nothing beneath the saving virtues of imagination, lyrical inspiration, poetic style, humor, intensity, and sweep of pas-

sion. The very greatest poets of the world have combined all these qualities, together with that grand humanity which confers upon them immortal freshness. Of Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Æschylus, Dante, Virgil, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, it is only possible to say that one or other element of poetic achievement has been displayed more eminently than the rest, that one or other has been held more obviously in abeyance, when we come to distinguish each great master from his peers. But lesser men may rest their claims to immortality upon slighter merits; and among these merits it will be found impossible to exclude what we call form, style, and the several poetic qualities above enumerated.

The final test of greatness in a poet is his adequacy to human nature at its best; his feeling for the balance of sense, emotion, will, intellect in moral harmony; his faculty for regarding the whole of life, and representing it in all its largeness. If this be true, dramatic and epical poetry must be the most enduring, the most instructive monuments of creative genius in verse. These forms bring into quickest play and present in fullest activity the many-sided motives of our life on earth. Yet the lyrist has a sphere scarcely second in importance to that of the epic and dramatic poets. The thought and feeling he expresses may, if his nature be adequate, embrace the whole gamut of humanity; and if his expression be sufficient, he may give the form of universality to his experience, creating magic mirrors wherein all men shall see their own hearts reflected and glorified without violation of reality or truth.

J. A. SYMONDS (*Fortnightly Review*).

IRVING'S SHYLOCK.

THAT no artist has so much actual enjoyment of success as the actor, and that no fame is so evanescent as his, has been generally accepted as a truth. But only the first part of the saying is altogether true; the last part will, at least, bear modification. Were it entirely and unflinching true, neither actors nor spectators would be beset by traditions, no fulfilled renown would interpose its laurels between the student-artist and the dramatist's creation, or stir the air about his audience with the distant echo of its trumpets. On the contrary, the traditions of the great actors of the past are always with us—and, although we can not point to handiwork of theirs in stone or on canvas, they are the most interesting of memories, because the *aiguillon* of curiosity and question pricks all discussion of them. Did Garrick give this passage so? Did the Siddons make

that point? And what was Edmund Kean's reading? They come to the play with us, when it is a great play, and the actors are great actors, or approaching greatness, and is not that the survival of fame? Of all plays, "The Merchant of Venice" is that one which the spectator would, we fancy, go to see with the "historical" association most strongly in his mind, and also that one in which the actors of the great parts would be most pressed and overshadowed by the tradition of their predecessors. That was, however, no "historical" Shylock which Mr. Irving set before the closely-packed audience assembled on last Saturday evening to see Shakespeare's finest comedy put upon the stage of the Lyceum as it has certainly never previously been put upon any stage, and acted as it has not often been acted. Probably, to every mind, except that of Shakespeare himself—in which all potential interpretations of his Shylock, as all potential interpretations of his Hamlet, must have had a place—the complex image which Mr. Irving presented to a crowd more or less impressed with notions of their own concerning the Jew whom Shakespeare drew, was entirely novel and unexpected; for here is a man whom none can despise, who can raise emotions both of pity and of fear, and make us Christians thrill with a retrospective sense of shame. Here is a usurer indeed, but no more like the customary modern rendering of that extortionate lender of whom Bassanio borrowed "moneys" than the merchants *dei Medici* were like pawnbrokers down Whitechapel way; a usurer indeed, and full of "thrift," which is rather the protest of his disdain and disgust for the sensuality and frivolity of the ribald crew, out of whom he makes his "Christian ducats," than of his own sordidness; a usurer indeed, but, above all, a Jew! One of the race accursed in the evil days in which he lives, but chosen of Jehovah in the olden time wherein lie his pride, and belief, and hope—the best of that hope being revenge on the enemies of himself and all his tribe, now wearing the badge of sufferance, revenge, rendered by the stern tenets of a faith which teaches that "the Lord, his God, is a jealous God, taking vengeance," not only lawful, but holy. A Jew, in intellectual faculties, in spiritual discipline, far in advance of the time and the country in which he lives, shaken with strong passion sometimes, but for the most part fixed in a deep and weary disdain. He is an old man, but not very aged, so that the epithet "old" used to him is not to be mistaken for anything but the insolence it means; a widower—his one pathetic mention of his "Leah" was as beautiful a touch as ever has been laid upon the many-stringed lyre of human feeling—the father of a daughter who amply

justifies his plain mistrust of her, an odious, immodest, dishonest creature, than whom Shakespeare drew no more unpleasant character, and to whom one always grudges the loveliest love-lines that ever were spoken, especially when it is borne in mind that the speaker, Lorenzo, was at best a receiver of stolen goods. Mr. Irving's Shylock is a being quite apart from his surroundings. When he hesitates and questions with himself why he should go forth to sup with those who would scorn him if they could, but can only ridicule him, while the very stealthy intensity of scorn of them is in him, we ask, too, why should he? He would hardly be more out of place in the "wilderness of monkeys," of which he makes his sad and quaint comparison, when Tubal tells him of that last coarse proof of the heartlessness of his daughter "wedded with a Christian"—the bartering of his Leah's ring. What mean, pitiful beings they all are, poetical as is their language, and fine as are the situations of the play, in comparison with the forlorn, resolute, undone, baited, betrayed, implacable old man, who, having personified his hatred of the race of Christians in Antonio, whose odiousness to him, in the treble character of a Christian, a sentimentalist, and a reckless speculator, is less of a mere caprice than he explains it to be! He reasons calmly with the dullards in the court concerning this costly whim of his, yet with a disdainful doubt of the justice that will be done him; standing almost motionless, his hands hanging by his sides—they are an old man's hands, feeble, except when passion turns them into gripping claws, and then that passion subsides into the quivering of age, which is like palsy—his gray, worn face, lined and hollow, mostly averted from the speakers who move him not, except when a gleam of murderous hate, sudden and deadly, like the flash from a pistol, goes over it, and burns for a moment in the tired, melancholy eyes! Such a gleam there came when Shylock answered Bassanio's palliative commonplace with—

"Hates any man the thing he would not kill?"

At the wretched gibes of Gratiano, and the amiable maundering of the Duke, the slow, cold smile, just parting the lips and touching their curves as light touches polished metal, passes over the lower part of the face, but does not touch the eyes or lift the brow. This is one of Mr. Irving's most remarkable facial effects, for he can pass it through all the phases of a smile, up to surpassing sweetness. Is it a fault of the actors or of ours that this Shylock is a being so absolutely apart that it is impossible to picture him as a part of the life of Venice, that we can not think of him "on the Rialto" before Bassanio wanted "moneys," and Antonio had "plunged,"

like any London city-man in the pre-"depression" times, that he absolutely begins to exist with the "Three thousand ducats—well!" These are the first words uttered by the picturesque personage to whom the splendid and elaborate scene, whose every detail we have previously been eagerly 'studying, becomes merely the background. He is wonderfully weird, but his weirdness is quite unlike that of any other of the impersonations in which Mr. Irving has accustomed us to that characteristic; it is impressive, never fantastic—sometimes solemn and terrible. There was a moment when, as he stood in the last scene with folded arms and bent head, the very image of exhaustion, a victim, entirely convinced of the justice of his cause, he looked like a Spanish painter's "Ecce Homo." The likeness passed in an instant, for the next utterance is:

"My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond."

In the opinion of the present writer, his Shylock is Mr. Irving's finest performance, and his final exit is its best point. The quiet shrug, the glance of ineffable, unfathomable contempt at the exultant booby Gratiano, who, having got hold of a good joke, worries it like a puppy with a bone, the expression of defeat in every limb and feature, the deep, gasping sigh as he passes slowly out, and the crowd rush from the court to hoot and howl at him outside, make up an effect which must be seen to be comprehended. Perhaps some students of Shakespeare, reading the Jew's story to themselves, and coming to the conclusion that there was more sentiment than legality in that queer, confused, quibbling court, where judge and advocate were convertible terms, may have doubted whether the utterer of the most eloquent and famous satirical appeal in all dramatic literature, whose scornful detestation of his Christian foes rose mountains high over what they held to be his ruling passion, drowning avarice fathom-deep in hatred, would have gratified those enemies by useless railing, and an exhibition of impotent rage. But there is no "tradition" for this rendering, in which Mr. Irving puts in action for his Shylock one sense of Hamlet's words—"The rest is silence!" The impression made by this consummate stroke of art and touch of nature upon the vast audience was most remarkable; the thrill that passed over the house was a sensation to have witnessed and shared.

Although Mr. Irving sinks the usurer in the Jew in a quite novel manner, he does not do so too entirely, departing from Shakespeare's intention arbitrarily; he only reverses the general estimate of the intensity of Shylock's two master

passions. Both are present always, and his last effort to clutch the gold when the revenge has escaped his grasp, his cunning, business-like "Give me my principal, and let me go," is an admirable point. Throughout the entire performance the actor's best qualities are at their best, and his characteristic faults are hardly apparent. The picturesqueness of his appearance is largely assisted by the grave, flowing robe and shawl-girdle which he wears; his self-restraint fails not before his Christian foes; Shylock's passionate agony is in soliloquy, or when only Tubal, a Jew, like him, who understands him and their common holy faith, and what dogs these Christians are, as well as "Father Abraham" himself understands it, is with him. In the scene with Tubal, the sentence, "The curse never fell upon our nation till now—I never felt it till now!" is as finely delivered as Mr. Irving's "I know, I know—I was a dauphin myself once," in his "Louis XI." There was a fine effect—and it, too, thrilled the house—in the third scene of the first act. In the striking of the terrible bargain between Antonio and the Jew, Shylock touches the Christian lightly on the breast; Antonio recoils, and Shylock, without breaking his discourse, bows low, in apologetic deprecation of his own daring and the merchant's indignation, while his face is alight for an instant with a gleam of hatred and derision truly devilish.

All those liberties which Mr. Irving has taken with the text of the play are not only allowable, but welcome. It is to be wished that his good taste had suggested just one more alteration—only one, for we suppose the heavy fooling of Launcelot Gobbo must remain, like those detestable rhymes in "Hamlet," on pain of accusation of treason against Shakespeare, who was, no doubt, proud of his bad puns. That one is the omission of Gratiano's horrid jest when Shylock is whetting his knife on the edge of his shoe—"Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, thou mak'st thy knife keen." Could not this flagrant vulgarity be discarded?

Of Miss Ellen Terry's Portia, it is almost superfluous to speak, for it has been long and well known to be of an excellence without rival or compeer. Probably no more beautiful sight than the "casket scenes" has ever been beheld on any stage, with this consummate actress, in her golden-hued, gold-fringed, satin robes, with her beautiful face, her sweet, flexible voice, her graceful, exquisitely appropriate movements and gestures, her sweet, womanly perplexity, girlish fun, swiftly growing passion, and gracious wifely surrender, amid surroundings which are almost ideally perfect.

The Spectator.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROPOSED FEDERATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE "Westminster Review" has discussed in recent numbers the urgency and the feasibility of a federation of the British Empire. It is proposed to create an Imperial Parliament, in which representatives from the colonies are to sit, and to separate local from imperial measures by forming a local House of Parliament for the consideration of the former, leaving the Imperial House to deal exclusively with matters that pertain to the empire at large. Local colonial Legislatures would remain much as at present. An Irish local Parliament is suggested, but the writer's plan seems to suppose that the English local House would include Scotland in its jurisdiction. Apart from many direct advantages that would arise from the proposed plan, is the consideration that the present Parliament is burdened with business beyond its power to transact. Every year, it is affirmed, numerous measures are shelved without, from lack of time, having been considered at all. But this evil is partly due to the fact that on certain popular questions "the time of the House is utterly wasted in listening to the repetition *ad nauseam* of the same ideas and opinions, by members who feel it to be their duty to make speeches, in order to have them read by their constituents"—which shows that Buncombe is a power at Westminster as well as at Washington. This is an evil which is likely rather to increase than otherwise, and hence a remedy must be found for it, which the "Westminster Review" thinks is secured in its proposed plan:

The gain to Parliamentary legislation by this course would be immediate and direct. The local House would be of manageable and compact proportions; its members would be able to devote their time and energies to the proper treatment and consideration of various local questions; the dissatisfaction caused at present throughout the country by the constant burking of local measures would be allayed; and we might even hope that the Irish difficulty would be set at rest, perhaps by the formation of an Irish local Parliament, but in any case, by reason of the House being able to devote proper time and attention to the consideration of Irish grievances. In a similar manner, the Imperial House would be much reduced in bulk and proportionately increased in activity and vitality. Its time would be occupied in the consideration of imperial questions; its energy would not then be frittered away upon petty local matters; nor would the business of the House be obstructed by members anxious to force the consideration of some local grievance.

Such a rearrangement of the Parliamentary system would expedite public business to a degree that could not be attained by any other system; and, considering the constant and steady growth of Parliamentary business, it would seem that recourse must be had to some such

system in order to carry on the ordinary business of the country. Nor would this rearrangement require that any violence should be done to the English Parliamentary system; it would not introduce any new principle such as would be the case if a large part of the empire were to be represented by an advisory board, as has been suggested; it would simply be to adopt the confederation system that has been found to work so smoothly in Germany and the United States. A scheme of this nature to facilitate the dispatch of Parliamentary business was put forward some years ago by Earl Russell, and the fact that so experienced a Parliamentarian as he favored the idea is somewhat of a guarantee that it is not impracticable.

It will be recalled by many of our readers that numerous English critics have condemned our American federal system as cumbersome; they have even laughed at the notion that in order to carry on the business of the country there must exist nearly forty different legislative bodies and as many executives. These critics did not consider the tremendous stress Congress would be under if all local questions that arise in our extended country were brought to its chambers; and now all at once we find our system gravely held up as a guide and example. The "Westminster" even supposes the creation of a sort of under-executives—its plan, for either England or Ireland, being as follows:

The country would be under a Viceroy or Governor, appointed by the Queen in Council. The advisers of the Viceroy would be drawn from the members of the local House, and the relations of the Viceroy to his Ministers would be precisely analogous to those of the Queen to her Ministers. All measures passed by the local House would require the assent of the Viceroy before they could become law. But any measure of doubtful constitutionality could be "reserved" by the Viceroy, in which case the bill would be remitted for the consideration of the Queen in Council, and either passed or vetoed. Also any measure passed by the local House, and assented to by the Viceroy, could be annulled if vetoed by the Queen in Council within two years from the time of assent. These provisions have been adopted in Canada as between the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governors, and as between the Queen and the Governor-General, so as to preserve a proper control over provincial or local legislation. Copies of all bills assented to by the Viceroy would be immediately forwarded to the Secretary of State for her Majesty's consideration.

It will doubtless be a long time before we shall see as radical a change as this in the English Parliamentary system; but it is easy for us at this distance to see the advantages that would arise from such a scheme, and difficult to understand what rational objection there can be to it. Such a system would assuredly bind the colonies closer to the mother-country, without overthrowing her supremacy; for, according to a schedule laid down in the "Westminster" article, in a House of three hundred members, one hundred and eighty-five members would be allotted to

England, twenty-five to Scotland, forty to Ireland, and fifty to the colonies. The immense advantages that would arise from the greater dispatch of business ought of itself to compensate for whatever minor evils a federation of the empire would lead to—if such evils are possible.

THE SPIRITUAL IN ART.

A WRITER in the last "Cornhill," in an article entitled "The Apologia of Art," attempts to account for the existence of art in all its forms. He says:

If we look back through the records of past ages, back even to the very dawn of civilization, we find one fact of human life continually presenting itself: this is, the need of man for expression—his overmastering desire not only to enjoy, but to show that he enjoys—not only for conquest, but also for triumph. There seems to be some inherent tendency which compels mankind to record their sorrows and their joys, to leave upon the earth some trace of their presence. The earliest traces we can find of art show us that its birth was due to this impulse; the rhythmic song of the savage was raised in moments of rejoicing or mourning; the adorning of his face with paint, and his head with feathers, was but another way of expressing his joy in battle and his confidence in victory. However the idea first dawned in the world, to whatever accident it was due, it can hardly be doubted that even among savage tribes the power of measured sound is recognized to be expressive of some feelings in their nature which can not otherwise find vent. This I believe to be the fundamental fact concerning the origin of art—namely, that it gave expression to a new element in man's nature.

If we grant, then, that it was owing to its power of giving adequate representation to the whole nature of man that art became the exponent of his emotions, we may well be asked, Why it was that only in harmonies of color and sound would this whole nature be shown? Why is it that language can not give the same degree of meaning? To this I can only suggest a possible answer. For our definite thoughts and emotions, we can find words which shall paint them with far greater clearness than art can ever do; the emotion of poets, for instance, can be analyzed and detailed in prose to a far greater extent than would be possible in either a picture or a poem, though in the latter we might give an instance of the passion that should light up our prose analysis with a fuller meaning. But when the spiritual element has to be grasped in words, we find ourselves comparatively powerless; our instrument is not subtle enough for the tune we wish to play upon it—words are too hard, cold, and definite to express the feeling we would put into them. Here it is that Art steps in to our rescue, talking to us, as it were, in two languages at once, supplementing the deficiencies of language by the harmonies of color and line. The subject and its correct drawing may well be compared to language expressing the emotion and the thought; the combinations of line and color, by which the artist expresses his idea, stand in the relation of the spiritual element to the rest of the picture. And as it is true that the vital power of any scene or beauty is one which we alone can not put into words, so the vital power of any work of great art is that spiritual element which has unconsciously to itself breathed its influence over the master's mind and his hands' work.

I claim for art that by it alone can the whole of man's nature be expressed; and that in all great works of art the three elements of the intellectual, the emotional, and the spiritual are to be found. I maintain further that the vital quality in all fine art is the presence of this spiritual element, this deeper insight which endows with new meaning whatever it touches. And regarding this element as the highest in man's nature, I consider that to be the highest art in which the proportion of the spiritual insight to the intellectual meaning and the sensuous perception is the greatest.

The air is full of criticism similar to the above, although it is not always so cogently and eloquently expressed; and hence we are disposed to inquire whether the whole assumption of a spiritual element in art is not a vague sentiment, a piece of transcendental ecstasy. That art exercises great power over our emotional susceptibilities is not to be denied; but it is no new thing to imagine that our sensuous emotions have their birth in the spirit, and that they are nothing less than a form of divine exaltation. Now it is doubtless quite impossible to explain how it is that beauty and harmony exercise their great sway over us; how and why "measured sound" and the "harmonies of color and line" should thrill us and fill us with delightful and indescribable sensations; but to assume that a spiritual element in these forms of expression is the source of their power seems to us to jump the whole matter. It is quite possible, indeed, that, if the spirit of man were wholly freed from the influences and seductions of the senses, color and sound would cease to agitate it, or physical beauty have any meaning for it. We do not find the races with whom or the epochs in which spiritual life has been the most exalted falling under the dominion of art; nor do we see persons of the finest spiritual strain show either the need or much of the influence of art. "After four hundred years of contest with the Church," says the writer from whom we have been quoting, "the force of nature was too strong for the force of the priesthood, and, though still consecrated to the service of religion, Art became free to represent her subjects in her own way, and began that great forward movement that culminated in the Renaissance. From the time of Giotto to the time of Raphael, Art, as it were, took the vows of the Church, and so in narrowed but perhaps deepened channels passed into being the sole exponent of the overmastering religious emotions of the age." We apprehend that art conquered the Church only as the spiritual earnestness of its worshippers declined, and that the "overmastering religious emotions," of which art became the exponent, was far more a passion for the sensuous form of religion than for its spiritual bliss—for the pomp, the music, the color, the splendor of a grand pictorial worship, rather than for inner light and grace. If the Renaissance was a grand revival of art, the Reformation was a general spiritual awakening, in the heat of which art and all the emotions that art excites were consumed. We do not sympathize with that form of religious fervor that fortifies the sensi-

bilities against beauty; but there is no denying the fact that intense spiritual life renders everything else in the world valueless; it rises to a plane to which art with all its manifold seductions can not rise. And this is also true of pure intellectual life. Sound and color have very little fascination for the mind engrossed in the study of great problems or deeply concerned in any pursuit of an engrossing character. Neither great reformers nor great thinkers have exhibited much susceptibility to art, at least in its forms of painting and sculpture.

Let us admit, however, that art has great control over the human heart. Has it more than beauty in nature has? Are the emotions that it awakens in any way different? When we look upon the ravishing beauty of a "maiden in her flower," can it be pretended that the sensations thus awakened—difficult as they are to analyze or to comprehend—are in any wise more than a delight of the senses—an inexplicable emotion which color and contour, freshness and grace, have the power to excite? Does loveliness in marble awaken emotions other than those that loveliness in flesh stimulates, unless it be the single one of admiration for the skill of the copyist? It is a great temptation, no doubt, to remand the strange agitations of the senses to the spirit; they are certainly subtle and profound enough to escape dissection; but we exalt ourselves by illusions if we fall into the habit of thinking that the delights of the senses, so often enjoyed at the cost of spiritual purity, are really identical with the felicities of the soul.

Our writer in the course of his article has the following to say in regard to academic art:

Academic art may be briefly defined as the endeavor to paint actions in a way which could never have taken place, with the idea of thereby creating a pleasing effect upon the eye of the beholder. The creed of those who adhere to this school is this: A picture is not to be judged by any other rules than those of pictures—that is to say, you must not blame a picture for being unnatural, or uninteresting, or meaningless, or even absurd, or all or any of these; but you must simply notice whether the effect produced by the lines upon the eye is a pleasing one, whether the figures are arranged in obedience to the laws of composition, whether the light and shade are evenly distributed and skillfully opposed, whether the figures have dignity of gesture and form, and so on. Plainly stated, this sounds as if it were a burlesque, but it is strictly and literally the creed of academists, though they would probably hesitate to write it as clearly as I have done.

If this be the end and aim of art, I confess myself a "Philistine" at once; better never have another picture in the world, and then go on adding absurdity to absurdity and thinking it to be art. How long will it be, I wonder, ere all the dreary formulas of the schools cease to be heard among us; when a picture will be judged, not by its accordance with empirical rules, but in accordance with established truth; when our students are taught to put thought as well as drawing, feeling as well as color, into their work?

But this academic method has been very largely the end and aim of art; and it is because of this

that laymen unacquainted with the principles at work have found it so difficult to understand the ground of approval among critics. They have found the dreariest and most uninteresting paintings exalted to the skies, and any question of the verdict they might utter denounced as ignorance. They have been ignorant in one sense—ignorant of the studio point of view, which may be attained with utter insensibility to genuine beauty and natural laws. If the authority of academic art were deposed, how many of the innumerable canvases that encumber the galleries of Europe would longer be imposed on the credulity of the world? And is it not strange that a critic should tell us with so much eloquence of the spiritual beauty of art, when, according to his own confession, art, with a very few exceptions, has been merely exemplifications of pedantry and technical skill? And then the current defiances of academic law that we see are almost invariably in the direction of pure sensuous art, its mission being, according to one of its disciples, to represent a land "where perfect women, with their feet on perfect flowers, move across our fancy as in twilight."

In another place our writer delivers himself as follows:

To penetrate the mark of commonplace circumstance and familiar indifference that spreads between the rich and the poor; to show them governed by the same passions, subject to the same needs, and crushed by the same sorrows, as their more fortunate brethren; to find in the death of a vagrant as great an element of pathos as in that of a Cæsar; in a word, to show that the same heart beats beneath frieze, fustian, and broadcloth coats—this, at any rate, is a legitimate sphere for art, and one in which its very highest qualities may find fitting exercise.

Here it is our pleasure to cordially agree with him. But, then, nine tenths of the painters would stigmatize this as the literary notion of art, the wonderful purpose of which is not to be pathetic, or human, or even interesting, but to fill us with spiritual ideas by stimulating the color nerves!

ADORNING THE CITY.

It is reported that a movement is on foot in Boston to form a society for promoting the adornment and improvement of that city. If this rumor prove to be true, Boston is to be congratulated; but we must claim for ourselves priority in suggesting the organization of societies for the purpose described. It is now fully eight years ago since we first broached in "Appletons' Journal" the idea of a metropolitan art association for the purpose of erecting, or promoting the erection, of statues, monuments, fountains, towers, or other objects of a purely art character, and we have several times since urged the idea upon the public. If Boston anticipate New York in the formation of such an association, it will not be because no such notion has ever been promulgated here; and Boston will surely anticipate the

metropolis unless we take steps to make it otherwise. The difficulty in every movement of the kind is to find an energetic, influential, and disinterested leader. There are enough people who would sympathize with such a purpose, and liberally subscribe money to further it, provided they believed it to rest in the right hands. A suitable leader is obviously therefore the first desideratum, and this leader should be a man of influence, culture, and known responsibility. We venture to suggest that the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art would be an appropriate selection for the purpose; the President of the National Academy of Design would also be an appropriate choice; and, possibly, these two gentlemen would be glad to cooperate in the plan.

New York needs an association of the kind, not only as an active but as a restrictive agent. It would not fulfill its mission solely by the occasional erection of a monument or a fountain, if it did not educate public taste and promote public sentiment in the direction of architectural adornment, and this it would be sure to do. Every good piece of work put up would be a silent comment on every bad or vulgar surrounding. Perhaps a Metropolitan Art Association would prove a great promoter of clean streets; for the dullest citizen would eventually discover that beauty and foulness can not be appropriately conjoined; and the discrimination thus awakened would see that an ugly, misshapen telegraph-pole standing against a handsome façade, or crossing the lines of an artistic fountain, is an abomination; and with the telegraph-pole would disappear many other things that now affront and amaze the eyes of beholders. It is, indeed, just possible that good art in our streets would do more for general art-education than galleries or museums, for pictures and sculptures inevitably are seen by only a small part of the public, while everybody, from the millionaire to the beggar, frequents the streets, and each falls more or less, even if unconsciously, under the influence of the objects and the scenes that he daily comes in contact with.

But while an association such as we have indicated would be a public boon, a society animated by other than a high and severe art-ideal would simply disgrace us. A lot of fussy, self-sufficient, innately vulgar men, more bent upon parading themselves than in rendering worthy public service, eager for newspaper puffs and the applause of the idle, would soon hopelessly disfigure our parks and thoroughfares. A noble fountain or monument is a thing of delight, but bits of cheap, flimsy, inartistic ornamentation—of which there are instances enough already—we most distinctly do not want. Mean and cheap art is a great deal worse than no art at all. If, therefore, any set of people combine with the intention of adorning the city, it ought to be looked to that the organization is made up rightly, and composed of persons of approved culture and taste. Un-

instructed people, if ever so well-meaning, should not be intrusted with a task such as we have considered. Wealth is a good thing; enterprise is a good thing; public spirit is a good thing; but these three good things have succeeded in disfiguring every corner of the land with architectural monstrosities, and in leaving their unhappy mark on every town in which they have had unrestricted sway. We trust there is in New York zeal enough of the right character to carry out a large, worthy, and appropriate scheme of metropolitan adornment.

A CORRESPONDENT ON THE NUDE.

APPROPOS of our recent article on the nude in art, a correspondent writes as follows:

Editor Appletons' Journal.

DEAR SIR: In perusing the article which appeared in "Appletons' Journal" for October, entitled "The Nude in Art once more," I can not refrain from calling your attention to one thing which may possibly have escaped your attention.

Very near the end of the article occurs this sentence: "To say that youthful imagination ought not to be sensuously stirred by art of this kind is to require of it more than is possible in nature." Very true, but might not other things harmless in themselves inflame the imagination equally as much? If the nude in art excites the imagination to so great a degree, how much more will the imagination of the young physician be excited by the nude in nature! Must we on that account abolish the practice of medicine, and the alleviation of diseases peculiar to those parts of our body which custom demands should be covered? Would it be expecting too much to beg from you an answer to this letter?

M. D.

In our first article on the subject, printed in the number for February last, we pointed out how, as it seemed to us, the art student and the medical student, in their academic relations to the nude, so to speak, fall under a different influence from that which affects persons who look upon it merely from a curious or emotional point of view. With the student, a special and scholastic purpose may be supposed to dominate every other feeling. But, even if this were not so, the fact that a duty and a necessity are involved separates the act from others; and then it does not follow that, because one set of experiences is dangerous, we must therefore surrender ourselves to all other experiences. It is impossible in this world to avoid things which are seductive to the senses; but assuredly we may try and reduce the number—we may take care not to voluntarily and unnecessarily place ourselves under unwholesome influences. Because the soldier must stand fire in battle, that is no reason why he must submit to every musket that may be idly opened upon him.

Books of the Day.

OF all the work which he did in various departments of literature, that by which the late Bayard Taylor would doubtless prefer to be known and judged, is that which his friend Mr. Boker has brought together in "The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor."* "Poetry," says Mr. Boker, in the preface which he has contributed to the volume, "was the literary element in which Taylor lived and moved and had his being; to which all other efforts and all other ambitions were subjected, as vassals to a sovereign; and to success in which he gave more thoughtful labor, and held its fruits in higher esteem, than all the world and all the other glories thereof. He traveled pen in hand; he delivered course after course of lectures in the brief nightly pauses of his long winter journeys; he wrote novels, he wrote editorials, criticisms, letters, and miscellaneous articles for the magazines and the newspapers; he toiled as few men have toiled at any profession or for any end, and he wore himself out and perished prematurely of hard and sometimes bitter work." His solace, we are assured, during all this wearing and soul-hardening toil, was his pursuit of an art for which his reverence was boundless. "To him," continues Mr. Boker, "poetry was a second religion, or an intellectual continuation of that natural, moral sentiment which lifts man above himself and his fortunes in his aspiration after immortality and supernal life. He held that no achievement of man was comparable to the creation of a living poem. He saw, with other thinking men, that the work of the poet is more like the work of God than any other earthly thing, since it is the only product of art that is assured of perpetuity, by the safety with which it can be transmitted from generation to generation. He believed himself to be a poet—of what stature and quality it is now for the world to decide—and in that faith he wrought at his vocation with an assiduity, and a careful husbanding of his time and opportunities for mental and for written poetical composition, that was wonderful as an exhibition of human industry, and in its many and varied results, when we take into consideration his wandering life and his diversified and exacting employments."

That the author should place a high estimate upon work produced under such difficulties, and as the result of such exalted aspirations, was natural and perhaps inevitable; and Mr. Taylor made no attempt to conceal the fact that he set a greater value upon his poetry than the public seemed disposed to concede to it. As we pointed out on a previous occasion, the burden of many of his later poems was the somewhat querulous complaint of unappreciated genius; but, amid all his disappoint-

ment at the injustice of present opinion, he always avowed, and doubtless felt, a serene confidence in the verdict of that posterity which should bring to the inquisition calmer feelings and larger views. Our own opinion coincides with his, to this extent, at least, that his poetry will be relatively more highly esteemed hereafter than it was during the author's life. One of the most deeply rooted and widely prevalent of human instincts appears to be that which holds intellectual versatility and intellectual depth to be incompatible qualities; and there can be no doubt that the variety and copiousness of Mr. Taylor's literary work did more than anything else to divert attention from his achievements in that field whose fruits he himself esteemed most highly. The reputation which he earned as traveler, novelist, critic, essayist, and lecturer, tended to confuse the impression which his poetry alone might have made; and the generally accepted idea of him was that he attempted too many things to win the highest success in any. Longfellow's "Hyperion" and "Outre-Mer" are left entirely out of account in the common estimate of his literary standing; and it can hardly be doubted that, if his productiveness as a novelist had kept pace with his work as a poet, he would have failed to attain that undisputed primacy which he now holds in American literature. It is, said of Macaulay that the only criticism that ever really touched him was the implication that such opulence of knowledge and brilliancy of style were inevitably linked with superficiality of thought; and, whether it was correct in his case or not, a wellnigh universal truth is embodied in the proposition that excellence in any pursuit so exacting as poetry can be reached only by according to it an unreserved and undivided allegiance.

For this reason, we think, as Mr. Taylor's work in other fields is gradually forgotten, his work as a poet will be more highly esteemed; but whether any portion of that work is "assured of perpetuity" seems to us a matter of very grave doubt. The fatal defect of Mr. Taylor's poetry seems to us to be clearly implied even in Mr. Boker's touching description of the circumstances and sentiments which controlled its production. To him poetry was a manufacture or a fabric rather than an inspiration; and his art was too conscious—with too much of what the Germans call intention—to reach those celestial harmonies which are the irrepressible utterance of spontaneous singing. His literary method appears to have borne too close a resemblance to that of Southey—another Protean worker—who would write the history of Brazil before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the history of the Peninsular War till dinner, and an article for the "Quarterly Review" in the evening; and the fate of the one poet is only too likely to be the fate of the other.

* The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor. With a Preface by George H. Boker. Household edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 341.

There is one aspect, however, of this conscious and methodical wooing of the Muses which has received less cordial recognition than it seems to us to deserve. In what we may call technical proficiency—in workmanlike mastery of his art—Bayard Taylor is in our opinion superior to any other American poet. His skill and facility in versification are truly extraordinary; and, though he tried a much wider range of forms and combinations than almost any of his rivals, there will be found, even in the most difficult ones, remarkably few of those strained meanings, limping lines, and imperfectly expressed ideas, which so often disfigure the work even of the great masters of the art. We have reread a considerable portion of the collected poems with attention directed especially to this point; and the result is that we are more profoundly impressed than ever with Mr. Taylor's wonderful dexterity in the art of verse-making.

It is due chiefly to this exceptional skill in versification that Mr. Taylor's translations from other poets are in general so satisfactory. We imagine that his translation of Goethe's "Faust" is the work by which Mr. Taylor will be longest kept in remembrance; and in it the skill of which we have spoken is exhibited in its highest and richest development. The translation is not only verbally literal in its exactness, but it reproduces the meter, the rhythm, the very movement and music of the original verse in all its varied and intricate forms. The sufficiency of the English language to all possible demands that can be made upon it has seldom or never been more signally demonstrated; and the translations of the selected passages with which he embellished his lectures on German literature are only less remarkable. For this reason, too, his imitations of other poets were good in a quite unusual degree. The parodies which he introduced into his "Divisions of the Echo Club" are the best of the kind with which we are acquainted—reproducing not merely the external forms (which is a comparatively simple matter), but the dominant moods and tendencies of feeling in the authors chosen for experimenting upon.

These translations and parodies are omitted from Mr. Boker's collection, and so are the drama of "The Prophet" and the dramatic poems of the "Masque of the Gods" and "Prince Deukalion." With these exceptions, the volume contains the entire poetical works of Bayard Taylor, including all the poems published in a collected or separate form during the author's life, and also "a not inconsiderable number of heretofore unpublished poems, which were found among his manuscripts, in a more or less finished state." In arranging the contents of the volume, no particular scheme seems to have been followed, the poems being neither grouped according to subjects and treatment nor placed in their chronological sequence. This seems to us a disadvantage.

hundred years, and is now so great, that it may be justly said that the necessity of increasing the store is no longer so pressing as the necessity of learning how to use the instruments that have already been provided. Much of that aimless, unsystematic, and frivolous reading, which our public libraries have fostered rather than restrained, is no doubt due to the utter inability of the great majority of readers to select for themselves those books which are best worth attention; and it should be regarded as not the least important of the regular duties of a librarian to furnish such readers with advice, guidance, and assistance. Under this guidance, wisely and discreetly applied by properly accredited persons, it is not unreasonable to believe that a large part of the time and energy now wasted in dawdling over books of mere amusement might be diverted to studies which would widen the mental horizon of the individual reader, and which could hardly fail to elevate the general standard of culture in the community.

Fortunately, some of the most influential of our librarians are beginning to take this view of their functions. Mr. Justin Winsor, the able and accomplished Superintendent for many years of the Boston Public Library and now of the Harvard University Library, has lent to it the weight of his name, and what is more, of his example; and there are indications of a speedy conversion on the part of others. "I believe it to be," says Mr. Winsor, "a part of the duty of a public librarian to induce reading and gently to guide it, as far as he can, because I know that as a rule there is much need of such inducement and guidance. I am no great advocate of 'courses of reading.' It often matters little what the line of one's reading is, provided it is pursued, as sciences are most satisfactorily pursued, in a comparative way. The reciprocal influences, the broadening effect, the quickened interest arising from a comparison of sources and authorities, I hold to be marked benefits from such a habit of reading. It is at once wholesome and instructive, gratifying in the pursuit, and satisfactory in the results."

As a specimen of the way in which such assistance may best be rendered, Mr. Winsor has compiled a little book, which is a monument of patient industry and extensive knowledge. In 1875, when the first fervor of the centennial period impelled many readers at the Boston Public Library to follow the history of our Revolutionary struggle, Mr. Winsor, then Superintendent of the Library, prepared some notes which should aid them in their researches. These notes admirably subserved their immediate purpose; but they were rightly regarded as too valuable to be confined to one library or to answer the requirements of a merely transient interest, and he has accordingly expanded them into "The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution."* The book may be described with tolerable accuracy as a sort of index to the entire literature of the Revolutionary period,

THE accumulation of the instruments of knowledge in our public and private libraries and in minor collections of books has been so rapid during the last

* The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution—1761-1783. By Justin Winsor. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 328.

pointing out all the original sources, and including most of the second-hand authorities. Taken as a whole, it covers with completeness the leading events from 1761 to 1783; but it is also subdivided into topics which, arranged in their chronological order, enable the reader to confine his researches to any particular period or event in which he may happen to feel an especial interest. A citation of a few of the topics at the beginning of the book will convey an idea of its arrangement: "In Massachusetts, 1761-1765—Writs of Assistance"; "In the South, 1761-1765"; "Stamp Act, 1765-1766"; "In General, 1767-1775"; "Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770"; "The Tea Party, December, 1773"; "Boston Port Bill, 1774"; "Continental Congress, 1774," etc., etc. In order to indicate the method of treatment in detail, we will describe the section under "Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775." Its contents are classified as follows: "Earliest Accounts," "British Accounts," "Later Special Accounts," "Accounts in General Histories," "In Biographies," "New Hampshire Troops," "Connecticut Troops," "Who commanded?" "Death of Warren," "Plans and Maps," "Views, etc.," "The Monument," "In Fiction."

The references are not merely by title to a particular book or pamphlet, but to the chapter and page; and a word or two of descriptive analysis usually indicates what may be found there. The usefulness of the book to students of the Revolutionary history can hardly be over-estimated; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Winsor will be encouraged to prepare those other handbooks on themes of history, biography, travel, philosophy, science, literature, and art, which he promises should the present volume succeed.

SINCE Dryden attempted to substitute for the genuine poems of Chaucer a translation of them into what he considered better English, various efforts have been made to "modernize" and otherwise render them acceptable to the general reading public; but, fortunately, in this as in many similar cases, the sane instincts of literary taste have refused to tolerate such tampering with the work of a great master, and those who really love poetry and care to read Chaucer at all, prefer to drink directly from that "well of English pure and undefiled." To the average reader, however, who can not be expected to possess a special knowledge of early English, Chaucer's poems present unquestionable difficulties. The obsolete words, the antiquated spelling and grammatical forms, and the unusual meters, discourage and repel; and, for lack of a little scholarly knowledge which would impart to these seeming barbarisms a flavor and a fragrance of their own, he is cut off from one of the richest and freshest sources of poetical enjoyment in our language. A popular edition of Chaucer's poems must, therefore, not only present a pure and complete text, but must also be furnished with such aids in the way of notes and interpretative comments as will render the reading of the original text comparatively easy.

It is a pleasure to be able to say that these requirements are fully met in the new Riverside Edition,* which may be pronounced unqualifiedly the best edition of Chaucer in existence. The editorial work of Mr. Gilman is admirably adapted to the needs of the general reader, while furnishing at the same time a complete and carefully collated version for students. The body of the text is that of the Ellesmere manuscript, which has long been regarded by scholars as the best, but which has only recently been rendered accessible to the public; and for comparison and correction the great Six-Text edition of the "Canterbury Tales" has been utilized for the first time. The chronological order of the poems adopted by the Chaucer Society is followed, and also Mr. Furnivall's arrangement of the "Canterbury Tales." The poems of doubtful authenticity, which have always hitherto been printed with the others with no indication of their possibly spurious character, are placed at the end in a group by themselves. An extended introduction comprises a sketch of "The Times and the Poet," a brief essay on "Astrological Terms and Divisions of Time," another on "Biblical References," and a valuable section on "Reading Chaucer," containing simple and comprehensive rules for pronunciation, based upon the researches of Professor Child and the elaborate work of Mr. A. J. Ellis on "Early English Pronunciation." An especially commendable feature of the work is the plan adopted by Mr. Gilman of placing the notes and explanations of difficult words at the bottom of each page, thus saving the reader the perpetually recurring annoyance of turning to a glossary, where he must often distinguish the different parts of speech and choose between conflicting definitions. If the explanations seem at times inadequate, the reader must bear in mind the editor's pertinent suggestion that a good edition of Webster or Worcester is as useful in reading Chaucer as in reading Shakespeare, and is often necessary to the intelligent reading of much more modern writers.

Lovers of that "sacred and happy spirit" who led the morning choir of English song will be genuinely grateful to both editor and publishers for this beautiful edition of his work. In mechanical execution, nothing more tasteful could be desired, while as regards scholarly excellence it is sufficient to say of it that it will take rank at once with Professor Child's unrivaled edition of Spenser, by the side of which it is to stand in this noble edition of the "British Poets."

OF the group of "Holiday Books" which we find upon our table this season, the most unique, perhaps, and certainly one of the most pleasing, is "In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers,"† by the

* The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. To which are appended Poems attributed to Chaucer. Edited by Arthur Gilman, M. A. Riverside Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Three Volumes. 8vo, pp. cxxvi.-598, 691, 708.

† In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers. By Elaine

authors of "Apple Blossoms." The conception which it carries out is a remarkably happy one—that of linking the native wild flowers of New England, in the order of their procession through the year, with descriptions of them in verse and pictorial representation. The verse is ingenious and graceful, but derives its chief interest from the fact that it is the work of two children, rather than from any intrinsic merit. Many readers will doubtless compare it with "Apple Blossoms," in the hope of finding indications of poetic growth on the part of the youthful authors; but in this, we imagine, they will be disappointed. The facility of versification is as striking as ever; but the verses, especially those of the elder of the two sisters, appear to us to have lost much of that simplicity and naturalness which constituted the chief charm of the earlier volume. Self-consciousness, that bane of spontaneity, has supervened, and it is painful to find a child talking about "aching brows," and "conscious pangs," and "dumb yearnings," and the other cant of the ecstatic school. For such a poem as that on "Blood-root," a rigid diet of Crabbe and Goldsmith should be prescribed. Mr. Gibson furnishes twenty-four illustrations, which are tasteful in design and artistic in treatment.

More substantial viands are provided for the public appetite in "The Homes of America,"* edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, and elaborately illustrated with upward of a hundred engravings, presenting in one connected view a sort of picturesque history of American domestic architecture. The first section, covering the "Colonial Period," includes views of the Philipse manor-house at Yonkers, of the Roger Morris house, of "Beverley," of the Van Rensselaer manor-house, and the Schuyler mansion at Albany, of Sir William Pepperell's house at Kittery Point, Maine, of "Hobgoblin Hall" at Medford, Massachusetts, of the old Bryant homestead at Cummington, of Washington's headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey, of the home of John Howard Payne, of nine mansions in Virginia, including Mount Vernon, and of many others in various parts of the country. The second section, entitled "Later Period," contains views of the residences of General Worth, the Hon. John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton; several views of "Old Morrisania"; the Adams homestead; "Cedarmere," the residence of William Cullen Bryant; the homes of Longfellow and Lowell at Cambridge; and the residences of Ralph Waldo Emerson and A. Bronson Alcott. The "Modern Period" is more copiously illustrated, comprising no less than fifty-two views, among which are nearly all the more noteworthy mansions and villas along the Hudson River and at Newport; "Armsmead," the famous Colt mansion; "Cedarcroft," the home of the late Bayard Taylor; "Ogontz," the former residence of Jay and Dora Read Goodale, authors of "Apple Blossoms." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4to, pp. 92.

* The Homes of America. With One Hundred and Three Illustrations. Edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 4to, pp. 256.

Cooke, near Philadelphia: "Lochiel," the home of the Hon. Simon Cameron, at Harrisburg; the Ohio home of President Hayes; the Probasco mansion at Cincinnati; a Planter's home on the Mississippi; a house and garden in Charleston, South Carolina; and a home in Florida. The frontispiece is a large and very beautiful view of the main front of the White House at Washington. Mrs. Lamb's descriptive text is judicious in its comments and very interesting in its historical reminiscences; and the book, as a whole, is one whose value will far outlast the festive season which calls it forth.

Another superb volume, which in a certain sense complements the last, is "Landscape in American Poetry,"* with illustrations after original drawings by J. Appleton Brown, and descriptive text by Lucy Larcom. The great majority of the pictures represent actual scenes described in the verses of Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, and others of our poets; thus securing, in addition to their artistic beauty, the interest of personal and literary associations. Merely as pictures, however, their value is very great—anything more exquisite than some of the designs being difficult to imagine, while the engraving is fine and delicate. Miss Larcom's text shows both familiarity and sympathy with her subject, and is made the vehicle for some of the choicest morsels of descriptive poetry to be found in American (or in any) literature. In the volume, as a whole, Art and Poetry are very gracefully wedded, and seem destined to live a long and happy life together.

Still another book in which utility and beauty are very happily combined is "Art in America,"† by S. G. W. Benjamin. In it the author has aimed to give an historical outline of the rise and growth of American painting and sculpture, and, by a critical comparison of the work of the leading artists, to indicate the characteristic qualities of each. He has, as is usual with him, brought together many facts which the student of art will find it convenient to know; but his text is chiefly important as furnishing the vehicle for a series of woodcuts whose execution is a marvel of delicacy and beauty. It would really seem that the art of engraving on wood could be carried to no higher point than is attained in some of them. These pictures were much and justly admired as they appeared originally in the pages of "Harper's Magazine," but, as here printed on thick, laid and tinted paper, one gets a new sense of their excellence.

Strictly speaking, Colonel Waring's "Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps"‡ does not belong in the list

* Landscape in American Poetry. By Lucy Larcom. With Illustrations on Wood from Drawings by J. Appleton Brown. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 8vo, pp. 128.

† Art in America. A Critical and Historical Sketch. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4to, pp. 214.

‡ Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps. By George E. Waring, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4to, pp. 171.

of holiday books, but its unusually rich and tasteful binding, and its truly exquisite illustrations, would doubtless render it a graceful and acceptable memento of the gift-making season. The pictures, indeed, are so copious and so admirable as to relegate the text to a somewhat subordinate position, the author's simple and direct but rather home-spun style being a scarcely appropriate vehicle for such pomp of ornamentation. Colonel Waring is always judicious and sensible, with a special aptitude for those details which interest the "practical man"; and he has written an animated and no doubt perfectly accurate account of his travels in the Tyrol, in Venice, and in the lake region of Italy and Switzerland. But he has the practical man's contempt for fine writing, and his usual way of dealing with a particularly impressive or picturesque scene is to say that it would be hopeless for him to attempt to describe what an artist in words would describe, or has described, so much better, but that he enjoyed it as much as one who might be more voluble about it. The pictures, however, compensate for all such deficiencies in the text; and the book as a whole has this advantage over most holiday books—that it will maintain its interest all the year round.

Few books in our military biography are more readable than "The Life and Letters of Admiral Farragut,"* and the men whose life and deeds were equally deserving of record are probably fewer still. The career of Admiral Farragut extended over nearly the entire period of the existence of the American navy. As a boy he served in the War of 1812; as a youth he participated in those Mediterranean cruises which first made the United States known to Europe as a great naval power; and in the full maturity of his years and powers he directed the most important of those brilliant naval operations which contributed so largely to the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy.

The early life of Farragut was full of adventure and romance. By his father's side he was descended from a good Spanish family, whose record can be traced back to the fifteenth century; and his mother was a North Carolinian. At the age of eight he was adopted by Commodore David Porter, who had received kindnesses at the hands of Farragut's family while in New Orleans; and when little more than nine years old was appointed midshipman in the navy. In this capacity he accompanied Commodore Porter in his famous cruise in the Pacific Ocean, and served as captain's aide in the terrible fight of the Essex with the British ships Phoebe and Cherub. His professional precocity was such that at the age of thirteen he was intrusted by the Commodore with the temporary command of a vessel; and at the un-

usually early age of eighteen he received his appointment of lieutenant. Promotion in the navy is necessarily slow during peace, and it was not until 1842, when he was already forty-one years old, that Farragut obtained a commission as commander; and but for the civil war this was the highest grade to which he could have hoped to attain. Long before this, however, he had shown that he possessed exactly those qualities which are requisite in a great emergency; and when in January, 1862, the naval expedition against New Orleans was organized, he was selected as the officer best fitted to conduct it to a successful issue.

Much the larger part of the earlier portion of the biography is composed of selections from a journal which Farragut began to keep when only fourteen or fifteen years of age; and all this part of the narrative is extremely fresh and interesting. Few things of the kind in naval literature are more graphic and realistic than the description of the cruise of the Essex in the Pacific, and of her heroic defense against the combined attack of the Phoebe and the Cherub; and the later entries give us a very close view of life on board a man-of-war. The chapters, constituting the bulk of the work, which describe in detail Farragut's achievements during the civil war, are hardly so interesting to the general reader as the earlier narrative; but they are carefully and accurately written, and they cover the most memorable period in the history of our navy.

THE second volume of the series "Classical Writers" is a monograph on Euripides by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, A. M. As was explained in our notice of the first volume ("Milton"), this series is designed primarily for use in schools and to meet the wants of special students, and elegance of expression and originality of view are less aimed at than the systematic and thorough presentation of facts which have stood the test of criticism. Judged by this standard, Professor Mahaffy's monograph is a praiseworthy and practically useful work. It is less interesting to the general reader, perhaps, than Mr. Stopford Brooke's similar volume on Milton; but the student will find in it all that he needs to know of the man Euripides, of the times in which he lived and the circumstances under which he wrote, of his distinguishing characteristics as a dramatist and poet, and of the history and fortunes of his works. Especially valuable, not merely to the student of Euripides, but to all students of the golden age of Greek poetry, is a chronological table of Euripides's life and times, giving a political and a literary and artistic chronicle in parallel columns.

... Under the title of "Gems of Thought,"*

* The Life of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral of the United States Navy. Embodying his Journal and Letters. By his Son, Loyall Farragut. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 586.

* Gems of Thought: Being a Collection of more than a Thousand Choice Selections, or Aphorisms, from nearly Four Hundred and Fifty Different Authors, and on One Hundred and Forty Different Subjects. Compiled by Charles Northend, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Charles Northend has brought together a collection of more than a thousand selections from nearly four hundred and fifty authors, classified under a hundred and forty different heads, from "Abstinence" (which had better have been called Temperance) to "Zeal." The selections are all brief, and for the most part moral and didactic, and, while some of them are gems of the purest water, others are a very inferior quality of paste. The author's reading appears to have been curiously limited in range, nearly all the more modern passages being taken from sermons or theological works, while under "Heroes," Carlyle, the great apostle of hero-worship, who has written more fine things about heroes and heroism than all other writers combined, is not even mentioned. No doubt, however, the book will be found useful where a more copious collection would only repel.

... The incomparable *Chronicles of Froissart* have been the great storehouse from which nearly all later writers have drawn their stories of chivalry and adventure, and are themselves not less fascinating to-day than when they charmed the court circles of Edward III. of England and King John of France five hundred years ago. Unfortunately, however, like so many other good and interesting books, they have long been crowded aside by the fleeting generations of ephemeral literature, and have been the occasional reward of a literary knight-errantry scarcely less daring than that which Sir John himself records. In "The Boy's Froissart,"* Mr. Sidney Lanier has undertaken the pleasant task of rendering this famous work acceptable to the class of readers by whom its peculiar fascination will be best enjoyed. By eliminating the drier descriptive passages and the somewhat tedious dialogues of the original work, and by rearranging what remains, he has produced a version which is much briefer than the original, and more intelligible, while retaining all its spirit, and fire, and romance. His own introduction to the volume is very good, though he would have done well to bear in mind Dickens's earnest protest against "writing down" to any class of readers; and the illustrations are remarkably vigorous and animated.

... Encouraged by the success of his general anthology, Mr. Henry T. Coates has compiled a "Children's Book of Poetry,"† which he is perhaps correct in claiming to be the most comprehensive collection of the kind that has yet been made. It contains upward of five hundred poems, ranging

from lullabys and nursery rhymes to selections from the old English ballads, and fills a large and handsomely printed volume. All the old favorites are there, together with many new pieces which deserve to become favorites; but in his desire to secure comprehensiveness, the editor appears to have dispensed with any theory of selection or standard of merit. Everything in verse that referred to children or dealt with child-life has been gathered in, and a considerable portion of the volume is children's poetry only in the sense that none but children could be induced to regard it as poetry.

... Few things in the way of fiction that have appeared in "Harper's Half-Hour Series" are so good as Mr. Barnet Phillips's novelette "Burning their Ships."* It is a piquant and animated story of American life, with some good character-drawing on a miniature scale, and written in a crisp and vivacious style, which affords a pleasure quite independent of the interest felt in the narrative itself. ... Under the title of "Sealed Orders and Other Stories,"† Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has gathered nearly a score of the short stories and sketches which she has contributed to the various magazines since the appearance of her last collection. They show much ingenuity of invention, and a surprisingly uniform level of merit; but there is none, we think, quite so original and forceful as some of her earlier stories. ... "A Gentle Belle,"‡ by Christian Reid, is a love-story of a pleasing if somewhat conventional kind, in which it is duly exemplified that the course of true love never does run smooth, but that the virtues and vices are duly rewarded in the end. ... Additional volumes in the "New Plutarch" series, which started off so grotesquely with Mr. Leland's "Life of Lincoln," are "Judas Maccabæus,"§ by Claude Reignier Conder, R. E., and "Gaspard de Coligny,"|| by Walter Besant, M. A. The story of Judas Maccabæus forms one of the most important episodes in Jewish history, "if only," as the author says, "because it explains how the nation first developed that peculiar phase of character which marked it at the time when Christianity was given to the world." The life of Admiral Coligny, the martyr of St. Bartholomew's day, affords the opportunity for describing that great catastrophe which proved to be the death-blow of the French Reformation, and which constitutes the most lurid page in the annals of the Church.

* Harper's Half-Hour Series. *Burning their Ships*. By Barnet Phillips. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo, pp. 120.

† Sealed Orders and Other Stories. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 345.

‡ A Gentle Belle: A Novel. By Christian Reid. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 142.

§ Judas Maccabæus, and the Jewish War of Independence. By Claude Reignier Conder, R. E. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 218.

|| Gaspard de Coligny (Marquis de Chatillon). By Walter Besant, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 232.

* The Boy's Froissart: Being Sir John Froissart's *Chronicles of Adventure, Battle, and Custom*, in England, France, Spain, etc. Edited for Boys with an Introduction by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated by Alfred Kappes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 422.

† The Children's Book of Poetry: carefully selected from the Best and most Popular Writers for Children. By Henry T. Coates. Illustrated with nearly 200 Engravings. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 8vo, pp. 525.